JULY 17, 1937

★ Liberty

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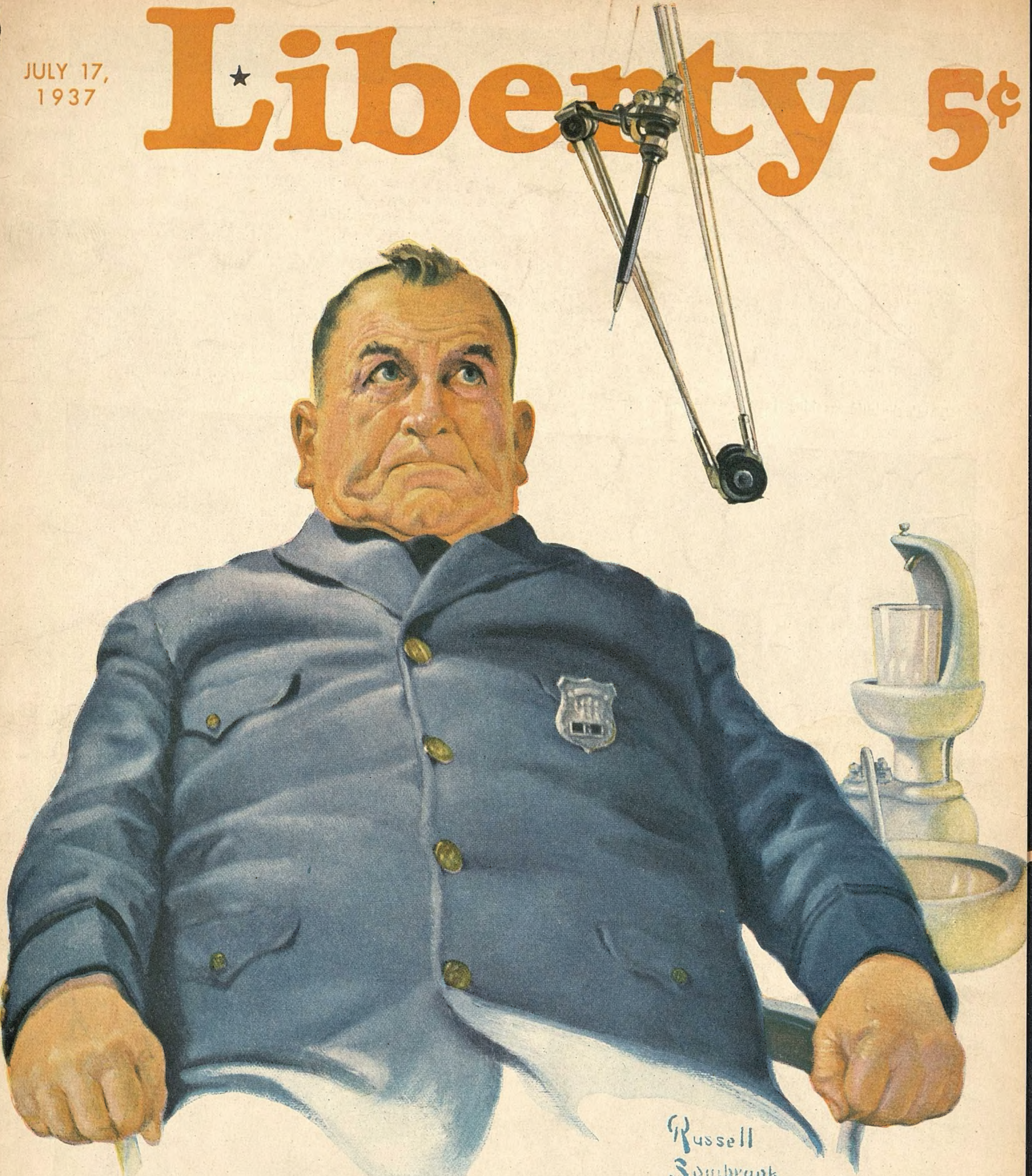
Russell Sambrook

DEATH IN THE DARK— A New Novel About a State Trooper and a Girl

IF CHRIST CAME TO WASHINGTON

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Sail in the Sun . . . Swim in the Sea but protect your Hair!

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1. **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SUMMER'S THE SEASON for sun-broiled hair! Sailing and swimming—tennis and golf—all conspire to dry the oils of masculine hair—the sun to bake it brittle and the water to leave it limp and lifeless.

Health and spirits—muscle and morale get a lift from summer sports—but hair takes a beating—and there isn't a reason in the world why it should.

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With Vitalis, you'll notice that your hair is easy-to-comb—it stays exactly as you want it—and it hasn't that very objectionable "patent-leather" look. It's a head of hair you can be proud of!

This summer, swim and sail—play tennis or golf—enjoy every minute of your healthful summer sports—but protect your hair, help to keep it healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!"

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

JULY 17, 1937
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

No Tax ON SMALL INCOMES

THE income tax is more bitterly opposed than any other governmental levy. At least there should be no tax on low incomes. Workers receiving small salaries should be entitled to all they earn.

An income tax discourages efficiency. Why try to increase your earning capacity . . . why be a better workman . . . if part of your wages is taken in taxes?

And the same really could be applied to large incomes that have actually been earned. The average reader will emphatically oppose this viewpoint, but in making this statement I am thinking first of all in the interests of the workers.

Large incomes of those who have not earned them . . . who are not workers, producers . . . should be heavily taxed. But the incomes of those who supply jobs and who actually earn the money received should not be taxed.

Such executives rarely possess idle money. They are always seeking means for a profitable investment . . . their surplus is always working.

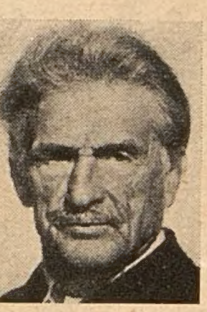
They are the business builders. They have developed our great business enterprises . . . have given us mass production and reduced the prices on automobiles, refrigerators, and other merchandise which has done much to make us the world's richest nation.

The high wages, the comforts and even luxuries that our workers enjoy are due to the genius of our great business builders. Every effort should be made to encourage such activities.

Take men like Ford, Chrysler, Sloan, and other great leaders. They could not possibly have reached their present status in the business world if their incomes had been heavily taxed in the beginning of their unusual efforts, and there are doubtless many men at the present time who are starting on business-promotion schemes . . . with new ideas . . . who will be the Fords, Chryslers, and Sloans of the future. And taxing their incomes will limit their efforts and lessen their ability to multiply jobs for workers.

Look at the millions, even billions, of dollars that have been spent in building factories, purchasing machinery by those who are drawing large incomes that they have acquired through their business genius.

And, we should also remember, every $5,000 taken from a business builder as income tax robs one workman or more of a job.


BERNARR MACFADDEN

In many businesses the average investment in jobs is smaller than this, although there are enterprises in which $10,000 or more is required as an investment for each job holder.

Investments, almost regardless of their nature, are a source of employment. There must be money to build a business . . . it is required to pay wages to promote and develop an enterprise.

Taxes of any kind naturally to a certain extent limit a business. It is possible for this expense to increase until it leads to the bankruptcy courts, and some legislators have recently given thought to this possibility in connection with the taxing problems before them at this time. There has been some preaching recently on the necessity for economy, but our law makers will find it difficult to practice what they preach.

An income tax at least comes out in the open. We know what we are paying, but the only way such a tax can make any dent in the huge expenses of our governmental system at this time is to tax incomes in the low brackets.

If the total income of all the wealthy people was confiscated, it would be many billions short of balancing the budget. Small incomes must be included, so our lawmakers tell us. A few dollars each from millions of citizens total into large sums.

No one will question that it is the government's duty to encourage business activities in every way, and workers should not be taxed for making a success, for increasing their efficiency.

But doubtless low incomes will have to be included in the tax-grabbing system that is now reaching in every direction to pay the bills of our expensive government.

Economy preachments will be frequently heard from various officials, but the difficulties of cutting overhead becomes monumental when associated with government.

Instead of having more taxes, governmental expenses should be cut until they approximate that which was considered necessary in the first part of this century, which was about one tenth of the present cost.

Bernarr Macfadden

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She's Not a Glamorous Beauty, Yet Dozens of Men Whisper

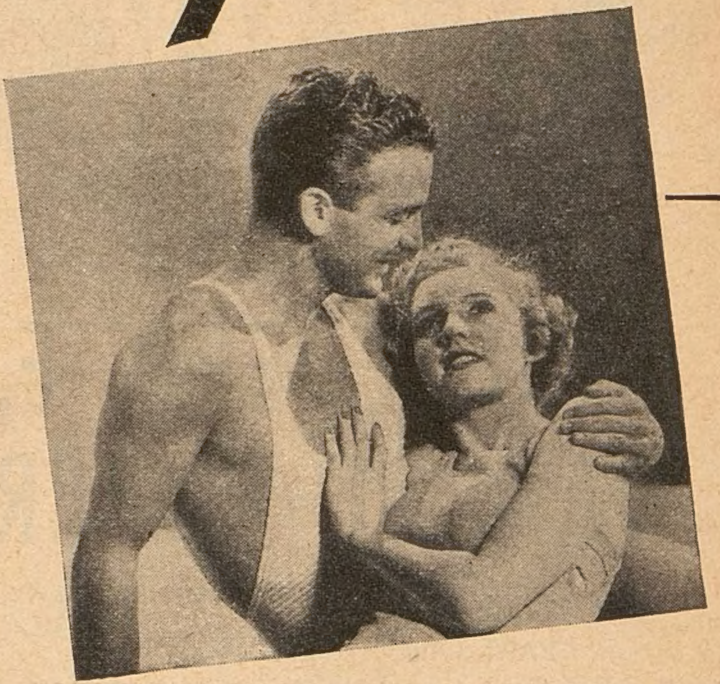
"I Adore You"

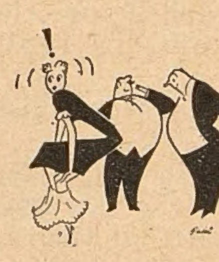
Into Her Attentive Ear

This girl is no stranger to you. She's the center of attraction in any group. But she's not a raving beauty . . . she's not expensively dressed . . . and she's not brimful of brains or wit. And yet, when she arrives at any gathering, every man in the place starts straightening his tie and immediately strives for her attention.

The prettier girls ask, "What do they see in *her?*" The answer is obvious. For the popular girl has mastered the simple secrets of charm . . . allure . . . glamour. She has a radiant, magnetic personality—one which draws people to her and incites men to whisper, "I Adore You" into her attentive ear.

Fortunately, her charms can now be acquired by any woman. You can quickly learn the secrets of a captivating personality in the privacy of your own room. For Madame Sylvia, the famous beauty adviser to the Hollywood stars, describes hundreds of ways to develop charm and personality in her new book. This book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains all the secrets on glamour that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.





A Guide Book to Popularity

Make no mistake about personality . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. Not by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frill or mannerisms. But by following the secrets of glamour as described in Sylvia's new book. And if you think you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't win the admiration of others—forget it! You can build up charm just as surely as you can build up a thin body.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. Such simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. Then there are many tricks in make-up that you should know. New stunts on hair grooming. Ways of getting personality into your clothes without spending a fortune. Simple ways to acquire self-assurance and poise. Tips on how to act in the company of strangers. New ways to develop a graceful supple figure. These and hundreds of other personality hints are completely discussed in Sylvia of Hollywood's new book.

Make a New Start

If you're dissatisfied with your looks, your personality appeal, your popularity, don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are. Read Sylvia's new book . . . apply her secrets of charm and you'll be a changed person within a short time.

Book reviewers are enthusiastic in their praise about *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* And you'll prize this book for years and years to come. It's inspiring . . . brimful of amusing incidents . . . and illustrated with many pointed cartoons. The price is only $1.00. Get your copy today. If unobtainable at your department or book store, sign and mail the coupon below.

Pull Yourself Together, Baby!
by SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

Table of Contents

The Personality Diet; The Personality Figure; Forget Thy Neighbor; Glamour is Glandular; From the Neck Up; The Personality Wardrobe; The Step-Children of Personality; How Are Your Company Manners?; Poise Under Pressure; The Art of Being a Good Sport; This Thing Called Love; Cure-For-The-Blues Department; Take a Chance!

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Beginning DEATH in the DARK

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE BLUE COUPÉ

THE teletypewriter in the Atlas substation clucked. Trooper John Morgan, New York State Police, scowled. Sergeant Duff came in to stand before the machine, and Morgan bent once more over his tardy patrol reports.

" Somebody thinks," said Duff, " that he's seen Flash Arthur in Atlas."

" Swell," Morgan answered. He did not look up from his work until Duff tore the message from the machine.

Troop E's barracks informed its outpost that George Spring, living near Atlas, had seen a stranger lurking about his barns. Spring was sure it had been Flash Arthur. In the three days since Arthur, extortionist and thief, had escaped from Longrock Prison, twenty-eight other persons in New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut had been equally certain they had met him.

" This makes twenty-nine," Morgan told Duff. " He was seen this noon in Elmira. Maybe some radio station is broadcasting him."

He regretted the jest at once. The sergeant heard it with the gravity that was a lid upon his dislike. Duff swallowed, reread the teletype message, and thrust it at his subordinate.

" May be something in it. Get down to the crossroads. Inspect all traffic coming from Atlas."

Morgan laid down his pen and stared into the red face.

" I'll send Doane down to relieve you as soon as he comes in."

The clock on the wall ticked loudly. Morgan said:

" Listen, sergeant. I was on the road till three this morning and again till noon today. My spell on the desk is overdue and I've all these reports to make out."

Mystery, thrills, romance! . . . The story of a sinister adventure and the heart of a gallant girl

Duff said, " There's no one else to go," and, after a long stare, his subordinate grinned crookedly.

" My mistake. I thought there were two of us here."

Duff waited like a boulder in his granite-gray uniform.

" The crossroads. Going? "

Morgan pushed back his chair.

" I'm going. To the crossroads, or to Hartford, or to Pittsfield, if you send me. Arthur's been seen there, too."

He rose and buttoned himself into his blouse. Buckling on his black gun belt, he said with false mildness:

" Of course I'm going—largely because you hope I won't. You'd rather have me cross you than catch Arthur yourself."

His bleak smile turned Duff's face redder.

" If you don't like the way I run this station, you can—"

" I can get out of the department," Morgan caught him up. " Don't think you're fooling me. I've been the official wild-goose and rainbow chaser at this station for two months now. You want to smoke me out. Well, you can't."

" Yeah? " the sergeant asked.

The trooper clapped on his hat and strode toward the door. As he opened it he looked back.

" Get this: If I ever do resign, your front teeth will be the first to hear about it."

" Yeah? " Duff asked again. " I'd call that suicide."

The door slammed.

Morgan drove toward the crossroads, and told himself he had been a fool. After eighteen months of service this was stale news. He had discovered it often during his early days. His rash squabble with Duff threatened the fair record he had built himself in the last half year.

His high ratings on the entrance examinations had barely offset the mild notoriety of his spendthrift past. Captain Dover's friendship for his father had softened the impact of a starkly dedicated organization on a headlong insurgent recruit.

The wind boxed Morgan's ears and blew away the remnants of anger. He was dismayed to find how precious his record of the past six months now seemed, and wondered, with a qualm, whether Duff would carry the quarrel further. He reached his post, backed from the right of way, and got out of the car.

Another car was coming with the hornet sound of a racing engine. He stepped into its path and held up his hand. He saw it was a blue coupé and felt his heart skip a beat. He marked the license number and suddenly was inanely grateful to Duff. Tires slurred as the blue coupé stopped. Morgan went to its side. He said, " You were going pretty fast," and the words scraped his dry throat.

A girl frowned through the car's open window. Her eyes were fiery blue, and above them heavy dark brows slanted like soaring wings. She said: " I'm in a hurry."

For thirty-six hours Morgan had told himself she could not be as lovely as he had thought. He said:

" The speed limit is forty, not sixty. I'm stopping all cars to look for Flash Arthur."

" Oh. Yes, I know. Poor devil. What do you do now? Search me? "

" I want you to tell me who you are, where you live, and when I can call."

For an instant she was dazed; then amused. She shook her head.

" Sorry, officer. It's quite impossible."

" To the state police, my dear young lady, nothing is impossible. And you remember my name quite well. I told you when I fixed your tire, night before last. It's not impossible at all. I've had a three-day pass due me a long time. So, unless you live beyond the Missouri, it's quite simple. I like the idea, too. Don't you? "

" I don't even," she said slowly, " like policemen."

She could not strike the grin from his face.

" Sympathy for Arthur and none for me? That's a bad sign. We'll go into that thoroughly when I come to see you. Where and when? "

" Do all troopers ask so many questions? I thought you knew everything! Yet it's two days—almost—since you gave me the help you're presuming on now. And you still haven't an idea who I am. If that's your method of fast learning, officer, it doesn't impress me."

She moved her foot toward the starter.

"Trooper," he corrected. "Not 'officer.' The name is John Morgan. That's the second time I've hoped you'd introduce yourself, Miss Drummond. Yes, Aubrey Withers Drummond owns this car. Five feet eleven, sixty-five years old, one hundred and forty pounds; permanent address, New England University. I got a data report in teletype from headquarters the night I fixed your tire. Your father is Higgison Professor of History at New England. He won the Pulitzer Prize this year. He's rented the Keegan house, over toward Spring Valley, for his sabbatical. He had two cars till night before last, when the other and Wallace Strake, his secretary, were wrecked together. Strake was drunk—"

"He wasn't." Anger drowned her amazement.

He shrugged. "He went around the curve at Bayer's Brook at seventy or better and—"

"Please," she said, and drew up her shoulders. "There was a consultation this morning. They don't think he can live."

"Yes," he answered; "I know all about that, too."

"You might stop preening yourself—" she began, and curiosity overcame her.

"How did you know about my father? Or did you ask the university for a data report, too? How—"

She stumbled. He finished for her:

"How does an 'officer' happen to know educated people? That's another thing we'll save. When do I ask for my pass?"

"After you've caught Flash Arthur," she jeered.

"Shocking," he said, "the way you ditch old friends! I thought he was your buddy."

She sat straighter and answered swiftly:

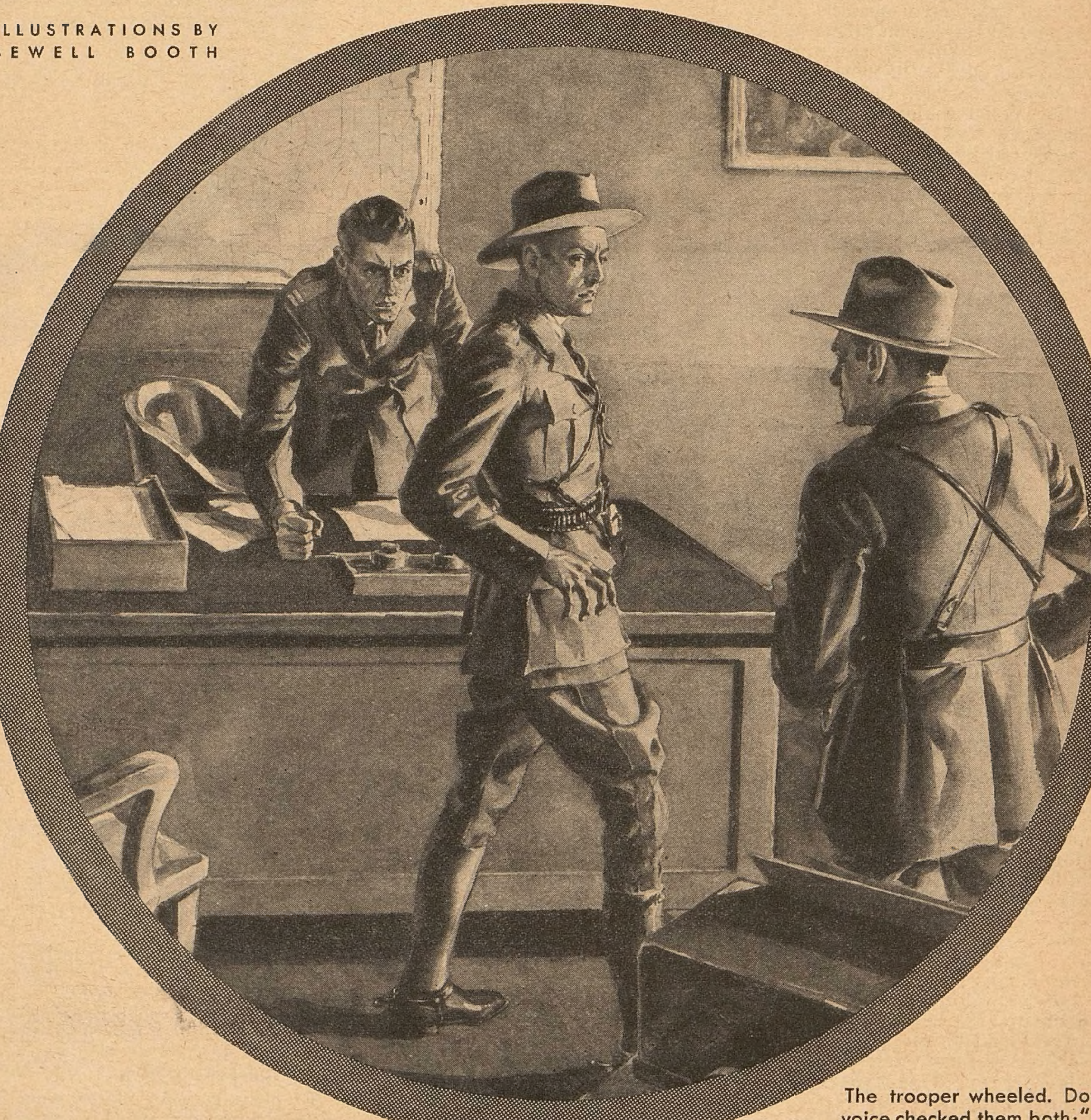
"He's not. He's just a poor unfortunate caught in a brutal system, outnumbered and hounded by—"

She groped for a word.

"Cossacks of capitalism? We've been called worse than that. But Arthur, my dear young lady, isn't a brother Red. His color is just yellow. What has Arthur, who rooked fat old Mrs. Larkspur out of the family jewels, got to do with the social revolution?"

"They never found the jewels. How do you know that he actually did it?" Her voice rose with the question.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEWELL BOOTH



The trooper wheeled. Dover's voice checked them both: "Sergeant! Morgan! As you were."

"The judge and jury seemed to have that general impression. You're much too young to have any interest in Flash. He liked them elderly, wealthy, and foolish. Mrs. Larkspur was all three."

She started to reply, glanced at her wrist watch and looked alarmed. Her voice grew chill:

"Please don't stop me again on the way back. I'm very late."

Another car came over the hill from Atlas. While he halted and inspected it, Morgan saw the blue coupé move away. He watched it slide over the ridge and vanish. When it returned, he thought with awe, it would not find the same man who had stopped it earlier. His talk with the girl, so darkly lovely, so generously and foggily insurgent, had gripped his life and had shaken it into a new abiding pattern.

A cloud slid over the sun, dulling the land and Morgan's own thoughts. He shivered and wished he had tarried in his angry stampede from the substation long enough to bring his sheepskin coat. He thought of Arthur, the gigolo, the thief, the escaped convict. He often had heard the man's name in the ill-smelling stream of gossip that flows along Broadway. He had known Arthur and the plundered Larkspur woman by sight.

He was musing on an inheritance coming to him with new gratitude when he saw the blue coupé returning. Morgan chuckled at the more decorous pace the girl took now, stepped forward to halt her—and checked himself. Further speech would be, he felt, lame and stale.

The coupé slowed for the turn at the crossroads, and the sun, smiting the windshield, blinded Morgan for an instant. When he saw the car again, it was fifty yards down the Spring Valley road. He heard the mounting whine of the motor, saw the coupé pick up speed, lift to a hill, and drop beyond. The sun went down. He waited for Doane's motorcycle to come over the ridge. Morgan wanted to get back to the substation, face what wrath Duff still had, and apply to barracks for his overdue pass. Three days! A lifetime was not enough.

But Doane did not come. Doane, riding to Morgan's relief, had wheeled his cycle to pursue a madly driven blue coupé. This contained, Doane gasped—when they found his broken body and twisted machine in a ditch where the car had crowded them—a single man, the escaped convict, Flash Arthur. . . .

Those who found Doane lifted the weakly cursing trooper into their car and bore him to the substation. There, while Captain Dover gave first aid to broken ribs and a splintered shoulder, Duff telephoned for an ambulance and seated himself at the teletypewriter.

IT was a patrol car, not a motorcycle, that drew alongside the shivering trooper at the crossroads. The careful blankness of Duff's face, the way he chose his words, sent a new chill down Morgan's spine.

"Did a blue Chevvy coupé go by about a half hour ago?"

Morgan asked in a strained voice: "Yes. What's happened?"

"That's what we want to find out. You let it pass?"

"Yes. I—"

"Get in."

Morgan jerked his head at his own car.

"You'll ride with me," Duff said. "The captain wants to see you."

Morgan lingered an instant, shrugged, and settled himself beside the sergeant. They drove for a minute in silence. Then Duff asked with heavy carelessness:

"Didn't you say you knew Arthur in New York?"

"Not exactly. I knew who he was and I—"

"What I thought," Duff broke in.

Duff's pose of mystery, and lurking anxiety for the girl and her car, were hard to bear.

An ambulance waited before the substation. Captain Dover and another were helping a man down the steps. The trooper caught his breath. The wild-driving girl had run into Jimmy Doane.

Duff got out of the car. "Come on," he ordered.

The ambulance moved off as they reached the steps. Morgan and Duff followed Dover into the office. The captain said to the sergeant:

"They've found the car. Just over the line in F's territory. They have men looking for him. I've ordered a dozen more from barracks."

Duff nodded at Morgan. "He let it go by."

The captain looked squarely at the trooper for the first time. Morgan saluted. Dover replied automatically:

"Why, Morgan?"

He loved her. She was in trouble. This might be the chance he had craved to serve her. He answered, standing straight and watching his words:

"If the captain doesn't object, will he tell me what has happened?"

In a dry voice Dover told of Doane's pursuit and injury and Arthur's escape.

"To the state police, my dear young

Morgan's palms grew clammy. Sudden sickness crawled in his stomach.

"You were sent to the crossroads to stop all cars from Atlas?"

"Yes, sir."

"But the car with Arthur aboard went by you, unsearched."

Morgan could not speak. He nodded.

"Why?"

The trooper rummaged among a dozen half-formed thoughts for adequate reply. Duff broke the taut stillness:

"Trooper Morgan knows Arthur. He admitted it."

"Two years ago I knew the man by sight. And I resent the sergeant's use of 'admitted.' I—"

"If," Dover cut in calmly, "you know him by sight, why did you let him get by?"

Morgan was pulled two ways, yet could go neither. Duff's anger boiled over: "Maybe Arthur promised you a cut in the Larkspur loot."

The trooper wheeled. The sergeant stepped forward. Dover's voice checked them both:

"Sergeant! Morgan! As you were."

They obeyed, breathing hard. Dover, after a long glare, stepped over to the now silent teletypewriter and tore off the message. He said:

"Arthur drove a stolen car. It was taken from in front of Dr. Keegan's office. They're holding its driver, a Cynthia Drummond."

"Confederate?" Duff guessed. "Probably she's his—"

Morgan said in a half whisper, "A lie. That makes two, Duff."

Dover's big fist banged upon the desk top.

"Morgan—quiet! By heavens, I don't know what I'm to do with you. You disobey orders, you let a criminal escape, your damned carelessness nearly kills Doane, and still you look for trouble. If your father hadn't been my

lady, nothing is impossible."

dear friend, I'd be asking for your resignation."

Under the lash of the captain's voice, Morgan's anger bolted with him:

"Suppose we leave my father out of it. The captain needn't ask for my resignation. He has it."

"It's a week to payday," Dover said. "Suppose, if you still want to quit after thinking it over, you write out your resignation as of that date."

"That," the trooper told him over his shoulder, "would be just a week too late."

He closed the door behind him and, still simmering with rage, ran upstairs to the bedroom, stripped off his uniform, put on his civilian suit, crowded his belongings into his suitcase, and went down the stairs again. . . .

There were stars overhead and frost in the air. Morgan stood in the road and looked back at the bright windows of the substation.

A car came round the curve ahead. Its headlights smote him like lightning. A motor horn blatted frantically and brakes squealed.

Morgan leaped aside, dropping his suitcase. He stood, waist-deep in roadside brush, while the car that almost had run him down slid past, went over his suitcase with twin bumps, and halted.

Brush crackled as Morgan scrambled back into the road behind the car and sought his maimed bag. His assailant was alighting.

"Anybody hurt? No? Going to Atlas? I am driving there myself, if miracles still happen. I'll be glad of your company."

"Thanks," Morgan said, and followed the driver into the car.

DASHBOARD lights shone on shell-rimmed glasses and a bush of white mustache and white eyebrows. The machine started with a head-jerking lurch. Gears snarled and Morgan's seatmate swore.

"This is not my own car. I have none at present. One was wrecked recently, not by me—ah, strangely enough. The police are searching the other for fingerprints. This is my hired man's."

He illustrated his ineptitude by skidding on a curve. Morgan asked, not from politeness:

"Would you care to have me drive, Professor Drummond?"

The brakes gave loud reply to Morgan's offer. They changed places. Morgan felt better. Drummond surely was driving in to get his daughter, whose car Arthur had stolen. Morgan would see her again! He said:

"I don't think you'd recall me, sir. I'm John Morgan. Class of '32. I had a course with you in my senior year. I've been a state trooper now for almost two years."

Drummond chuckled. "I thought you had—ah, come into money."

Ahead were the orderly lamps of a village street. Morgan said:

"I did—and spent it."

"Wise or—ah, lucky. You had your fun. But if you're a trooper now, why aren't you chasing Mr. Flash Arthur? I have a grievance against him myself."

"I've left the service," Morgan answered. "Where did you want to go in Atlas?"

"Eh?" Drummond seemed to be suddenly wakened. "The—ah, police station, I believe. I understand my daughter is there. The gifted Mr. Arthur stole her—that is, my car."

"So I heard," Morgan answered carefully.

"Cynthia has no driver's license. She has just come back from a year in Europe. They thought at first she was Arthur's—ah, gun moll or whatever is the proper term. She came home a semi-Communist."

THEY drew up before a shabby building. Morgan turned his face toward Drummond and said: "I'll wait till you come out, in case there's anything more I can do."

Drummond said hurriedly, "Now that you're in Atlas, what are your immediate plans?"

"Bed and board and, tomorrow, search for a job."

"Splendid. That is—ah, if it's no more urgent than that, could I persuade you to be our guest for the night? We're a gloomy household, as probably you know, with a dying man there—poor chap—but you'd be most welcome, both there and—ah, while driving us back."

Morgan tried to keep elation from his voice.

"Thank you, sir; I'd be very glad."

At the police station they told Drummond his daughter was at the Atlas House. Morgan drove there.

Drummond hurried into the hotel, and in a few minutes he and his daughter approached the car, talking rapidly. Drummond said:

"This is the chivalrous gentleman, honey. May I present Mr. John Morgan?"

"Oh," she said. Morgan waited, expecting more. Instead she lifted her chin and climbed in. As they moved off, the girl gave a bitter laugh.

"Didn't you guess, Aubrey, this 'chivalrous gentleman' has been assigned by his department to watch your sinful daughter? He's a—what is the state police term for stool pigeon?"

She flung the question in Morgan's face. He did not reply.

"You see, Cynthia," said Drummond, "whoever he is, he drives very well. And—ah, he's spending the night with us." To Morgan he said, "There's a very good bedroom over the garage, if you don't mind—ah, roughing it."

Morgan mumbled thanks. Cynthia asked suddenly:

"How's Wally? Did Dr. Bradley come?"

"It's just as Dr. Keegan feared. Quite hopeless, poor lad."

Morgan felt her shudder. "That horrible house! There's something wrong with it, Aubrey. There's a—a curse on it. Look what's happened. Wallace Strake is dying, I'm arrested, an escaped convict steals our one remaining car, and—"

She searched her mind for further calamity.

"And I win the Pulitzer Prize," Drummond added ironically.

They sped along until Cynthia said: "Turn left here."

Morgan obeyed. Whitewashed gateposts gleamed in the light. He wheeled in between them.

A tawny bounding shape, eyes fiery in the headlights, came along the drive toward them.

"Is all that one dog?" he asked, and she laughed.

"He's a Great Dane. His name is Hamlet, quite obviously. He belongs to Dr. Keegan, but he goes with the place. Get out of the way, idiot."

They halted at a porch and a man came out into the glow of the ceiling light.

"Jail delivery," Cynthia called. She dropped her voice to a whisper as she asked: “How is he now?”

“No better, no worse,” said Dr. Keegan. “He has great vitality.”

“And one swell doctor.”

The girl added as Drummond got out and held his hand to her: “Dr. Keegan, this is Mr. Morgan, a former pupil of father's.”

“We've met before,” Morgan said. The man on the porch seemed uncertain.

Drummond clambered into the car. “Drive to the back,” he said. “I'll show you the—ah, guesthouse.”

Morgan drove into the garage. Drummond got out and, fumbling for a switch at the foot of steps leading to the floor above, collided with a shovel and pick that leaned against the wall.

Morgan picked up the tools. He set them in a corner and followed his host upstairs. He peered about the small bedroom, ignored the mustiness and dust, and said:

“I don't see how any one could want more.”

“If you care to wash and don't mind an—ah, audience, I'll wait for you. Hamlet is abroad, and he is not—ah, hospitable.”

The dog grumbled at Morgan's back as they walked across the yard toward the house.

. . . . . .

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER *comes of a noted literary family. He describes himself as a reformed newspaperman. He is a civilian member of New York State Troopers, and holds warrant as Honorary Sergeant. Pet aversions, coffee and cigars. Now lives in Vermont and likes it.*

They were served by a large hard-breathing woman who thrust each dish at Morgan as though it were a subpoena, and granted him spiteful glances. Supper was half over before the physician came downstairs.

He was still the sleek practitioner Morgan had seen while on patrol, but he too was weary. He sighed as he sat down and answered Cynthia's question about his patient:

“I don't know. He seems no worse. And yet, Bradley agrees with me that there is no hope—you heard him, professor?”

Drummond nodded.

“I'll spend the night with him,” Keegan ended.

The professor said: “Doctor, you've been here since early afternoon. We've asked more of you than we've any right. Caring for Strake isn't your—ah, entire profession. When we rented your house we didn't take you over too.”

Keegan drained his water glass. Morgan saw that his hand shook.

“If I go,” he answered, “you'll only have to send for me again. This can't be anything but the final rally.”

He raised his eyes, looked at Morgan with care for a minute before he spoke.

“Excuse me,” he muttered and hurried to the door. Cynthia followed him upstairs toward the sick man's room.

Drummond led the way to the cheerier living room, stood aside for his guest to enter, hesitated, and then, with a word of excuse, followed the others upstairs.

WHEN he returned he said, “I bear Cynthia's apologies. She has gone to bed.”

“I see,” Morgan answered slowly, and felt that one of his chief supports had been knocked away.

“My boy,” said Drummond, “you're all in. Go to bed. I'll—ah, escort you.”

“I know the way.” Morgan rose.

“You don't know Hamlet. And I want to see if Emma has made you comfortable.”

The little room had not been touched.

“Cynthia, or Emma, or both of them forgot. Wait. I'll have her out here in a minute.”

“You'll do nothing of the sort,” Morgan answered. “I'll just go to the kitchen and requisition blankets.”

A surly voice bade him enter when he had rapped at the kitchen door. The great tawny dog looked up and then bent again to the food-laden dish before the stove. A man sat at the table. Morgan peered at him.

“Oh. Hello, Baxter. I didn't know you were working here.”

Baxter's lips pulled away from uneven teeth in a feeble sneer. “Didn't s'pose there was anything you fellers didn't know.”

Morgan knew the source of his hostility and aimed directly at it: “We know when a bird shoots deer out of season, don't we? Eh? Where's Emma?”

Prodded on a sore spot, Baxter snarled:

“Mrs. Baxter to you. I hear they kicked you outa the department—and good riddance, I say!”

“All right,” Morgan said. “Now listen to something else. You find ‘Mrs. Baxter’ and tell her Professor Drummond wants some blankets for the bed in the garage.”

Baxter rose, muttering, pushed the pantry swing door, and mumbled clearer apology as he collided with Dr. Keegan. The physician entered the kitchen, took the steaming kettle from the stove, and gave Morgan a trite smile.

“I need this upstairs,” he said, nodded after Baxter, and asked:

“Reunion with an old friend?”

Morgan shrugged. “I caught him with a spikehorn buck over Wainright way a month ago. He seems to think every time we meet it'll cost him a hundred dollars.”

Keegan wet his lips. Then he looked up and smiled again.

“Well, good night, Mr. Morgan.”

His shoulders sagged, his feet shuffled as he turned to leave. Morgan saw pathos in his weariness and blurted:

“If I can be of any help tonight, call me.”

“Help?” Keegan repeated as though the word had pricked him. “Oh, yes. Of course. Thanks.”

He left as Baxter's wife, blanket-laden and outraged, came into the kitchen and thrust her burden at Morgan without a word.

DRUMMOND left the bedroom at last, still offering apology. Morgan made the bed and stripped to his underclothes. He was too weary to open his crushed suitcase. He crawled between the blankets and lay while the moonlight crept across the wall, and his mind sniffed like a puzzled dog at many trails, yet could follow none far.

The swarming thoughts followed his body into sleep. Freed from reality, they swooped and soared. Then, with a start, Morgan found himself lying breathless, with moonlight in his eyes and the echo of Hamlet's barking still in his ears.

He stumbled across the chamber to the open window. There was no sound, no movement in the yard below. Then he saw, with an odd shiver, the great dog cross the back yard. He slunk and twice paused to look behind him. He had followed something and it had changed ferocity into terror. Once in his lair, Hamlet whined and then was silent. All that reached Morgan now was the chattering sound of his own teeth. He hurried back into bed.

Warmth crept over him again and slowly he relaxed. The sound that jerked him from his doze came out of the depths of nightmare itself. It was a scream—long, quavering, high. Morgan was fumbling with trousers and shoes as it died away. He was stumbling down the stairs as it rose again, deadlier, more ghastly than before.

Morgan ran for the kitchen. Something bounded at him as he reached the steps. He heard, with remote scorn, the yelp of fright he uttered as he leaped for the door. Pain pierced his thigh and he heard cloth give way. Before Hamlet could spring again, Morgan had thrust the door open and had slammed it behind him.

The screeching soared once more. It was upstairs. He groped for the pantry door, blundered through the dining room and into the long hall. Far above, the scream reached a high and breathless end. The beam of an electric torch pierced the stairwell's darkness. It swept across him and shook upon the body of a man who lay, asprawl and face down, at the foot of the stairs.

Whose body lies huddled at the foot of the stairs? And why did the Great Dane act so strangely? Has Trooper Morgan become enmeshed in a web of mystery the first night of his freedom? What he does about it is startlingly disclosed in next week's Liberty.

HOW THE VOICE OF GINGER ROGERS *helped turn back* MUSSOLINI'S BLACK SHIRTS *in Spain*

READING TIME
13 MINUTES
30 SECONDS

BY VITTORIO SUARDI

From within the Italian ranks: an amazing uncensored closeup of war's strange ways in 1937

MY name is Vittorio Suardi. I was a student. I hold Identity Card No. 166, town of Tescore Balneario, and my membership card in the Black Shirts is No. 292. Last November I received a summons from Comando Legione 24 of Milan, marked urgent. I reported immediately to the office, where a senior sergeant informed me that volunteers were wanted for the settlement of Abyssinia. Each volunteer would be paid twenty lire a day, and for those who left dependents in Italy, there would be an allowance of three lire ninety a day, with an additional one lira fifty for each child or old person.

On December 18 I boarded the S. S. Lombardia in the military port of Gaeta. Five days later we saw Cadiz. While our ship entered the harbor slowly, our colonel made a speech through the loud-speakers.

"Before going to Abyssinia," he cried, "we shall help our Spanish friends to purge their country of the Red hordes! See that immense crowd greeting you as liberators! Will you be cowardly enough to deceive those people? If among you there are beings vile enough to withdraw, let them raise their hands! This ship will take them back, forever dishonored, to Italy!"

Ashore, the enthusiasm reached delirium. Hats were tossed in the air, handkerchiefs fluttered like small flags. The crowd yelled, sang, danced, and raised high placards and banners on which we could read: "Long Live Italy! Long Live Mussolini!" Men hoisted young girls on their shoulders as if offering them to us.

It is thrilling to be greeted as saviors.

Then the war started. The taking of Malaga was a mere military hike for us, for when my company arrived, the battle was over. All I heard of the fighting was a few bursts of distant machine-gun fire. Our march into the conquered city was a repetition of our landing in Cadiz.

From Malaga we went north. The acclaim was over; there were no more flowers, no more smiling girls. We rode on trucks over deserted mountains. When we passed through villages, the peasants stared at us silently; for them, it was war, and the seizure of food and materials had aroused bitterness.

We went into action for the first time at Montemayor, on the Cordova front. The promenade to Malaga had given us confidence, and we were certain of victory when, with fixed bayonets, we headed for the enemy's positions. It was three in the afternoon. All was quiet before us. It seemed that the enemy had vanished.

Suddenly machine guns started to bark. I heard the whistling of bullets. I saw several of my comrades fall and remain behind. The enemy had allowed us to approach quite near, the better to cut us down. In such cases a man recalls his training automatically, one might say organically, for that is the aim of military education. I fell flat on my stomach behind a small hillock, and fired before me. Right and left, my comrades had started to shoot.

That lasted an hour. Then shells started to burst near us. The fire of the machine guns increased rapidly. Then I saw several of my comrades rise and run, crouching, to the rear. A few dropped on the way. Soon we were in the starting trenches. We had left many dead and wounded on the field.

When night came we attacked again. This time we got nearer to the enemy. The sole result was that we were subjected to grenades as well as machine guns, and decimated. We returned to our starting point, and learned that another company had succeeded in pushing the Republicans from one of their positions. But it had to retreat under a terrific bombardment on the following day.

We did very little talking. We knew that many of our comrades would never again answer roll call. What could we say? Each man doubted the real opinion of his neighbor and distrusted him. From that moment on, until Guadalajara, I felt as if caught in cogs against which my personal will availed nothing.

That night we were ordered away. Again we traveled in trucks across deserted mountains.

One fact is certain from now on: The enemy is as well armed as we are and needs no lesson on the score of courage. We are waging a real war.

It was on the banks of the Rio Jarama that I became acquainted with the Madrid front. The Republicans held the crests covering the villages of Morata, Tajuna, and Arganda, sort of advanced bastions of the large town of Perales de Tajuna, which is built on the side of the road between Valencia and Madrid.

Our chiefs gave us information; it was an opportunity for them to spur their soldiers with vibrant speeches.

"We must storm those crests," they said. "Sweep upon Morata and Arganda, then march upon Perales. To us shall come the honor of cutting off the Valencia road. Forward, children! Be worthy of the trust that Il Duce placed in you. Long live Mussolini!"

We attacked on February 23, in the early morning. We attacked again in the afternoon. We attacked again at night. Each time we were beaten off by the International Mixed Brigades defending the crests. We could not even come near the enemy's trenches. The day ended, and we had not won an inch of ground.

The following afternoon, February 24, we attacked again. We attacked once more during the night. At dawn we found ourselves back where we had started.

We were cold and we were hungry. Since we started the attacks our food supplies had been held up by intense shelling from the Republican artillery.

Early that morning a score or so of planes soared out of our lines, tried to fly over the enemy's lines to bomb those hellish batteries that cut off our communications. That undertaking met with but small success. Our aviators were very soon forced to flee before the marvelous small machines of the Republicans, tiny pursuit planes rising with amazing speed, which brought down in flames, almost at once, three of our bombers.

Coming Soon in Liberty—

WHY JEAN HARLOW DIED

Only twenty-six, and with the world at her feet! No longer a mere sensational "Platinum Venus," she had become a fixed star of the film firmament. Glamorous, courageous, tingling with life, apparently blessed with everything to live for. . . .

Yet abruptly she saddened, faltered, died. What broke Jean's will to live? Upon this tragic question a revealing light will be flooded in a series by Edward Doherty in early issues of Liberty!

That evening, during a lull, the *altavoz del frente*, the loud-speaker of the front, started to speak. Its gigantic mechanical voice allowed the Republicans to make themselves heard for more than three kilometers around. It gave us, remorselessly, news of our failures.

"Hello! Hello!" the giant speaker hurled into the night. "Italian comrades, come to us without fear! You shall not be shot nor mistreated! Italian comrades, do not fight against liberty. Come over to us. . . ."

That immense voice speaking to us in Italian in the night seemed devilish. We imagined, back of his lines, the unknown broadcaster hunched in the armored cell of the radio car, forcing us to undergo, after the bombardment of shells, the barrage of demoralizing words.

"Hello! Hello! Hear the *altavoz del frente!* Italian comrades, greetings. . . . The International Brigades, I repeat again, have broken your attack. . . . Attention. I repeat again, Italian comrades, the International Brigades have broken up your attack. . . . Hello! Hello! Listen carefully—you shall hear a musical number from the film Top Hat, after which, I shall speak to you again of the defeat just inflicted upon you. . . ."

The scene can be imagined. Amplified one hundred times, the voice of Ginger Rogers covers the crackle of firing along the front, spreads over three miles of front lines the words of the famous song, Piccolino. The living hear it, the wounded hear it, the dying hear it. And the last note having winged over the battlefield, the infernal speaker resumes his litany:

HELLO! Hello! Italian comrades, listen to me! You have just heard a musical number from Top Hat. Hello! Hello! Now, here are new details of your defeat. Listen with attention! The number of your dead passes four hundred. . . . I repeat . . . The number of your dead passes four hundred. Hello! Hello! Listen now: O Sole Mio. . . ."

All night long the *altavoz del frente* alternated thus operatic songs, demoralizing information, and calls to fraternization.

It was on February 28 that we started to prepare for the battle of Guadalajara. We had been told that this was to be the great offensive, the final victory that would bring the fall of Madrid and the end of the war. Nevertheless, the last bitter experiences had taken away a large part of our confidence. News that came to us of another defeat, suffered by other Italian troops at Siguenza in Segovia, lessened our enthusiasm even more.

At last the Battalion Carroccio 524, to which I belonged, started toward Villaviciosa, flanked by the Indomito Battalion, backed by powerful artillery.

Newspaper reporters have stated that we bore, stitched to our backs, a piece of black cloth, which was to serve as a target for the troops behind us in case we tried to run away. Is it necessary to say that this is a lie? In fact, we left in the most natural fashion, as soldiers start when they get the order to march, without hesitating, without argument, without thought. We were even encouraged to know we were backed by so much artillery, so much aviation. We felt that we represented an enormous strength.

In three days we reached our combat positions and fortified them. A fine rain had followed heavy snowstorms. We splashed along in muddy soil. The icy scenes made us regret the southern fronts, but this was war, and a soldier does not choose his battleground.

The first days our supplies came up normally. Then, on the 8th of March, for the first time, our food failed to arrive. Instead of soup, we were given two quarts of water for forty men, and we started tearing cigarettes in two to make them last.

On the 9th of March the same thing happened. We felt then that the retreat of our enemies was over, that the great battle was about to start. Cannon roared. Comrades from advanced positions told of furious fighting. We expected to be hurled into action from one moment to another.

ON March 10, with hunger gnawing at us, we started to get our share of the shells. At the same time we received fresh news. The Reds were counterattacking with extraordinary violence, and we suspected that our starting positions might soon become defensive positions. During the night of the 10th to the 11th of March some food reached us. We drank some cold soup, ate a piece of bread, a piece of cheese. We put aside, to have it in the morning, the coffee ration distributed at the same time.

On March 11 no food came. The bombardment increased. The crack of rifles pierced through the sound of artillery. The front was coming nearer to us. We saw hundreds of wounded coming back.

And that afternoon we entered into that show.

At three o'clock we left our positions and attacked the Garibaldi Battalion of the International Brigade which, flanked by two other Mixed Brigades, had burst through our advance guards.

Italians against Italians on foreign soil! Although we are hostile brothers, we are dressed almost alike. We differ in helmets, in breeches, in rifles. Ours are Italian; those of the Garibaldi are Russian. But we had no time to dwell on this. The men who were attacking us were our enemies. So, we waged war.

For an instant we might have believed the advantage was ours. As we came out, we had opened fire and caused noticeable voids in the enemy's ranks. But suddenly, right in the middle of the engagement, pursuit planes dived upon us. They flew very near the ground, and, selecting one group after another, they slashed us with quadruple-barreled machine guns, quick firers that rained upon us at the rate of two thousand five hundred bullets a minute.

What could be done against those gusts of metal from the sky? We fled for the positions prepared in advance. A quick breathless dash, a leap into a hole—then we picked up bags of grenades, pushed our rifles through loopholes. From attack, we had gone to defense.

During the night the struggle dwindled. On both sides men were occupied organizing the positions. Again we are issued two quarts of water for forty men. No food, nothing else. Volunteers are called to go back for food. And we are issued ammunition, only one hundred cartridges for each man. It is very difficult to obtain ammunition.

The day had proved terribly hard. Hundreds were dead, hundreds wounded, hundreds taken prisoners. Privates, sergeants, even officers, gripped by panic, had fled as fast as they could run, or had surrendered.

Dropping with weariness, we who were left sank on the spot, without thought, without will, dreamless—startled awake from time to time by nearer detonations.

On March 12, toward one o'clock in the morning, the Republican artillery started to rain tons of projectiles upon us. Broken by fatigue, starving, cold, we bore that storm, shrank crouching in muddy pits. Hour after hour the bombardment became more intense. We ran short of drink. From dawn, the airmen of both factions fought over our heads, and the debris fell upon us.

Unexpectedly there was a dull impact near me, followed by an explosion. It was the first grenade of that day.

The Reds had come out soundlessly and were crawling toward us. They rose and charged, throwing grenades as they came.

"Fuoco!"

Our reply flashed like lightning. Our machine guns halted the enemy in his tracks. It is our turn to mow down ranks of attackers. They, as we had formerly, took shelter in holes and tossed grenades. We threw back grenades. On both sides losses were heavy.

SUDDENLY some fifty tanks emerged from the mist and advanced in our direction. Behind them crowded the Republican reinforcements. Our antitankers opened fire with their special machine guns. But they only contrived to hit two of the machines seriously. The others came on slowly, spurting metal and flame.

What could we do? Wait until the tanks ground us to powder? We preferred to leave. In any case, we no longer thought of what we were doing—we obeyed partly our own instinct, partly what was left in us of automatic military reaction. In a leap, we were out and running. But the enemy was everywhere, even behind us. The sky itself was hostile, with swooping Republican squadrons.

Our flight took place under the fire of rifles, of machine guns, fire from the troopers, the tanks, the planes. Everywhere the ground was covered with our dead. Those who were left alive were no longer combatants, but fugitives seeking mercy.

We hoped desperately to be treated according to the laws of war. Not for a moment did we imagine that we were "accomplices of military rebels" and as such not entitled to the usual rights and treatment of war. No, we were dressed as soldiers, we fought as soldiers, we must be treated as soldiers.

Some time later I was backed against a wall, with two comrades. Two women of the militia units howled at us: *"Assassinos! Porcos!"*

Suddenly they threw at us two grenades, which burst fifteen yards away. We fell flat, and the fragments missed us. We had lost our rifles. And the drama reached a rapid conclusion: six militiamen ran to us, took away our remaining weapons, and led us off. We were prisoners.

I knew at that moment the icy shudder of a new fear, a nasty fear. Were they going to shoot me? The question gave me no respite; anguish clutched my throat.

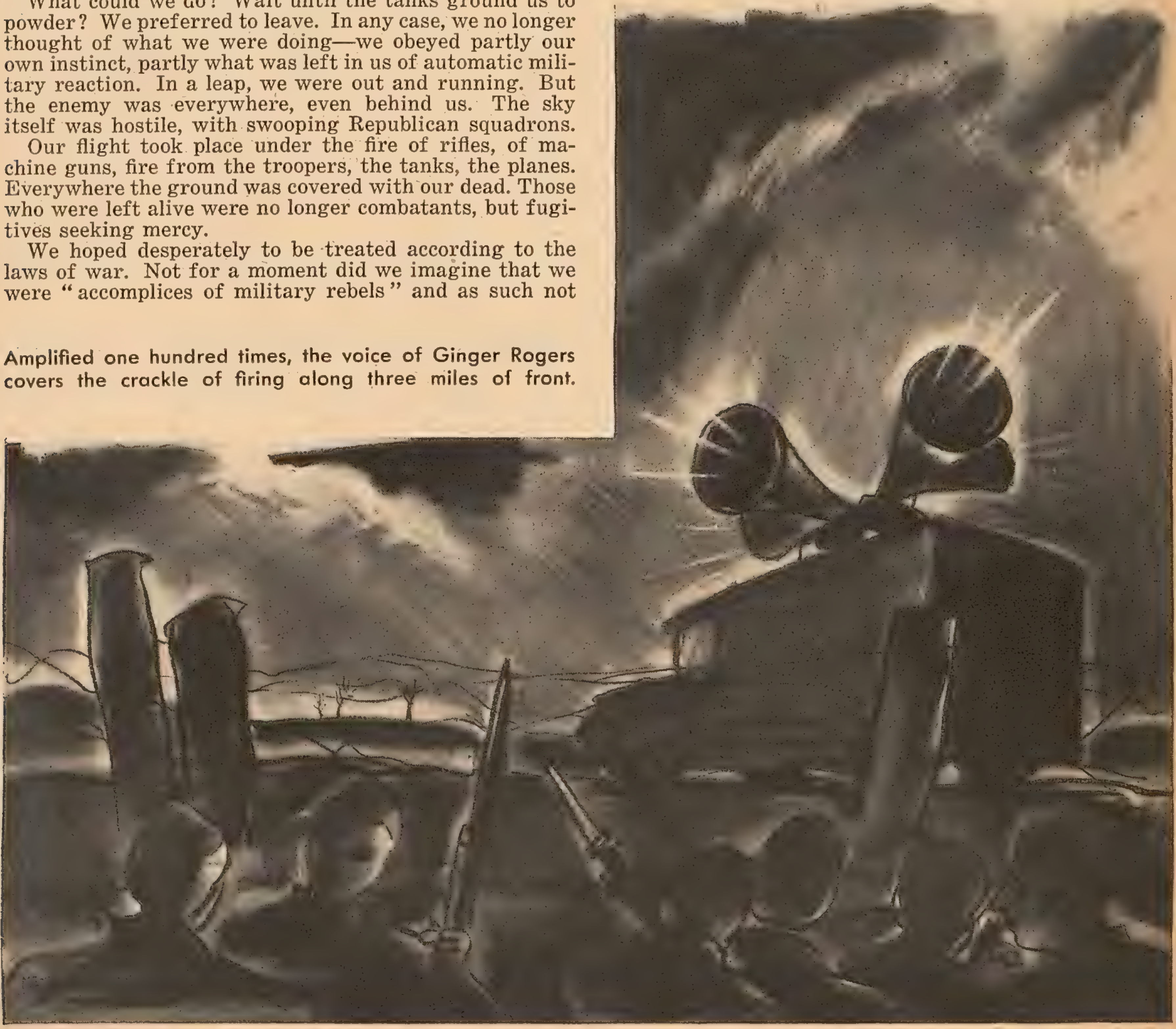
Five hours later I was seated before a table at Alcala de Henares, before a copious meal—mutton, beans, bread, and wine. I was hungry. I was sleepy.

It is thus that all battles in the world end, whether one is victorious or vanquished. Oh, how sleepy I was! I thought of nothing else. But had I thought of anything at all since the time, before Cordova, I had been caught in the toils of war?

Traitor to my side, some will say; a murderer and a Fascist, others will state. No, I am not a traitor, not a murderer, not even a man; just a soldier whirled away in the storm of a war of which he understands nothing.

For a soldier never understands anything of war, anything of strategy.

THE END



Amplified one hundred times, the voice of Ginger Rogers covers the crackle of firing along three miles of front.

Everything BUT THE TRUTH

By JAMES M. CAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. SANDS BRUNNER

A sparkling tale of days when life is young, and the fate of one small boy who boasted himself into trouble

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT would be idle to deny that when Edwin Hope moved from Annapolis to Fullerton he definitely promoted himself. Around Annapolis he had been in no way unusual. But when his father got the big estate to manage, and decided to transfer his legal practice to Fullerton, and then moved the whole family there, Edwin's status underwent a rapid and altogether startling change.

It started innocently enough. Among these boys in Fullerton he detected great curiosity about the more cosmopolitan town he had left, and particularly about that seat of learning, the United States Naval Academy. So he recited the main facts, not once but repeatedly: the puissance of the football team, the excellence of the band, the beauty of the regiment when reviewed by an admiral of the fleet, the prodigiousness of the feats performed at the annual gymkhana, the rationale of the sword ceremony as conducted in June Week. When skepticism reared its ugly head, he scotched it with a citation from the statutes: "Let me in? Sure they let me in. Let me in free. They *gotta* let me in, any time I want to go. . . . Gov-ment propity."

But by the end of a week the temptation became almost irresistible to cheat a little; to share, in some reflected degree, the glories he recounted. His audience was not entirely male. Sitting with him on the back stoop of the handsome house his father had taken, there was first of all a pulchritudinous creature by the name of Phyllis, who was about his own age, which was twelve, and certainly not bored by his company. Then there was a red-haired boy by the name of Roger, who had assumed Phyllis to be his own chattel. The others were of both sexes and divided into two factions: the scoffers, headed by Roger; and the true believers, headed by Phyllis, who heard each new tale with gasps and gurgles of appreciation. The males were almost solidly scoffers. It was from the females that Edwin got real support.

His first lapse from truth came as a slip. He had been expounding the might of the navy crew—its size, its stamina, its speed. And then he added: "Boy, *I'll* say they're fast. *I'll* say they can lift that old shell through the water! Believe me, you part your hair in the middle when you ride in that thing!"

Roger bristled. "What do you mean, *you?* When did you ever ride in a shell?"

There could be only one answer: "Plenty of times."

"When?"

"You heard me. Plenty of times."

"You're a liar. You never been in one! Part your hair in the middle—don't you know they ride backwards in a shell?"

"You're telling *me?*"

"Them seats are on rollers; there's no place to sit! No place for anybody except them crew men. Yah, you never been in a shell! Where did you sit? Tell us that!"

"Cox."

"*What?*"

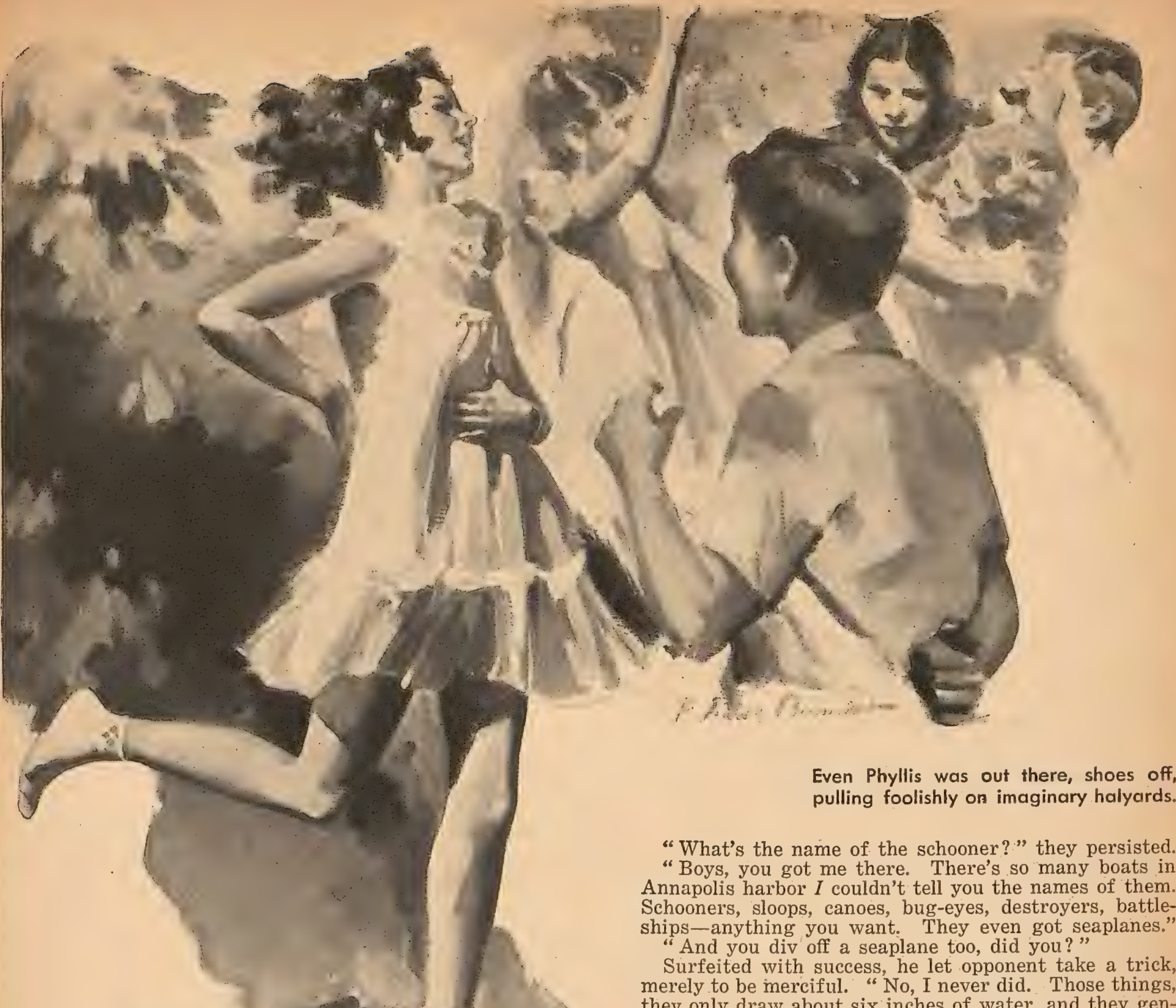
Roger said it before he realized his error. But he said it. He betrayed he didn't know what a cox was. The others laughed. Edwin smiled pityingly. "Cox. Coxswain. The guy that steers."

"*You* steered the navy crew?"

"Not regular. They use a cadet for that. But sometimes they want a little warm-up before the coach shows up, and they got to have a cox. A cox, he's got to be light. I suppose maybe that's why they picked me. The cox, *he* rides frontwards, so he can see where he's going. . . . '*Stroke!* . . . *Stroke!* . . . *Stroke!*'"

He imitated the bark of a coxswain, illustrating with his hands the technique of the tiller ropes, and let the echo die in the back yard before he yawned and added: "That's why he parts his hair in the middle."

His exploits as a coxswain, it need hardly be added, were completely imaginary. Yet it was but a step to equally imaginary exploits as a diver. He spoke feelingly one time of the fine satisfaction to be felt when one came in after a spin with the crew, plunged from the boathouse roof, swam briefly in the Severn, and then, cool,



Even Phyllis was out there, shoes off, pulling foolishly on imaginary halyards.

clean, and refreshed, went home to a gigantic dinner. This provoked such a storm of protest and involved him in such a grueling quiz about the navy boathouse that he had to shift his ground. He did not yield one inch on the dive, but he did think it well to move the fable into a locale where a certain vagueness might be permissible.

"The boathouse—heck, that wasn't nothing! All that stuff, that was in the spring. They go away on their cruise in June. Guy don't hardly get warmed up by then—don't really *feel* like diving. But in the summertime—say, that Annápolis gang really gets going then!"

"Yeah, and what do they do?"

"I'm telling you. They dive."

"Off the boathouse roof, hey?"

"The boathouse roof? Say, that wouldn't interest *that* gang. Off whatever they can find, so it's high. Steamboat—right off her pilothouse. Schooner—off her crosstrees. Anywheres. They don't care."

"*What* schooner?"

"*Any* schooner."

"What's the name of the schooner?" they persisted.

"Boys, you got me there. There's so many boats in Annapolis harbor *I* couldn't tell you the names of them. Schooners, sloops, canoes, bug-eyes, destroyers, battleships—anything you want. They even got seaplanes."

"And you div off a seaplane too, did you?"

Surfeited with success, he let opponent take a trick, merely to be merciful. "No, I never did. Those things, they only draw about six inches of water, and they generally anchor them over on the flats. You dive off them, you're li'ble to break your neck."

He puckered his mouth in what he conceived to be a look of vast wisdom. "Believe me, when you're up high you gotta be sure what's down there. That's one thing you guys better remember if you ever expect to do any diving. It better be deep."

Then in a day or two, as a fine surprise, his mother announced that Wally Bowman was coming to visit him. Wally had been his own particular freckle-faced pal back in Annapolis. But here, after being met at the steamboat, fed ice cream, and lodged regally in the spare bed, Wally developed ratlike yellow-bellied tendencies. Admitted to the society of the back stoop, he at once formed a hot treasonable friendship with Roger, and betrayed the stark and bitter truth.

"Wally, he says you never been in a shell."

"Yah, what does he know? His mother never let him out of the yard for fear the dogs would bite him."

"Wally, he says every time you went near the navy boathouse they chased you away."

"Chased *him* away, you mean."

"Wally, he says you can't even dive at all."

"How would *he* know? That Annapolis gang, the *real* Annapolis gang, they wouldn't even *let* him come along! He's nothng but a sissy!"

"Wally, he says—"

"Sissy! Sissy! Sissy!"

Even the girls wavered in their allegiance, for Wally knew the sailors' hornpipe. The whole back yard became a sort of Pinafore deck, with dresses, curls, and ribbons flouncing to the siren measure. Only Phyllis, lovely Phyllis, remained stanch. But one time, when he retired in a rage and then returned unexpectedly, even she was out there, her shoes off, kicking about in socklets and pulling foolishly on imaginary halyards.

School opened, and the weather turned bright and hot. Wally stayed on, partly because the Annapolis schools didn't open until a week later. Edwin took advantage of the change in weather to make a dramatic entrance into the new school and thus calk his leaking prestige. That is, he wore his "work suit." This was a white gob's uniform, very popular with the boys around Annapolis, and still more popular with their mothers, since it could be bought cheaply in any navy-supply store. The effect was a knockout. There were gibes from Roger, but they quickly died. Phyllis admired it loudly, and so did the rest of the female contingent.

But when, after the morning session, Edwin repaired to the drugstore, flushed and triumphant, for a cooling drink, who should be sitting there but Wally in *his* work suit. It was too much to be borne. He pushed Wally from the stool. Wally retorted with a sock in the eye. He retorted with a butt in the stomach. Mr. Nevers, the druggist, retorted with a clip on the ear for them both and a lecture on how to behave. Edwin climbed on a stool and sullenly ordered his drink. Roger came in with several boys, detected the tension, and tried to get an account of the fracas from Wally. Phyllis came in with some girls, and there was excited twittering. Several grown-ups came in, among them Mr. Charlie Hand with Miss Ruth Downey. Edwin paid no attention to anything until Phyllis asked him excitedly if he wanted to go swimming.

"No!"

"But we're going down to Mortimer's! Mr. Charlie Hand is going to take us down, he and Ruth Downey! Aw, come on, Edwin! It's so hot, and you'll love it!"

He had answered her out of the choler of his mood; but now sober judgment spoke and told him that, in view of his boasts and claims, about the last thing he should do was go swimming.

"Water's too cold."

"Aw, *it's* not cold! Look what a hot day it is!"

"After all that rain, be colder than ice."

"Aw, Edwin, come on! We're going right after lunch."

"Anyway, it's too late in the year. Swimming's over."

"Gee, Edwin, I think you're mean!"

He glanced in the direction of Wally and delivered what he intended to be his final shot: "Me go swimming? Say, that's funny. With *that* thing on my hands? Could I ask you to take *him* along? That dose of poison ivy? Me go swimming—a fat chance!"

PHYLLIS babbled excitedly that of *course* they would take Wally along. But Wally cut her off: "Count me out, Phyllis. *I* wouldn't go swimming. Not in the same river with *him*. *I* don't want to catch no smallpox. Oh, no. Not me!"

This abnegation was so unlike Wally that Edwin was astonished. So was Roger, and he set up a noisy caveat. But Wally was not to be swayed. "No, I'm out. Just have your swim without me. And anyway, me and Roger has got something on today a whole lot more important than swimming." Roger suddenly subsided, and Edwin had a sweet vision of the romantic afternoon he could have with Phyllis, once his two tormentors were out of the way.

"Well, in that case, Phyllis—O. K. Glad to go."

Mortimer's turned out to be a big farmhouse three or four miles below the town. A housekeeper appeared, waved a hand vaguely toward the rear, and they all scrambled back there, the girls into one shed, the boys into another. Edwin, with a disk harrow for a locker, was the last one out, and found Phyllis waiting for him. In a red swimming suit, he thought she looked enchantingly beautiful, and he felt an impulse to dawdle, to take her hand, to run off and chase butterflies. So, apparently, did she; but at the end of thirty seconds of dawdling they found themselves strolling slowly to the beach.

As they stepped from the trees to the sand, Edwin's heart skipped a beat. There, lying on their sides, were two bicycles, one his own, the other Roger's. And there, beside the bicycles, and not in swimming suits, were Wally and Roger, shark grins on their faces. One glance at the river told him the reason for the grins. Not a hundred yards away, tied up at the Mortimer private wharf and busily discharging fertilizer, was a *schooner*. She was the most nauseating schooner Edwin had ever seen. Pink dust covered her deck, from the fertilizer. Her three masts rose out of a hull devoid of shape, and her topmasts were missing. Her bowsprit was a makeshift, obviously a replacement for the original member. It consisted of one long round timber, squared off at the end, and held in place, at a crazy uptilted angle, by iron collars to which were attached wire cables that ran back to the foremast. Accustomed to the trim craft of Annapolis harbor, Edwin sickened at the sight of her, and yet he knew full well her import. She was, presumably, his favorite take-off for diving. He had been sucked into a neat, deliberate, and horrible trap, and he needed but one guess as to the designer of it. It was Wally, who had come up-river on the steamboat; Wally, who knew that schooner was lying there; Wally, who had declined the swimming invitation and thus enticed him to his doom.

THEY didn't challenge him at once. They jumped on their bicycles and began riding around the wet sand, whooping. Mr. Charlie Hand rebuked them; but they replied they hadn't come down with him, that it was a free country and they would do as they pleased. Mr. Hand, powerless to do anything about it, walked up the beach with Miss Downey, and at that point Edwin was so ill-advised as to start for the water. This brought action. They wheeled around, cut him off, and got off their bicycles. "Oh, no, you don't."

"What do you mean, 'No, I don't'?"

"You see her, don't you? The schooner?"

"Well?"

"*Well?* You going to dive off her or not?"

He looked at the schooner, gulped, grimly maintained his brave front. "Why, sure—if that's all that's bothering you."

He gained a brief respite when the black foreman of stevedores chased them away. But it was very brief. In a half hour, just when he had eluded them by jerking the handle bar of one bicycle and joined Phyllis in the water, there came a loud *put-put-put*, and the schooner's kicker boat hove into view, the captain at the tiller, the mate in the bow, and the Negro stevedores squatting comfortably on her sides, headed for the town. The unloading was over. The schooner was deserted.

"Come on!"

The reckoning had come, and he knew it. He left the water with a fine show of contempt, and headed for the wharf. Behind him, incredulous, the other children strung out in a little procession, the girls whispering, "Is he *really* going to do it?" This was so flattering that he felt a wild lunge of hope: perhaps, by some chance, he *could* shut his eyes and get off headfirst. But his legs felt stiff and queer, and he felt a hysterical impulse to kick at the two bicycles which wheeled relentlessly along, one on one side of him, one on the other.

"And off the bowsprit, see? Because it's *high*. You remember that, don't you? You like it high."

He walked down the wharf, boarded the ugly hulk. The fertilizer scratched his feet and proved to have an unexpected stench. He made his way past rusty gear to the bow, stepped up and out on the bowsprit. But the angle at which it was tilted made climbing difficult, and he had to pull himself along by the cables. The little group on shore waded down beside the wharf, the better to see. He got his fingers around the last cable, the one that held the end of the timber, and then for the first time he looked down. His stomach contracted violently. The water seemed cruelly remote, as though it were part of another world. He knew that by no conceivable effort of will could he dive off, even jump off. Quickly he sat down, lest he fall, and straddled the timber with his legs. At once he slid backward, to fetch up with a sickening *squoosh* against the next cable.

He held on, flogged desperate wits. And then he hit on a plan. Up the beach were Mr. Hand and Miss Downey, sitting in the sand. If he started a jawing match, that might cause such a ruckus that Mr. Hand would have to step in and order him down. Roger gave him an opening: "Well? What's the matter? Why don't you dive?"

"I dive when I feel like it."

"You *can't* dive—that's why."

"Aw! Suppose you come out and *make* me dive! I dare you to do it! Le's see you do it!"

Roger hesitated. The bowsprit looked as high to him as it did to Edwin. But Wally nodded coldly, and he started out, Wally just behind him. He passed the first cable, then the second. He grasped the third, the one that braced Edwin, who—placed disadvantageously with his back to the enemy—cast an anxious glance toward Charlie Hand. Roger saw it.

"Yah! Hoping Charlie Hand will make you come down! Look at momma's boy, scared to jump off!"

"Yah! Yah! Yah! Le's see you *make* me dive!"

Edwin yelled it at the top of his lungs, and still the enamored Mr. Hand didn't move. Roger, clinging to the cable, eased himself down, preparatory to shoving the poltroon in front of him into the water. Then, not being barefooted as Edwin was, he slipped. He toppled off the bowsprit. But he hung there; for his hand had slid down the cable as he fell, and now held him fast, jammed against the collar. He screamed. Wally screamed. All the children screamed.

"Drop! Drop! It won't hurt you!"

"I can't drop! My hand's caught!"

Edwin knew it was caught, for there was that horrible sound in Roger's voice, and there was Mr. Hand sprinting down the beach, and there was the hand wriggling against him. Wally yelled at him in a frenzy: "Pull up! Pull up! Move! Can't you give the guy a chance?" But pull up he could not. He was wedged there, could reach nothing to pull up by, could only tremble and feel sick.

Mr. Nevers retorted with a clip on the ear for both.

Wally reached for Roger's hand, and then *he* slipped. But as he fell he clutched and for one instant caught Roger's foot. The added weight pulled the tortured hand clear, and the two of them plunged into the water. Involuntarily Edwin looked, and then felt the bowsprit turning under him. He hung upside down above the water, clasping the bowsprit with his legs, and then he too plunged down, down, down through miles of sunlight.

Next thing he knew, there was green before his eyes, then dark green, then green-black, and his shoulder was numb from some terrible blow. Then the green appeared again; he was coming up. When he broke water, Wally was beside him, yelling. All the bitterness of the last few days rose up within him. He hit Wally as hard as he could in the mouth. Unexpectedly, he could get no force in the blow, there in the water. He seized Wally and pushed him under. Then he treated him to a compound duck, a feat learned in Annapolis. That is to say, he pulled up his feet, placed them on Wally's shoulders, and drove down—hard. He looked around for Roger. Roger was nowhere to be seen. He turned toward shore.

It was the look of horror on Mr. Charlie Hand's face that woke him up to what had really happened—what Wally had been yelling before he was ducked. Roger was drowning. That blow on the shoulder—he got that when he fell on Roger, and Roger was knocked out—and was drowning!

He turned, tried to remember what you did when people were drowning. He saw something red, grabbed it. It was Roger's hair. His other hand touched something; he grabbed that too. It was the collar of Wally's work suit. Wally came up, coughing with a dreadful whooping sound, then went under again. Terror seized Edwin. As a result of that duck, now *Wally* was drowning too. He shifted his grip on Roger, so he had him by the shirt. He held on desperately to Wally. Then he flattened out on his back and began driving with his legs for shore. Water slipped over his face, and he began to gasp. Still he held on. The water that slipped over his face wasn't white now—it was green; he was going under at least six inches with every kick. Then something jerked his shoulder. It was Charlie Hand. "All right, Edwin—I've got them!"

THE events of the next few hours were very confused in Edwin's mind. There was his own collapse on the beach, the farm hands working furiously over himself, Wally, and Roger; the mad dash to the hospital in Mr. Charlie Hand's car; the nurses, the doctors, the fire department inhalator, the shrill telephoning between mothers. It wasn't until the three of them were lodged wanly in a special room, and a nurse came in, around six o'clock with the afternoon paper, that life again began to assume a semblance of order. For there was his picture, squarely on page one, and there was an account of the episode, circumstantial and complete:

> . . . Then, seeing the plight of his companions, young Hope dived to their assistance. Breaking the drowning grip of one boy with a blow in the face, he seized both of them and swam with them to the shore. Rushed to the hospital by Charles Hand, local law student who is spending the vacation with his parents, they are now out of danger, thanks to . . .

The paper passed from bed to bed. Each of them read, and silence followed. It was not broken until Phyllis arrived carrying three bunches of flowers. Then it was Roger who spoke, and he spoke grimly:

"Did he dive?"

Phyllis was indignant. "Oh, my, Roger, don't you see it in the paper? Of *course* he dived."

"I was under water myself. I never seen it."

"*I* saw it. It was a *beautiful* dive."

Wally nodded with large and genuine magnanimity. "O. K. That's all we want to know. If he dived—O. K."

Phyllis beamed. "Oh, *my*, Edwin! Don't you feel *grand?*"

Edwin indeed felt grand. Such is the faith of ten that he believed every word of it. His soul was at peace.

THE END

I Gambled my way to Glory

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

BY CHARLIE DRESSEN

Manager of the Cincinnati Reds

AS TOLD TO FRED RUSSELL

JULY, 1932, was a tough month to be looking for a job. Banks were busting, plants were closing down, and about the only business thriving was the bread lines. It was a tough month, I guess, for the unemployed mechanic, salesman, barber, butcher, and baker. It was tougher, though, for a baseball player, especially if that ballplayer was thirty-four years old and thought by every one to be just about through.

I was in this condition, only just a little more so. For seven years I had been in the National League as third baseman for Cincinnati, but was rated as only an ordinary performer, never batting over about .280, never ranking as a standout in any sense of the word.

And I was just the average ballplayer in other ways, having saved no money or prepared myself for any other kind of a job. I was headed the way of most baseball flesh—to the home-town police force or fire department.

I get a scare every time I think of July, 1932, jobless and practically broke. But then I think of September, 1933, in the World Series as a member of the champion New York Giants; then of August, 1934, as manager of the Cincinnati Reds, the position I now hold.

Sports writers call it the all-time record broad jump of baseball—from no job to World Series to a National League managership within the space of two years. To me, it's a dream too good to be true, and I'm just wondering how it happened. I'm wondering, too, if fans and players actually realize how much little things, seemingly inconsequential, can change the entire career of a professional baseball player.

Believe it or not, I am a big-league manager—at least, I got the chance to become a big-league manager—simply because the club I bossed at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1932 happened to win the last game of the season. It sounds strange, but listen to this:

Five years ago, with borrowed money for expenses, I went from my home in Decatur, Illinois, to Nashville, and asked Fay Murray, owner of the Southern Association ball club there, to give me a chance at running his team. It was July, the club was in fourth place, and a friend had told me they might be thinking of changing managers.

"How do I know you can manage?" That was the first question he put to me, and it was a direct hit. I had no real answer, but gave some mumbled reasons which I felt sure made little or no impression.

John McGraw, one of my baseball idols, always advised doing something different, something desperate, if things were going bad. That's what I did.

"Mr. Murray," I said, "regardless of who you hire for the job, just what do you expect from a manager this season?"

Apparently he didn't have to think to answer that one.

"We got off to a bad start this year," he replied. "Right now we have won thirty-six games while losing forty. I realize that just one club each year can win the pennant. I'm not unreasonable. I want a team, though, that will win more than half its games. I won't have a manager who can't do that."

Well, those words were painfully definite. I said nothing, but I thought; and all I could think about was getting on the train to go back to Decatur that night and see about a job on the police force or fire department. And I didn't like fires and didn't like guns and the only uniforms I liked had knee pants.

"Mr. Murray, I'll make you a proposition," I said. "Make me the manager of your club, and if it doesn't win more than half its games for me the rest of the season, I won't take any salary. You'll owe me just bare expenses, that's all."

The Nashville owner said he thought that was fair enough, but that he would think it over and give me his answer in an hour. I don't know what he did during that time, but he didn't leave his office. I was watching the door.

"I'll accept your proposition," he said when I returned. "I'm going to take a gamble with you. You take charge tomorrow. Of course we'll say nothing about this arrangement."

And I never have said anything about it until now. But I weakened on several occasions, due to the strain. Was it a strain? Well, we went into the last game of the season with the team having won thirty-eight and lost thirty-eight under my managership. My salary hung on that last game.

Nashville was playing Atlanta. We fell behind four runs in the first few innings, but broke loose for a six-run rally in the eighth, to win, 12-8. Down in Tennessee there are some people still deaf from the yelling I did when those runs went across the plate.

And I thought I was yelling for my salary! I never realized that one ball game ultimately was to mean a National League managership for me. It did.

Less than a year ago Jimmy Hamilton, general manager of the Nashville club, confessed to me that Murray and he had planned to pay me my full salary for that 1932 season, but that they were going to stick to the policy of getting a new manager for the fellow who couldn't win more than half his games.

Just suppose our game had been rained out on that last day of the season. Maybe I would be Sergeant Dressen now, with a couple of notches on my police belt.

Little things have molded my entire baseball career. Perhaps it's because I am a little man—five feet five inches. Anyway, I am thankful to those little things.

It was August, 1933, when Johnny Vergez, New York Giant third baseman, was stricken with appendicitis. Possibly because of my National League experience more than anything else, Bill Terry borrowed me from Nashville as a reserve infielder for the World Series with Washington. It was my only World Series and of course one of the greatest thrills; but I spent all the time on the bench and no one knew I was around until one of those "little things" happened.

It came in the last half of the eleventh inning of the fourth game, in Washington. The Giants were leading, 2-1, but Washington had the bases full and only one out. It was a tough spot. A hit would have scored two runs, won the game, and evened the series.

Young Cliff Bolton, Washington's reserve catcher, whom I had known in the Southern League, had been called in to pinch-hit for pitcher Monte Weaver. From the bench I saw the Giant infield in a huddle around Bill Terry, pitcher Carl Hubbell, and catcher Gus Mancuso in the pitcher's box.

Should the infield play in and try to cut off the tying run at the plate, or should it play back and take the long chance for a double play?

If I had thought twice, I doubt whether I would have run from the bench out there to the pitcher's box. No one signaled for me. It was just an impulse. It could have been resented. But, anyway, there I was looking Terry in the face as some of the others seemed to want to say, "What are you doing here?"

"Bolton is awfully slow, Bill," I said. "If you play the infield back and he hits the ball right, you can make a double play easily."

"Play for two," Terry told the others.

Bolton hit Hubbell's pitch hard but directly to Blondy Ryan at shortstop. He scooped it up, tossed to Critz, who rifled to Terry at first base for a double play as Bolton was out by twenty feet. It ended the game, New York winning, 2-1.

That incident was just another one of those little things, but I received wide publicity about it. Terry told newspapermen what had happened. They were generous in their write-ups. Indirectly it led to the offer of the Cincinnati managership to me in July of the next season.

Master minds in baseball? Bunk! says a pilot — and tells you the odd secret of how he got his job

LARRY MACPHAIL, general manager of the Reds, told me he never thought of me as a big-league manager until that World Series happening. He kept an eye on me at Nashville early in 1934, and when we walked off with the first-half pennant by a seven-game margin, he bought my contract and I assumed the Cincinnati managership in August of that year.

Mine was a new, a strange path to major-league managership. Have you ever thought about the different routes to such a job?

The most popular one is well marked, paved, and without detours. This highway has been used by those who step overnight from player stardom to managing—men like Terry, Frisch, Charley Grimm, Pie Traynor, Jimmy Wilson, Joe Cronin, Mickey Cochrane, Rogers Hornsby, Stan Harris, and Jimmy Dykes. Another route, sometimes as smooth but invariably longer, is to come in from the side road of coaching, as did Steve O'Neill of Cleveland. Still another is to establish one's self by long and successful service in the minors, as Joe McCarthy of the Yankees did at Louisville.

I came up a different route—one that didn't inspire me with a lot of confidence when I looked around and saw the class and experience of the rival managers. I thought about the little things and how good they had been to me, and I wondered if they could continue to happen. Now, after more than two seasons as manager of the Reds, I know that they not only can but do happen.

We finished last in 1934 with a .344 percentage, the lowest in Cincinnati's thirty-seven-year membership in the National League. In 1935, though, the Reds jumped to sixth place, and last season we finished fifth, the highest spot gained by the club since 1928.

They have called me a successful big-league manager. I say there is little if any difference in managers. One club wins the pennant and another winds up last; but that difference, you'll invariably find, is in player material and not managerial ability.

Every man handling a major-league ball club today has an adequate technical knowledge of the game. He knows club organization. He is familiar with all the general phases of the job. Whatever difference there is lies in the little things—the knack and genius for mastery of details.

Baseball is a game of details. Master-minding is the bunk. There are a thousand and one things for the manager of a ball club to think of during a pennant race, and all of them run through his brain each day.

ONE day last season I kept a check on how many decisions, how many choices of doing this or that, I had to make in just one afternoon. Exactly one hundred and nine!

Which pitcher to use? Was Lombardi or Campbell better to catch him? Bunt or hit straightaway? Steal or play it safe? Put in a pinch hitter? How about a runner? Who's to be the relief pitcher? Medwick hits down the line a lot—should Riggs play over for him? Those are just a few of them.

All little things, of course, but they can mean ball games won or lost, and ball games won mean pennants. And pennants—or lack of pennants—may mean your job.

Sometimes a man in baseball bumps into little things that develop into major assets. I know that is true in my case. As a kid starting out, I began to watch pitchers closely just to see if I might occasionally get a tip-off on their pitches. Sometimes I was able to tell before they wound up whether it would be a curve or fast ball. Today I am able to "read" the pitches of quite a few National League pitchers. It's a highly valuable asset.

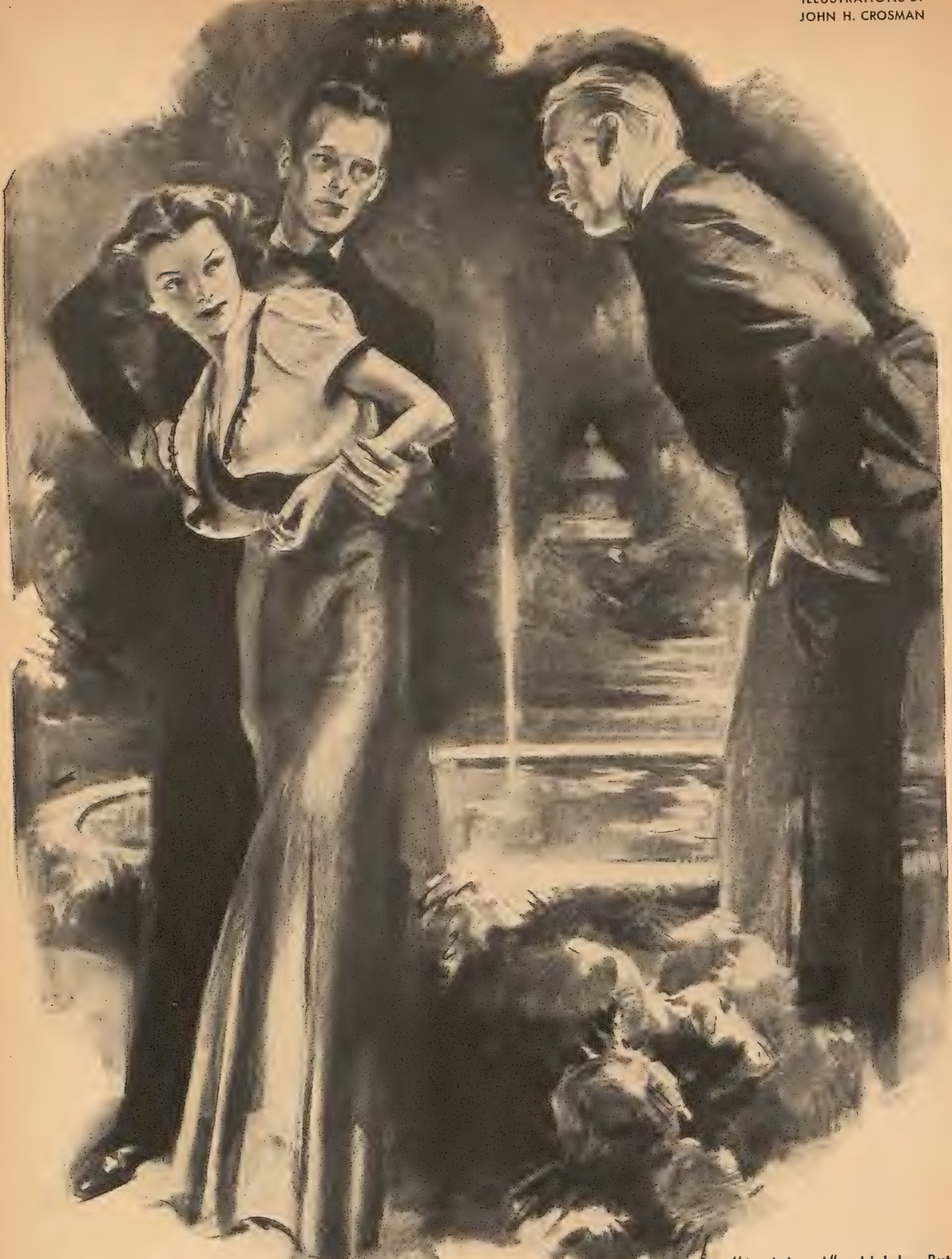
All the men in baseball who can "read" pitches operate on the sound basis. Signs are no good. Coaching from the first- or third-base line, one may be able to tell what the pitcher is going to throw by the way he winds up or how he holds the ball. But the batter, of course, has no time to look at the coach. He simply keeps his ears attuned for the sign word, one meaning a fast ball is coming, another meaning a curve.

Getting pitches called for them makes an immense difference in the batting averages of some ballplayers. On our 1934 team at Nashville, I had one outfielder hitting .448 and another .401.

"Reading" pitches is my strong suit. I admit it, and now I wouldn't trade my ability to do it for fifty thousand dollars. Five years ago I would have taken one per cent of that amount. It's one of the dozens of little things that have paid me big dividends.

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN H. CROSMAN



"Look here!" said John. But Nina sent him an enigmatic glance and went with Walter.

Prep-School for Love

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Nina Winslow had gained her bachelor's degree from one of the sterner colleges for women, she had also received a scholarship. Most of the metropolitan papers had printed columns about that scholarship. It seemed that Nina had a remarkable mind.

It had been rather embarrassing for the Winslows—and even more embarrassing when Nina, trailing clouds of academic glory, had returned from the Sorbonne to the less exalted atmosphere of her own home town.

"What," her mother had demanded anxiously, "are you going to do *now?*"

"*Do?*" Nina had repeated. "What does Caroline do?"

"Oh, you know your sister!" Alicia Winslow had been rather apologetic. "The poor girl never had any brains. She's simply trying to make up her mind what man she's going to marry. But of course you'll have a room of your own, darling. You won't need to let all those young men bother *you!*"

This, indeed, had been bitter truth. Three weeks had gone by, and none of Caroline's young men had bothered Nina. They had been courteous, and a few of them had asked her what she thought of the political situation in France. But that had been the end of it.

It was baffling. After all, Nina was an intelligent girl—intelligent enough to recognize the strange sweet stirrings in her own heart. She'd had enough of cloistered halls and profound old gray-heads. It was time for Nina to walk in a moonlit garden with some one who would tell her that she was beautiful.

She *was* beautiful. That was the curious part of it. She had lustrous dark hair touched with glints of bronze; she had warm dark eyes and astonishing eyelashes; and she had a smile as lovely as her sister's. Certainly she *knew* as much as Caroline, although her knowledge ran along rather different lines. Nina knew all about the seventeenth-century poets—and Caroline knew about Cole Porter. That was the principal difference between them. Considered dispassionately, it didn't seem so tremendous.

It must have been tremendous, however. Here, for example, was a night in June—still and warm and fragrant. Shyly Nina approached the long mirror. Thoughtfully she considered her dress, a wickedly simple little dress of cinnamon-brown lace that she had bought in Paris. Any woman would have preferred it to the primrose taffeta which was spread out on Caroline's bed. But Caroline was crooning happily in the bathtub, preparing for a date—and Nina, on the other hand, was looking forward to a good rousing game of chess with her grandfather.

There are tricks in the game of getting a man!—Here's a lively story of a girl who tried them

She turned from the mirror with a faint little sigh.

"*Nina!*" yelled Caroline.

Nina went to the doorway. Her sister's head and shoulders emerged from a fragrant billow of steam.

"Yes, Caroline," said Nina. "You're going to be late."

"I always keep 'em waiting forty-five minutes. Union rules. But look—I think I heard John's voice downstairs. You might go and talk to him."

"I was going to write a letter," said Nina.

Caroline slipped down in the tub and turned off the faucet with her heel.

"Why, I thought you liked John Preston!" she said.

Nina nodded. She did like John Preston. That was the trouble, although she did not say so.

She had met John Preston at the club formal on an evening of the previous week. He was new to Westboro—the junior member of the Chicago law firm of Hagen, Preston, Conway, and Preston. He was a tall fair-haired young man with keen friendly blue eyes and an engaging smile. Nina had had a delightfully stimulating argument with him about the Baconian theory. She'd gone to sleep thinking about John Preston. But when he telephoned the next day, he had asked for Caroline.

"I thought," said Nina slowly, "that you had a date with Walter Haskell."

"So I did," said Caroline, "but I broke it. The man's getting altogether too possessive."

"But you *like* Walter Haskell!"

"Oh, yes! But a girl doesn't want to get a reputation as a one-man woman," said Caroline.

"Doesn't she?"

"No." Caroline chuckled. "There are a whole lot of things, darling, they didn't teach you at the Sorbonne."

"I know," said Nina.

Caroline wrapped herself in the folds of a blue silk dressing gown.

"You have to be mean to a man," she said.

"But it's Walter you *really* like," persisted Nina. "Not John!"

Caroline picked up a tiny brush and began to darken her eyelashes.

"Walter's more the type," she conceded. "Close the door, darling. There's a draft."

Nina closed the door. Then she went downstairs.

John Preston turned toward her eagerly. The glow in his eyes faded a little when he saw who it was.

"Caroline won't be long," she reported. "At least, I don't think she'll be *very* long."

John laughed.

"That's all right," he said. "It's what I expected."

Nina turned this over in her mind.

"If Caroline's going to keep you waiting—and if you know that she's going to keep you waiting—I shouldn't think you'd call for her until after the time you know she's going to keep you waiting!"

He looked at her in mock alarm.

"My dear girl, this is a date!" he said. "This isn't higher mathematics!"

Nina blushed. "I'm afraid I know more about higher mathematics."

He smiled ruefully.

"I know. That Phi Beta Kappa business. It doesn't go hand in glove with the hi-de-ho. But why the thoughtful frown, my dear?"

She looked away from him, and at once his tone became very gentle.

"Is anything really wrong, Nina? If there is—and if you'd like to hook on to the old brotherly shoulder and shed a few tears—"

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling uncertainly.

No one, she thought, had ever been so kind.

"Please don't think," she said, "that every one hasn't been terribly nice to me ever since I came home. It's just that I don't seem to fit in, that's all. I don't even speak the same language!" •

"For example—"

She looked at him with a gleam of humor.

"Well, for example, it wouldn't occur to me to keep anybody waiting for forty-five minutes."

"For that," he said promptly, "I'm going to buy you a pedestal."

"What on earth's the good of a pedestal?" she demanded breathlessly. "You don't need to be so *patronizing!* The fact is, I'm in love with a man and he isn't the least bit in love with me!"

"Why, the mug!" said John.

She was ashamed of herself.

"Please don't be polite," she said desperately. "That was a peculiar sort of thing to tell anybody!"

"No," he said. "Aren't we friends? And what kind of a blind idiot *is* this man of yours?"

Nina was torn between a wild impulse to weep and an equally wild impulse to laugh. She did neither. She looked at him for a moment, and cast down her eyes.

"He's handsome."

John scowled.

"One point against this ape," he said. "Go on."

"He's fearfully clever."

"Ha! A regular paragon!"

Nina lifted her brows and pursed her lips.

"Oh, I don't know. . . . Of course he *is* terribly attractive and successful—all that sort of thing."

"He sounds like a pain in the neck," said John candidly. "You're sure you want him?"

Nina's color deepened.

"Oh, very sure!" she said.

"H'm-m. . . . Well, then, why don't you simply nab him, my dear?"

Nina looked at him gravely.

"Remember, I went to the Sorbonne," she said. "And it wasn't any school for love. As a matter of fact, I don't seem to have any technique."

"This is a very strange conversation," he said helplessly. "Does—well, take your sister Caroline, for example—does she have technique?"

"I don't know. She has *something.*"

"Yes," he agreed. "She certainly has!"

"Of course my man isn't anything like you—"

"I should say not!" he put in hastily.

"But if he could just feel about *me* the way you feel about Caroline—if I could just have a date with him the way Caroline has with you—" But here Nina broke off, shaking her head. "Even if I did, it wouldn't do any good. I guess I wouldn't know how to *act* with a date!"

John laughed.

"Let's have a practice date," he said. "Just you and me. If you make one wrong move I'll tell you about it. Well, how about that idea?"

"How about what idea?" demanded Caroline, dramatically making her entrance.

"Oh—nothing!" said John. "Only a little game I'm going to play with your sister."

IT'S not a game," said Nina on a summer evening one week later. "You do realize I'm really in earnest, don't you, John?"

He smiled at her. They were facing each other across a small table in one of Chicago's more distinctive night clubs. The evening, so far, had been wonderful. But it was very late—it was the hour of reckoning. He spun the stem of an empty champagne glass.

"Oh, but that's—ridiculous!" he said.

"It was our bargain," she reminded him. "You were going to tell me what's the matter with me!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," he said placidly. "You're completely charming as you are—and this has been one of the large evenings of my life."

"I'll translate that," she told him. "You mean you'll not tell me because you're too kindhearted. But if you really liked me you'd tell me the truth."

He scowled at that, and met her eyes questioningly.

"You've really got your heart set on that chap?"

She nodded.

"And you think he's so dumb that he can't see what a swell person you are without any of—er—this technique business?"

Again she nodded.

"Yes," she said. "In some ways he's pretty dumb. Tell me the truth, John."

"Well," he said reluctantly, "when we ran into Phil Stedman earlier this evening—"

"Yes?"

"That was your first mistake. He was interested in you—but you saw that he bored me, so you cut him off short. But Caroline would have teased that situation along a bit—not enough to ruin my evening but enough to make me anxious. Do you see what I mean, Nina? Of course Caroline has it down to a science—"

"And that science," admitted Nina, "wasn't in my curriculum."

John studied the tip of his cigarette.

"Speaking of your curriculum," he said. "That's another point. You're pretty darned intelligent and you let a man know it!"

"Shouldn't I?" asked Nina meekly.

John grinned.

"No. We don't like that. You remember that argument we had about the date of the Magna Charta. Now, why should we have been arguing about a fool thing like that! But I said it was 1100 and you said it was 1215."

"Well—"

WAIT a minute. What I'm trying to say is—your sister, in a spot like that, would have fed my masculine ego. She would have admitted immediately that I was right and she was wrong."

"The trouble is," said Nina, "that it *was* 1215."

"See? There you go again!"

"Oh," said Nina, in despair, "I'll never learn!"

"Yes, you will! Nina, I regard this as a challenge. I'm going to see you land this man, if it's the last thing I do. Now see here—how about another practice date? Say next Friday night—the Dexters' party. This time we'll make it harder. It'll be a sort of dress rehearsal. That is, we'll pretend from the very beginning that it's the real thing—that *I'm* the lad in question. . . . You're not laughing?"

"No," said Nina; "I'm not laughing."

He lifted his glass.

"Success!" he said.

. . . . .

Caroline Winslow hadn't objected to her sister's second date. John Preston was so obviously less interested in Nina than he was in Caroline. Caroline, moreover, was going to the Dexters' party with Walter Haskell. . . .

There was a small orchestra from Chicago temporarily ensconced on the white-pillared veranda. The young people shifted in bright small groups in the garden below, their ardent laughter rising now and then above the muted strains of the violin. There was a moon like a gigantic gold coin in the sky.

"When we were children—Phyllis Dexter and my sister and I—there used to be a swing from the lowest branch of that tree over there." Nina smiled, her eyes softening as they followed the course of that vanished plaything. "We used to pretend we were swinging to the sky."

"I wish I'd lived in Westboro then."

"Where did you live?"

"Behind a brownstone front in Philadelphia. I—" He broke off. Walter Haskell had approached them.

"The orchestra's going back to the house. And it's my dance, Nina."

"Look here!" said John.

But Nina smiled, sent him a brief enigmatic glance, and went into the house with Walter.

Caroline was amusing herself, that night, with a man from New York. But that was no reason, as John Preston pointed out forcibly, for Nina to devote herself to the consolation of Walter Haskell.

"This is the last dance," he said crossly, "and I've only had three all evening!"

She was very gentle and helpless about this.

"I didn't realize," she murmured. "Walter was telling me something so interesting—"

"Nina!" said Walter, darting out of the stag line at that moment, "Don't forget our golf game tomorrow!"

Nina called back over John Preston's shoulder:

"Oh, no, Walter! Of course I won't forget!"

"Well," said John, afterward, on the threshold of Nina's door, "naturally you wouldn't forget anything so completely thrilling as that darned golf game. Of course I *was* hoping you'd drive over to the lake with me, but—"

Nina laughed suddenly and held out her hand.

"All right!" she said. "You've been terribly kind to me, John. Do you think I behave all right now?"

"Why, Nina! I'd forgotten—"

"I was good, wasn't I?" she said, childishly boastful. "I remembered every single thing you told me. Didn't I, John?"

"Yes," he said, feeling a certain alarm. "But you weren't just pretending to be interested in me, were you? It wasn't *all* a line, was it?"

"Well," said Nina, "I wasn't interested in you as I would be interested in you if you'd really been the one who—oh, you know what I mean? But it was pretty good—just as practice, wasn't it? Convincing?"

"Oh, yes," said John gruffly. "Very convincing!"

THAT was the end of it, as far as Nina was concerned. John Preston came around three times in the course of the next week to argue the point.

"We might drive over to the lake—and have dinner in a little roadside tavern I've heard about. Put on your bonnet and shawl, there's a good girl!"

"Sorry," said Nina. "I promised my mother I'd make a fourth at bridge. But why don't you ask Caroline? She's broken a date with Walter again."

"Oh, yes—Walter! Did you enjoy that golf game?"

"Very much, thank you."

He looked at her gloomily.

"I don't suppose Walter matters to you any more than I do. What about that —that mug you told me about? When's *he* arriving on the scene? Now that you're all ready for the conquest—you might at least let me in on it!"

"H'm-m," said Nina. "You really think I'd be successful, John?"

"Yes—if you still want this bloke."

"I don't!" said Nina.

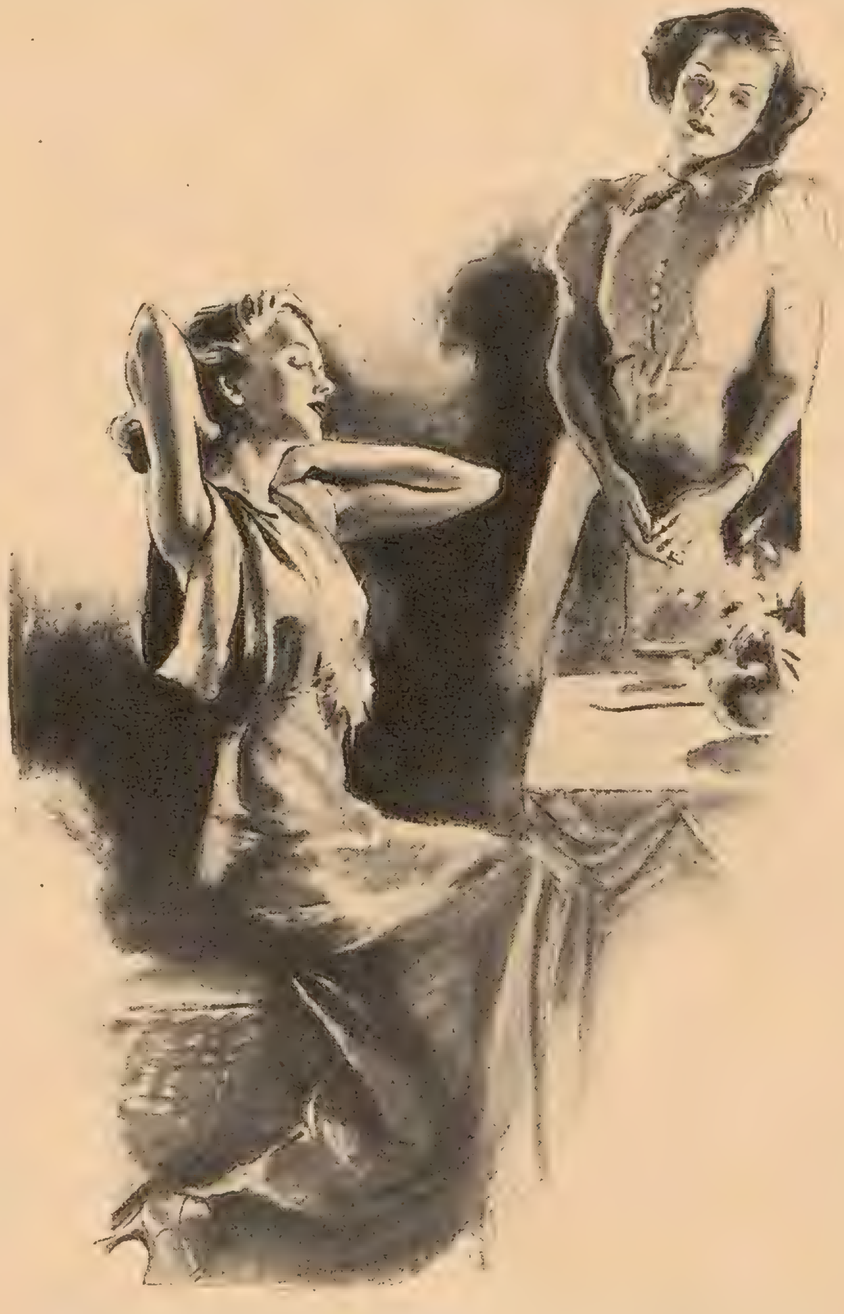
"That's good," he said. "I'm sure I'd have loathed the fellow. But what made you change your mind?"

She met his eyes, and her own eyes were very grave.

"I'll tell you, John. Caroline's all right, but there's no use in my pretending to be like Caroline. I couldn't keep it up—I wouldn't want to keep it up. I can't go on pretending to be a mental lightweight—to gratify *any* man's vanity! If I married a man I'd want him to fall in love with *me*—not with any act, even if it were a good act, John."

"Well, I guess you're right," he said dubiously. "But I admit I'm feeling kind of sorry for that man!"

"You needn't be sorry," said Nina slowly. "You see, John—you were the man." . . .



"Walter's more the type, darling," Caroline conceded.

Nina Winslow pulled off her hat and let the breeze from the lake disarrange her hair, whip back her short tweed skirt. John Preston lay on the bank, his arms crossed behind his head, eying Nina with a sort of melancholy approval.

Something very strange had happened to the life of Nina Winslow—if not to Nina herself. For so curious and unpredictable is the nature of man that John Preston's obvious interest in her had aroused the interest of half a dozen other young men, who had deserted Caroline's shrine in order to worship Caroline's sister. Nina had started the vogue for forthright and overt intelligence. It was no longer the thing—in Westboro's younger set—to be a sort of glamorous half-wit.

Nina herself seemed serenely indifferent to this reversal of fortune. Actually, she was aware of it, and secretly troubled. She had been offered romance—yes, in full measure—but, as she realized miserably, she needed a warm and honest affection.

John Preston spoke suddenly.

"Nina," he said, "you've never really told me why you changed your mind about me. Was it because of Caroline?"

"Oh!" she said. "Why *did* you think it was Caroline?"

"Because I wasn't thinking," he said promptly. "It wasn't serious. Caroline was a charming girl and she made me feel important. And you were a charming girl, but the Lord knows you didn't make me feel important!"

"NO. But then by accident I made the right move. I played golf with Walter —or something ridiculous like that. Don't you see how hopeless it is?"

He looked at her steadily.

"I'm in love with you, Nina."

She shook her head.

"You're not in love with me, John. You're in love with a girl you've made up in your own mind. Really! A sort of super-Caroline. Not *me*."

"Maybe I was at first," he said unwillingly.

"And it was all my fault! I was asking for it!"

"Well, then?" he demanded eagerly. "Well, Nina?"

"Let's not talk about it, John. Anyhow, I've got to be getting back."

. . . . .

That same evening he had swung the roadster into the gravel drive just in time to see Nina standing on the veranda, both hands clasped in Walter Haskell's hands.

John dragged himself up the steps. Walter had turned and gone swiftly into the house.

"Why, John!" she cried. "You're looking *desperate!*"

"Maybe I am desperate," he said. "Do you want me to go, Nina? Do you want to be alone with Walter?"

"On the contrary," she assured him. "I want to keep out of Walter's way. He's gone into the house to find Caroline."

"You don't mean to say he's interested in *Caroline?*"

She took pity on him then. She sat on the top step beside him, hugging her knees.

"I'll tell you confidentially," she said. "I've been giving Walter lessons. He wasn't getting anywhere with my sister, you see—his technique was very bad. Besides, all this has made her very jealous. I think—I really do think—that she'll marry Walter now."

"I like that!" he said. "What do you call this thing you're running? A school for love?"

She looked at him with somber, unhappy eyes.

"A school for what people call love," she amended. "Oh, it's a strange sort of love, John! *Technique.* Little shifting chess games. Pretending to be indifferent when you're not. Oh, it wasn't hard to learn—a lot easier than any mathematical formula!"

"H'm-m. It's plenty good enough for Caroline and the rest of us—but not good enough for you. Is that it, Nina?"

"Don't put it that way. Let's say I'm not sophisticated enough to like the idea—and let it go at that!"

"Nina, tell me one thing!" he said with honest desperation in his voice. "Haven't I any chance at all? Have you made up your mind you're *never* going to fall in love?"

"I think so. Whatever is the good of it? If a girl has to lie and scheme and behave like a complete idiot merely to interest a man—" She paused, tears of despair in her eyes. "Even you, John! You couldn't bear the least sign of intelligence in a woman! Look at that time you were so worked up about the Magna Charta. And I was right. I was right all the time!"

HE stared at her for a moment. Then he got to his feet and dusted off his hands slowly.

"Perhaps you were right about the confounded old Magna Charta," he said. "But, believe me, you haven't been right about anything else. You're very smart, and I admit it, my dear!—but you haven't the vaguest notion what makes the world go round. I guess they didn't tell you about that in the Sorbonne. . . . Good-by, Nina."

She watched him striding over to his car. She couldn't move for a minute—gripped in a curious sort of numbness. Then, laying hard and resolute hands upon her reason, she marched into the house.

But neither Caroline nor Walter Haskell was aware of her appearance in the dimly lighted hall.

"Darling," Caroline was murmuring raptly, "you really *mustn't* scold me! But of course it's been all my fault—I've been so silly and unreasonable."

Walter was indulgent.

"You've certainly been a little dumb bunny!" he admitted fondly. "I guess you need me to look after you, darling!"

And then Caroline, who was quite capable of looking after herself, gave him a little tremulous smile.

"Of course I do!" said Caroline.

Nina closed the door without sound and ran down the veranda steps. She was thinking of her sister, but her thoughts were by no means coherent. All in one moment she had seen Caroline as if for the first time. The strange thing was, she had always been a little contemptuous of Caroline—even when they were children and Caroline couldn't get through Caesar's Gallic Wars. But she had never given credit to her sister's sound instinct, which would guide Caroline through her life more safely than any academic theories. For that instinct derived from a deep and secret wisdom—and all in one instant had Nina appreciated that fact. She was conscious of a vast respect for Caroline. Oh, yes, it was all so clear to Nina now! Caroline would marry Walter, and they would live in a little white house by the shore of the lake, and Walter would work hard and prosper—largely because Caroline thought he was wonderful. . . .

John Preston was having trouble with the carburetor of his car. The angry sputtering of the motor overrode Nina's voice. John, she thought, was looking exactly like an angry and exasperated small boy. He felt it humiliating, in these circumstances, to be chained to the Winslows' curb.

"The doggone thing!" he muttered. "For two cents I'd trade it in for a bicycle!"

"Wait a minute!" said Nina breathlessly. "May I get in, please?"

"Why—why, yes. Sure!"

She faced him bravely.

"I only wanted to tell you that you were right about the Magna Charta," she said. "That is, you were right about being wrong. It was idiotic to make such a fuss about a stupid old thing like that."

"Oh, that's all right," he said sheepishly. "I'm afraid I was pretty rude."

Nina looked up at him. At that moment the resemblance between the Winslow sisters was extraordinarily apparent.

"Oh, no, John, you weren't rude. *I* was rude—rude and ridiculous!"

"We-ell—"

"Oh, but I was!"

"Then tell me," he said gruffly. "Why ridiculous? Because you thought you were in love with me?"

"No." She looked steadily at the clock on the dashboard. "Because I thought I wasn't!"

"Why—*Nina!*"

"Yes," she said. "Nina, the—the dumb bunny!"

But she was smiling tremulously, as Caroline had smiled. John Preston had taken her into his arms—the moment needed no intellectual insight. The moon stayed her course and the world stood still. They were young and in love—and they had no questions to ask.

"You've been so patient!" Nina murmured. "Yes, and I've been so *unreasonable!*"

He drew back for a moment.

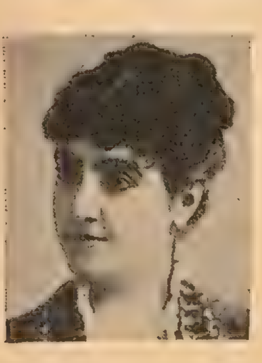
"Do you really mean that, Nina?" he asked cautiously. "Or—or is it technique?"

She turned this over in her mind—for, after all, Nina would always turn things over in her mind. Then she smiled in a sort of gentle wonder.

"It seems to be a little of both," she said.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—So pure was the tone of her voice, so extensive its range, that her auditors would close their eyes only to open them lest the charm and grace that were hers escape them. Aging lovers of Italian opera mourned her passing in 1919. With the clue, a timbale, can you identify the subject of this week's early photo?

2—Which state hasn't any divorce laws?

3—What will happen to 11,123 persons in the U. S. today?

4—Who, in the Bible, said, "It is better to marry than to burn"?

5—Which famous novelist was it who gave "sandwich men" their name?

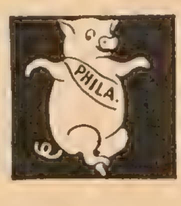
6—What were known as the devil's picture books by Puritans of the seventeenth century?

7—Is it true that Negroes' teeth are whiter than those of the white race?

8—Where is Patagonia?

9—Which Western Hemisphere nation has Portuguese as its official language?

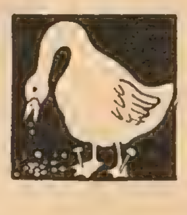
10—What is the difference between Philadelphia scrapple and Philadelphia-style scrapple?



11—What cats are shy on tails?

12—Who was awarded $10,000 for flying from Albany, New York, to New York City?

13—Could an Englishman whistle Ruft du, mein Vaterland and Heil dir, dem Liebenden at the same time?



14—Pâté de foie gras is made from what?

15—How did William Harris, England's famed sausage king, name three sons after himself?

16—Which Democrat was a greater first-term vetoer than F. D. R.?

17—What have King George VI, Babe Ruth, and Edsel Ford in common?

18—If a ship at sea exhausted its fresh-water supply, what could be done?

19—The San Francisco fair will be called what?

20—Whom did J. M. B. choose to meet instead of M. S. last?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

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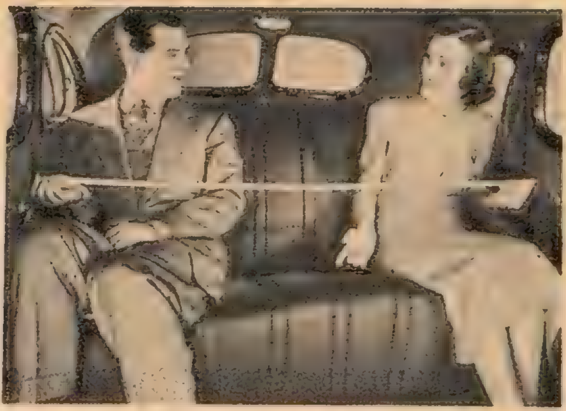

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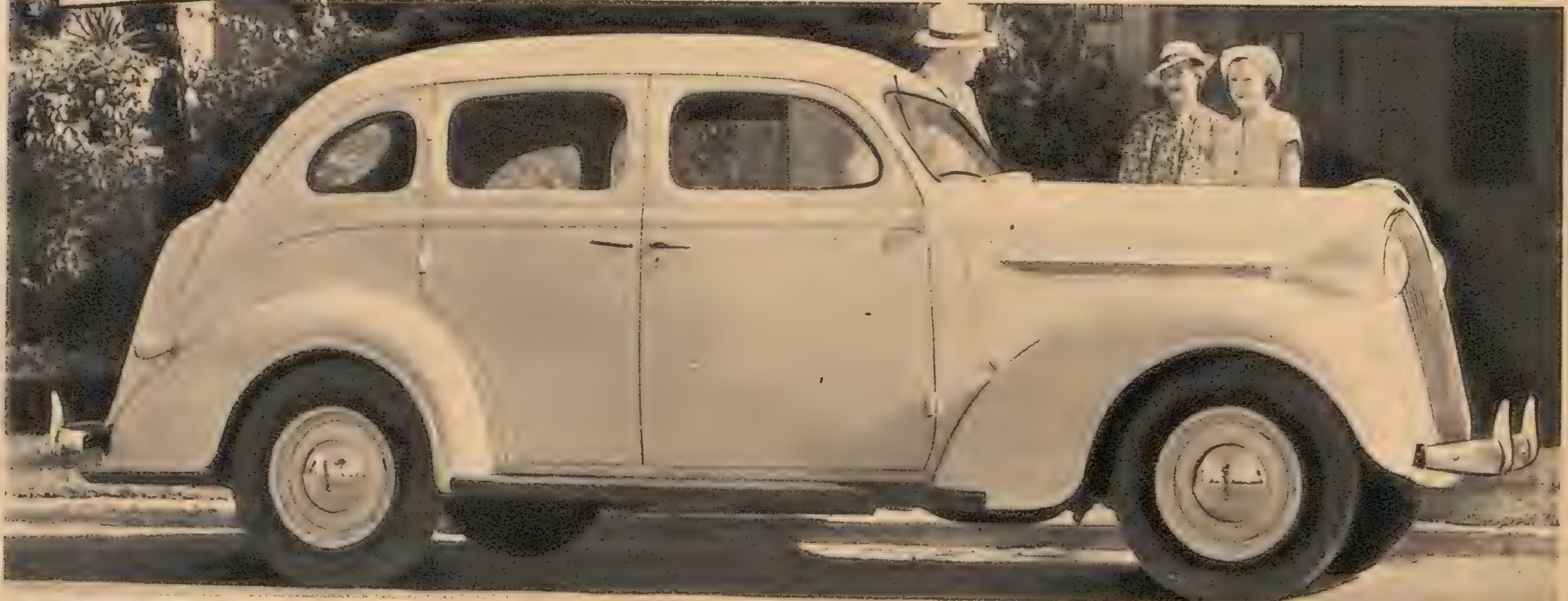

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CLYMER

Night Raiders IN CHINA

BY GORDON B. ENDERS as told to CAPT. W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

GORDON ENDERS, American adventurer and ex-flyer, in Nanking during the Chinese civil war, took upon himself the pleasant—and dangerous—task of cultivating the Lotus, a beautiful Chinese spy in the pay of the Christian General Feng. Although War Minister under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, head of China's newborn government, Feng was plotting against his chief, fomenting rebellion and adding to his own barbaric troops of wild-riding Mohammedans in the north.

At the Nanking airdrome a group of Americans worked feverishly to train pilots for the Generalissimo. For, as Igor, leader of Chiang's mercenary White Russian brigade, told Mr. Enders, "This war will be between cavalry and planes."

Then one of Feng's henchmen tried to take possession of the airdrome. Gordon Enders and the Chinese air marshal kidnaped him and flew him to an obscure farm. Although harried in the north by mutiny, the Generalissimo brought strong troops to Nanking to protect the city. He was staking everything on his Air Force. "He must pit planes against horses, one death squadron against another," said the air marshal.

"But you'll need more training planes," said Mr. Enders.

"Exactly," replied the air marshal. "And why shouldn't you sell those training planes to the Air Force?"

PART THREE—THE HUMAN JACKALS GATHER

WHEN I left the air marshal that night I pondered over his offer. If I were to trade airplanes to the Nanking government, it would mean a trip to America, and at just the time when the fun was beginning. I was more than ever determined to see this thing through.

A million Chinese soldiers stood to arms and faced each other in Honan and east China. They were clustered thickly around the junctions of Chengchow and Suchow. They were strung out along the Lunghai railway. The Generalissimo's 200,000 troops faced the 250,000 of Yen the Fat in Honan. His 100,000 warriors at Pukow squared off the 250,000 of the enemy at Pengpu and Suchow Junction.

North China was still the battleground of secret agents, of provokers, plotters. War was coming. I felt then that I could back the daring and shrewdness of the Generalissimo against the quarrelsome intrigues of Feng and his gang of turncoats.

The Chinese New Year of 1930 fell during the first week of February, their calendar being different from ours. Its approach emphasized the value of ready cash. This is the season when all Chinese pay their debts or lose their standing.

Feng and his henchmen could not pay their rebel armies by the New Year. That would mean quarreling among their armed hordes because they would not have the money to settle individual debts to one another.

The chief prepared his ground for the drive from Pukow to Suchow Junction by sending his agents to the war lords Shih Yu-shan—who had rebelled with 100,000 men at Pukow—and to Han the Whiskered. If they would pledge loyalty, the Generalissimo would send the money to pay their men. He followed this up with a shrewd appeal to the troops. For all ranks who served under his command he established rewards for wounds.

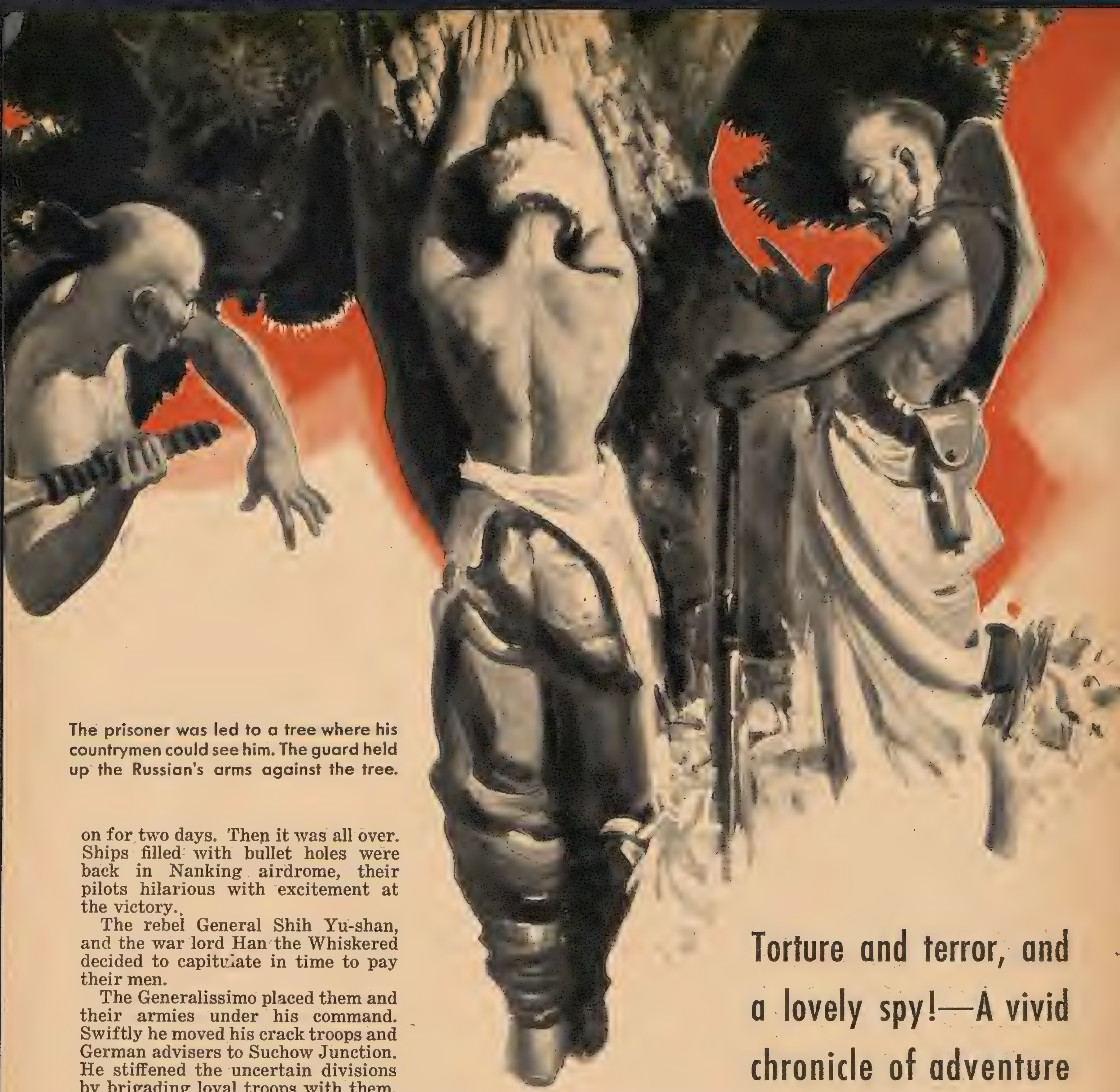
This news reached the enemy several weeks before the Chinese New Year. It spread like an epidemic on the eve of the Generalissimo's big push—the push he planned to make with airplanes.

The push was launched and the battle preceded by the Corsairs with loaded machine guns and bomb racks hung with fifty-pound bombs. It didn't last long enough for the boys of the Air Force. But it was pretty lively.

We contacted the enemy in marching columns. What a target! The massed hordes lay below us, totally unaware of what this new war from the air might mean. The signal was given. Instantly every machine gun was coughing into action. Our bombs played havoc among the yelling men and screaming horses. Back and forth we maneuvered. Bombs were dropped upon the ammunition dumps. Tons of munitions were vomited to heaven.

Then that trainload of rebel troops hurrying down to the scene of battle. A sudden spouting roar showed that our leader had hit his mark. The engine toppled off the rails, dragging the long, wriggling snake of coaches after it. Rebel soldiers crawled, antlike, out of windows and the broken side of the wreck, and were shattered and smashed even as they attempted to scramble clear of the burning wreckage.

Those swift flights and blasting bombardments went



The prisoner was led to a tree where his countrymen could see him. The guard held up the Russian's arms against the tree.

on for two days. Then it was all over. Ships filled with bullet holes were back in Nanking airdrome, their pilots hilarious with excitement at the victory.

The rebel General Shih Yu-shan, and the war lord Han the Whiskered decided to capitulate in time to pay their men.

The Generalissimo placed them and their armies under his command. Swiftly he moved his crack troops and German advisers to Suchow Junction. He stiffened the uncertain divisions by brigading loyal troops with them, and ordered them out along the Lunghai line. They marched halfway to Chengchow Junction and occupied the city of Kweiteh.

The tables were now turned on the cavalry forces of Feng the Christian at Honan. True, they still held Chengchow, but the chief's armies blocked their way to the south and east.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek made a quick inspection of the lines. When he returned to Nanking, he ordered the arrest of Feng, his Minister of War. But Feng had fled. It was the beginning of real war.

In Nanking they were spending five days of the Chinese New Year at the aviation yamen. Bert Hall, Pete Gay, and Floyd Shumaker were there. The last two of the twelve Corsairs had arrived. The boys were gathering their feet under them for the fight that was coming.

The air marshal gave Shumaker an order for ten American Douglas planes that could be delivered from Los Angeles in a hurry.

And to provide planes, he turned to me. I was to go to America, look over the training planes used by the army, and make an offer to him for a fleet of thirty of them. He'd make his own pilots.

Torture and terror, and a lovely spy!—A vivid chronicle of adventure

In this bustle of activity I had almost forgotten the Lotus. It was Ah Ping who brought the information of her return to Nanking. He had seen her stepping out of a ricksha near the An Loh Hotel, had watched her as she made her way stealthily toward the shadows of the courtyard wall.

I did not relish the idea of spending an evening snooping on the Lotus; but the point that intrigued me was that she had been joined in the darkness of the trysting place by one of the pilots. It would, I thought, be interesting to see *which* pilot.

I sent Ah Ping off to gather what further information he could, while I joined the boys at the hotel.

Ah Ping the Perfect joined me later. He had listened in from the top of the wall and had had quite an interesting time. There had been a lot of love-making at the wall beneath his feet—more especially on the part of the Lotus. It must have been very illuminating.

But the girl's amorous approaches had an ulterior motive. Once the boy was secure in her arms, she started right in to persuade him to her way of thinking. She tried to get him to join the rebels, where his flying experience would bring big rewards for both of them!

The pilot was young Captain Yang, newly checked out as a Corsair pilot. The air marshal had nothing against him—yet. But he was greatly concerned. He decided to watch the youth very closely.

My job was to tail the Lotus.

Ah Ping had followed her to the abode of a bunch of singsong girls. I made tracks for the place. I went through the usual palaver with the old dame who ran the show. We drank together. She paraded the girls before me. I shook my head, not wanting any of them.

Had she not another girl? I described the Lotus. The old woman lied. I knew that she lied. She was also getting suspicious. I left the building in time to see the Lotus leap into a ricksha.

When she cleared out of Nanking I was not far behind her. But though I tailed her as far as Shantung, she contrived to lose herself.

That chase brought me into contact with the most ghastly atrocities it has ever been my lot to witness.

On the fringes of every big provincial army in China there is a pack of jackals. It does the scavenging. It forms itself out of the hunger-pinched farmers whose crops are trampled under the moving army's feet; out of the small shopkeepers whose goods are looted.

The jackals that followed in the wake of Han the Whiskered were under the bandit leader, General Sun Tien-ying. The pack was an irregular force of 30,000 ragamuffins with headquarters south of the railway which was guarded by Igor and his Russians.

When I lost the Lotus, I pursued my inquiries down the coast to an isolated seaport called Haichow. This was a salt-producing center, halfway between Shanghai and Tsingtao. It was a small city in the old Chinese style, surrounded by bare salt beds, acres of square pools into which sea water was pumped for evaporation.

Scouring the countryside miles beyond the walls of the old city, I came upon a secret massing of a detachment of Sun's outlaws near Igor's headquarters. They had assembled in a wooded ravine.

Ah Ping and I could do nothing but crouch there and watch—watch while these inhuman jackals amused themselves impaling with swords and bamboo splinters the children they had picked up while roaming the countryside. They kept the women for another kind of amusement.

Just before daylight the bandits crept out to the lonely railway station where I knew Igor and a small detachment of his men were quartered. They had surrounded the Russians before I could attempt to get there. Igor, forty-three of his officers, and about 150 of his noncoms and men were seized and bound. Half-dressed and shivering, the prisoners were herded together.

FOUR of the bandits brought a coil of rope which was knotted at three-foot intervals. They stretched this out on the ground in a long line. The bandits tied the Russians' wrists behind their backs. To each knot on the long rope two pairs of Russian wrists were bound, one pair on each side.

It was a chain gang a hundred yards long for all the Russians—except one.

The outlaws dragged the Russian they had not bound until he was facing Igor, his commander. He was the messenger they had chosen—hardly more than a boy—young, straight, blue-eyed. The bandits told Igor, in Chinese, to instruct the slim soldier that he must convey their message to the remainder of the Russian brigade—not to pursue them. If they did, every Russian captive in their hands would die the death.

Igor spoke to the youth in Russian:

"You understand what these dogs have said?"

The boy nodded.

"Good! Tell it to my Russians. But also tell them that it is my command to hunt these bandits until the last one is dead. Farewell! Godspeed!"

I sent Ah Ping back to Tsingtao with an urgent message. There was nothing else I could do. To have shown myself would merely have added another captive to that knotted rope. I prayed that the brigade would come up in time.

The jackals flogged their prisoners into motion. At the deserted station a group of bandits dynamited the railway bridge, and followed after the column.

The first night in the bandit camp was quiet. The jackals and their captives came to rest in a gully. Snug in my little hideout on the hillside, I composed myself for sleep. A jab in the ribs from the snout of a gun woke me at dawn. A black-bearded face stared into mine.

Then I realized that it was a Russian. I heaved a gasp of relief, hurriedly explained who and what I was, how I came to be there. The Russian led me, on all fours, along the stubbly ground toward a bush where a group of his fellows were lurking.

Igor's brigade had arrived. The leader supplied me with a Mauser and some ammunition. The break of day saw us spread out around that camp, sniping the jackals. They pushed on, returning our fire as best they could.

Our attack redounded upon Igor and his fellow captives. The guards struck defenseless Russians with their clubs, gave them neither food nor water that day.

JUST the same, we kept close to their heels. Our scouts crept up when they camped that night, even spoke to some of the captives. Some of the more daring fell, pole-axed or slashed. But the darkness still rang to the shouts of the pursuers.

"Petrushka! Ohee! Petrushka! It is thy brother. Take heart!"

An answering roar would rise from the prisoners—only to be broken, smashed into silence by the thud of heavy bamboos along the rope line.

It went on like that for three days. On the fourth day, General Sun Tien-ying's main body hove in sight, and we knew then there would be no hope of rescuing Igor and his little band.

There were five dead Russians tied to the long rope. They were still secured by the wrists, hanging face downward, their legs dragging along the ground.

Three desperate attacks by charging Russians marked General Sun's reception of his returning marauders.

During the last attack the firing became intense. Bullets whipped the trees. The bandits crowded near the line of prisoners. General Sun stood parleying nervously with Igor. He could not tell just how many of us were attacking from the shelter of the wood patch.

A wound-crazed outlaw rushed screaming up to the Russian commander. He was bleeding from a bullet hole in the back. He drew his knife with a swift flashing movement and flew at Igor.

General Sun pulled him off. The fellow dropped dead in his tracks. But Igor's ear was left hanging by a shred. He stood unshaken, with his hands tied behind him, blood streaming down his face and neck. The cold contempt of Igor's gaze made the general turn away.

It looked as if Sun Tien-ying was temporarily unnerved. He appeared to be trying to make terms with Igor. His high-pitched voice sounded hysterical.

Igor laughed in his face—laughed even while the blood streamed to his shoulder. And the long line of prisoners joined their commander, without knowing why they made the insane terrifying guffaw.

Even from where I watched I could see the bandit leader turn ashen. He recovered himself with a gesture, reached up, tore off Igor's hanging ear.

That night we spread out over the wooded hills. One detachment of General Sun's men tore in among us as we crouched in the trees. We were hopelessly outnumbered. A particularly vicious jab at my shoulder sent me spinning several yards, to come up with a crash against a gnarled trunk.

I was out for the count.

When daylight came I crawled to the fringe of the wood and stared down the hill. General Sun had his big force assembled there. Some of the brigade were still around, for I could hear fitful bursts of distant rifle fire. I saw General Sun summon a guard, order one of the Russian prisoners cut loose from the rope.

The prisoner was led to a near-by tree where his countrymen could all see him—including those who were still sniping. The guard held up the Russian's arms against the tree. An executioner

(Continued on page 30)

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Leader of World's Rubber Industry Takes Millions of Drivers off "High-Price Hook"—with Right Tire at Right Price at Right Time!

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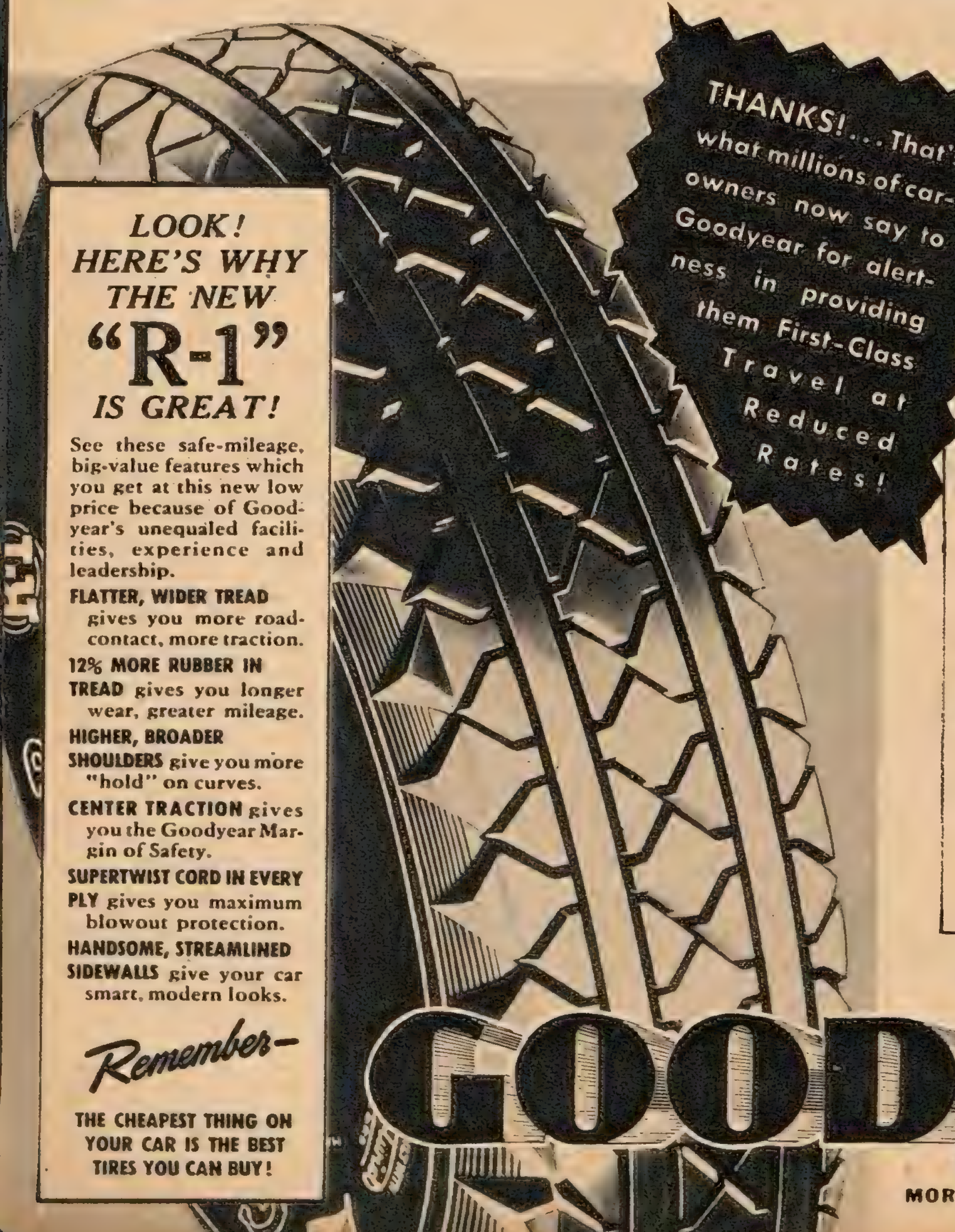
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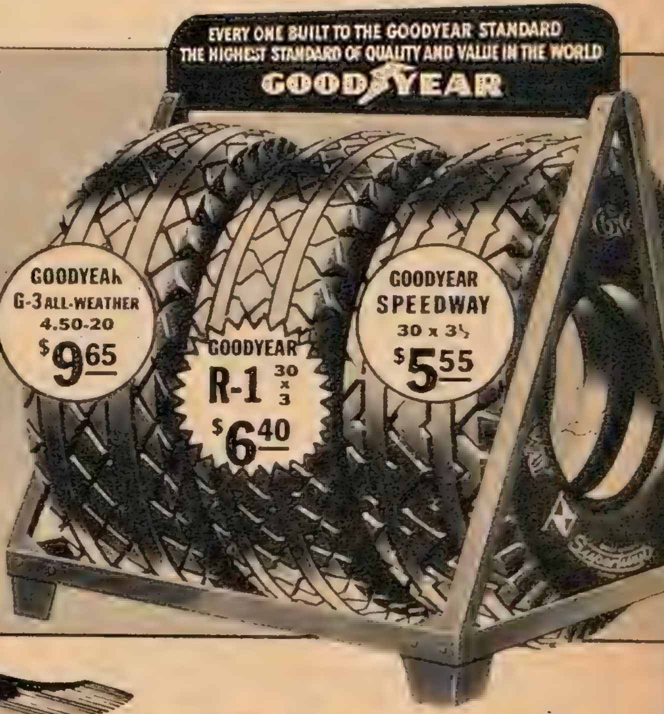
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GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(Continued from page 28) hacked off both hands above the wrists.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled Igor.

General Sun sent the tortured prisoner out as a warning to his fellow countrymen, who were still keeping up the sniping. Every eye followed his stumbling progress along the dry river bed.

Before he had gone a hundred yards one of the snipers got a bead on him. He spun round as if on a pivot, tottered crazily, then pitched into the scrub.

It seemed, however, that Sun's torturing trick had not been in vain. The sniping suddenly ceased. Clearly there was no point in pursuing a hopeless quest, and this harassing of the jackals' flanks could only result in further tortures for the wretched prisoners.

The Russian brigade knew that Igor's orders would have been to save themselves further needless bloodshed.

They reformed, started to retreat northward. I was alone once more. The jackals down there started to move. I got to my feet, stumbled wearily along. I saw they were making toward Haichow, the ancient city with the salt industry. I followed them into it.

I shall never see salt in the bulk again, glistening in the sun, without picturing all that frightful business in its hard brilliance.

At ten of the morning Igor and his Russians were driven out of the military barracks in single file. Some thirty thousand men, women, and children lined the city streets to watch.

Igor—with his cruel attendants—headed the long procession. Each Russian had been stripped naked. Each one had been subjected to the knife. Their bodies were so badly slashed and bruised it seemed incredible that they should still be capable of walking.

Her amorous approaches had ulterior motives.

As the long line of scarred and bleeding figures passed the crowds, they were showered with salt by the excited populace. Men jeered, women leered, made rude gestures, even children guffawed.

The long slow procession reached the salt bed. One by one the prisoners knelt under the executioner's knife.

I PREPARED to sail for America.

Igor had gone. His prophetic theories remained. Horses and airplanes—swift communications. Had his brigade possessed either their beloved horses or the more modern airplanes, he and his men would have been saved days of bestial atrocities and an untimely end.

I suddenly wanted Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to have an air force—to use it in purging China.

The day I left Shanghai, Feng the Christian turned up on the Lunghai. With a fine flourish he named himself commander in chief of the rebel armies. The same day Yen the Fat issued a proclamation. It read:

"Instant death to any foreigner caught operating with the Nanking troops at the front."

. . . . .

I planted my feet on my native land for the first time in seven years. It was the end of March, 1930.

At the United States army Wright Field at Dayton I received a cable telling me that the training-plane scheme was off. Fighting ships were desperately needed. I was to proceed at once to New York and get prices on a fleet of Corsairs.

During those busy days news percolated through to me. On the Lunghai, Yen the Fat had set up a rival state to the Generalissimo. He had proclaimed himself "Commander in Chief of All National Land, Naval, and Air Forces."

Yen named the Christian General deputy commander in chief. This was a comedown for the old fox. The rebel Li Tsung-jen (who was to start the anti-Nanking rebellion in the summer of 1936) was given equal rank with Feng.

In time I got the manufacturers and the Nanking government together on the price of a fleet of twenty Corsairs, each to have its bomb racks, its two machine guns. To go with the planes there was a list of accessories, as well as ammunition for the guns.

Before the first Corsairs could be boxed and loaded into the steamer at New York, the Generalissimo had lost the important towns of Hsuchang, south of Chengchow Junction, and Kweiteh on the Lunghai.

THEN came the news that the Generalissimo had opened a seventy-five-mile gap in his left front. He moved away from Hsuchang, cutting across country toward Kweiteh. The men who lost Kweiteh were made responsible for its recapture, while the rest took the offensive into enemy country.

The retaking of Kweiteh was an important move in the campaign. The siege was obstinate because Kweiteh has a double wall. Feng's men left the outer wall and retired behind the inner. The fight did not get into the city of Kweiteh, however. The townspeople themselves forced Feng's men to surrender. The Generalissimo took fifteen thousand prisoners, whom he disarmed and put to work cleaning up the town.

But now he occupied a most dangerous position. One of his forces was to the west of the Lunghai. One was seventy-five miles into enemy country. The third was at Kweiteh. There were big gaps between these armies. They had to keep the enemy on the move.

Worst of all, the Generalissimo had all but convinced his Minister of Finance that his pleas for more funds were nonsense! If a man could do all this without the extra airplanes and equipment, then he could finish the war without exceeding the budget of $29,000,000 a month.

China then had less than twenty airplanes.

The first shipment of four Corsairs left New York on the morning of May 22, 1930. They would be unloaded at Shanghai about July 7, 1930.

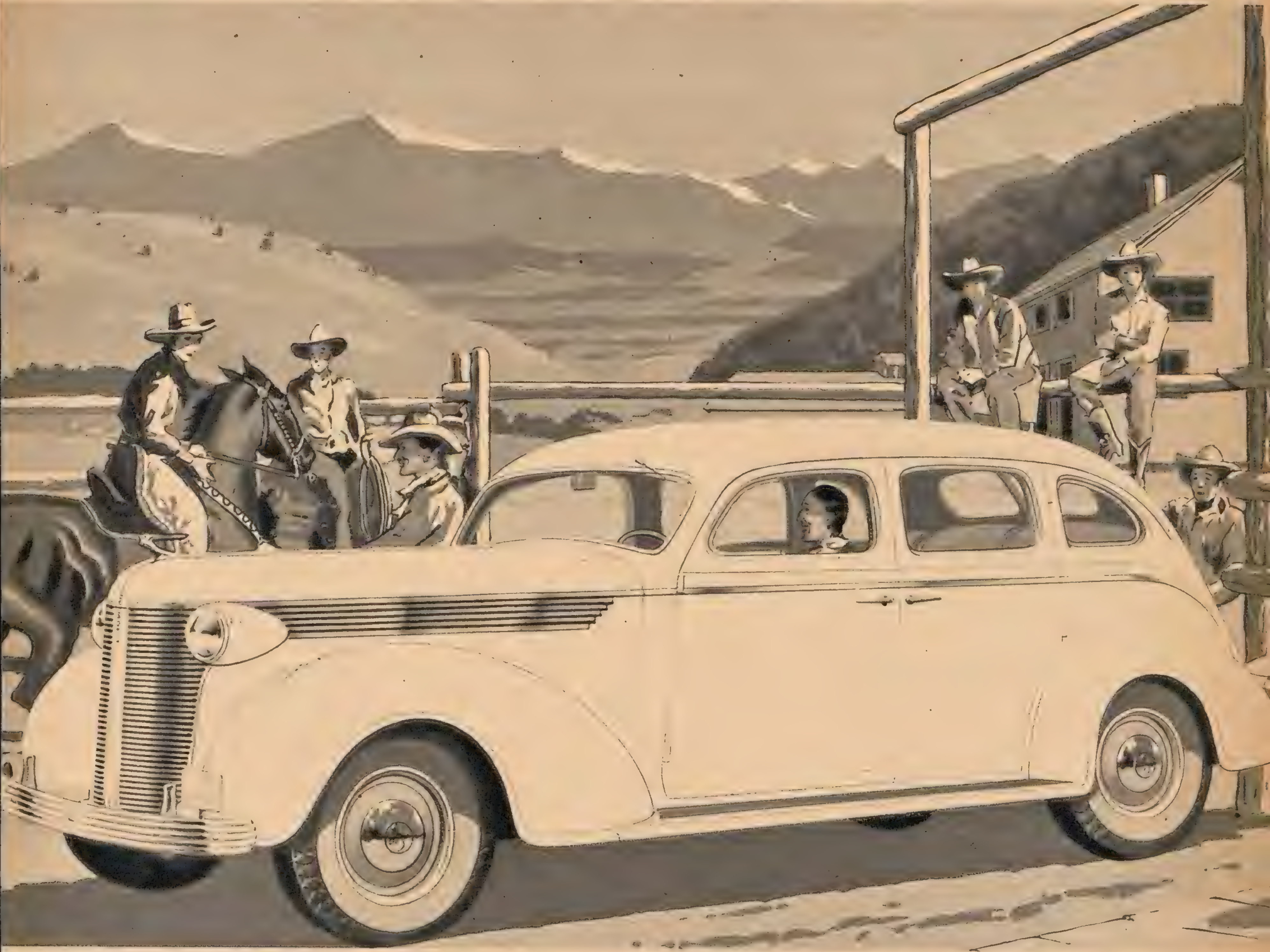
It then became more and more imperative that the Generalissimo should blow up the Yellow River Bridge, if he were to break the combined attack upon Kweiteh by the Mohammedan cavalry and the 50,000 infantry mobilized by Yen the Fat and Feng the Christian.

During my absence, Floyd Shumaker flew up to the front with the air marshal in one of his new Douglas ships. These two gathered up the planes from Hankow and the rear areas, and led them into Kweiteh airdrome.

To get away from the railroad and houses for take-offs and landings, the air marshal staked out his camp on the eastern edge of the field. Gasoline drums and oil were piled under near-by tarpaulins. The Air Force's supply of bombs was buried underground, behind the planes. Chiang Kai-shek sent an armed guard of several hundred men to the air marshal.

The air marshal did not waste a single minute of daylight. He secured enough (Continued on page 32)

COSTS LESS TO BUY_ TO RUN



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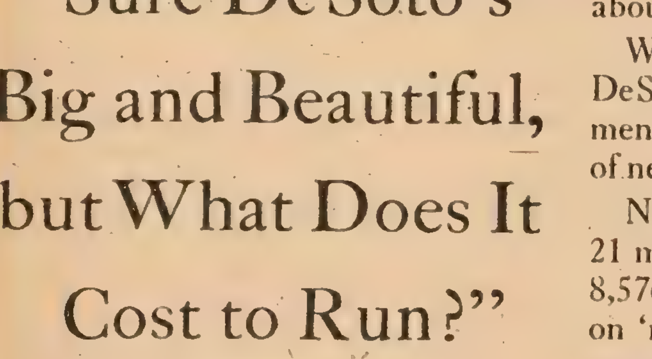
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"YES, AND I'LL BET THEY NEVER GUESS IT COSTS LITTLE MORE THAN THE LOWEST!"

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MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour, Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.

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America's Smartest Low-Priced Car!

(Continued from page 30)

pictures from the air to keep a squadron busy for a week. Then he assigned missions to five of his best men. The pictures were witness to the seriousness of the task. The slender crescent-shaped front line, stretching north and south, was the only friendly territory in which a pilot could land.

The air marshal could promise the boys only ten minutes of grace from torture and death out of each three-hour flight. If their machines were in perfect condition, he could be sure his pilots were safe for five minutes after taking off; for five minutes before landing.

Such were the conditions when I dropped into them again.

Floyd Shumaker was worth a dozen ships to the Air Force just then. He steadied the boys. He told them about the small chances of being hit by rifle fire. He gave them confidence in their machines. He put heart into them in face of their lack of bomb sights.

The flying boys of the newborn Chinese Air Force gambled with death and torture every hour of daylight. They flew Corsairs and Douglases like men of cold iron. Equipment began to suffer. But they didn't care. One Corsair buckled a wheel under a heavy load of bombs. They nailed some pine boards together and sawed out a couple of nearly round wheels. It was little Captain Yang who took the crippled ship. He had played the game since the disappearance of the Lotus.

The boys used up spark plugs until there could hardly be any left in China. At first they didn't watch their plugs carefully. Then Pilot Fu had a forced landing. He destroyed his Douglas by setting it alight. He went to an unknown fate.

Thereafter the boys removed the plugs from their ships before dark. They slept with them under their pillows.

I had left New York for Seattle, and the second shipment of six Corsairs had started for China, when I had an urgent cable to bring spark plugs.

ALL this time the air marshal was worrying about getting his men and ships in trim for the big task of blowing up the Yellow River Bridge, which carried the single-track railway into rebel country, which was in fact the rebel life line. The surest way of blowing up the bridge would be to bomb it from Kweiteh.

But the Finance Minister didn't want the bridge blown up because the steel in it had cost China $1,500,000. The war was costing a million dollars a day in cash, and no one could figure how much more after all the bills were paid. That made the bridge worth less than two days of warfare. If it were destroyed, it would save $42,000,000 in shortening hostilities by six weeks. Standing, it might mean the end of the Nanking government.

The upshot was a characteristic Chinese compromise. The minister would approve the plan of bombing the bridge provided the steel structure were left intact. Pilots were to blow up only the wooden approaches.

Shumaker, who had gone to Shanghai for bombs, pointed out that when the steel was gone—it was finished. But wooden trestles could be repaired overnight. To make the minister's plan effective, Chinese pilots would have to bomb the bridge at least three times a week as long as hostilities lasted.

To this the Minister of Finance turned a deaf ear. Major Shumaker must take his compromise back to the front or leave the matter alone altogether.

While Shumaker was in Shanghai the air marshal formed his force into two squadrons for massed attacks upon the Mohammedan cavalry, which were beating up the Generalissimo's men. The Douglas squadron he called the Tenth, and the Corsair flight, the Fourth.

In this battle order a number of successful onslaughts were made upon the skin-clad horsemen. The boys were jubilant. Then the news came that a vast body of cavalry was concentrated in a ravine about a hundred miles south of Kweiteh.

Both squadrons were turned out. The Mohammedans had three minutes' notice of our coming. There were nearly three thousand troopers and four thousand ponies trying to escape from the ravine just before we dived.

The ponies wedged themselves solidly in the exit, and those behind tried to ride over their backs. The Mohammedans drew their swords, chopping each other down in that frantic stampede.

At this moment we in the first six planes went down in a flat wide V, planted six bombs at the entrance of the ravine, then pulled up and around to the right.

The second six followed at a twenty-second interval, and their bombs dropped a little farther in. Then we of the first came round again.

Six times apiece the two squadrons swooped, and each time dropped six bombs on the writhing enemy.

Then the machine-gunning on top of that. Six thousand rounds of chattering death. Never was there such a terrible shambles. In a few moments the ravine ran with blood. Screams of wounded and dying beasts and the bellowings of infuriated men rose above the staccato chatter of the guns.

Poor Igor's words came home to me then. Cavalry versus airplanes. One death squadron against another. But in that deathtrap the mounted Mohammedans did not have a ghost of a chance. They were slaughtered in heaps.

We went back to Kweiteh. Three of the boys broke away from the squadrons, and went hunting. I guess most of them were wild with excitement.

Two of them came back after a little while. The third, a Korean pilot named Kwee, had not returned when darkness fell. His comrades knew only that the three of them had separated to search the country. Kwee was gone.

The ghost ship still haunts the skies—and another exotic spy brings Gordon Enders a new puzzle. What are the "six cigars," referred to in the mysterious code letter? What became of the Lotus? Read next week's Liberty for new thrills and astonishments in this breathtaking real-life story of adventure in China.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE BROTHERS SACKVILLE** by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. The Macmillan Company.

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A painstaking personal history of the life of a great pioneer of aviation, the late Glenn Curtiss.

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A valuable book explaining in simple terms how musical thought is organized in musical forms. Illustrated with examples which can be heard at exactly designated places on phonograph records. This book also contains historical and biographical material, as well as a section on the instruments of the orchestra and the conductor.

★ ★ **GENERAL WASHINGTON'S SON OF ISRAEL** by Charles Spencer Hart. Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Very interesting accounts of certain unsung heroes of history. They were there when; but the other fellows got the publicity. Illustrations are done with thought and add color to the mental picture. The author tells us it is well documented but doesn't show us many documents. However, this reporter believes it.

★ ½ **HORTENSIUS, FRIEND OF NERO** by Edith Pergeter. The Greystone Press.

A fragile and poetic telling of a few episodes in the Rome that tortured Christians.

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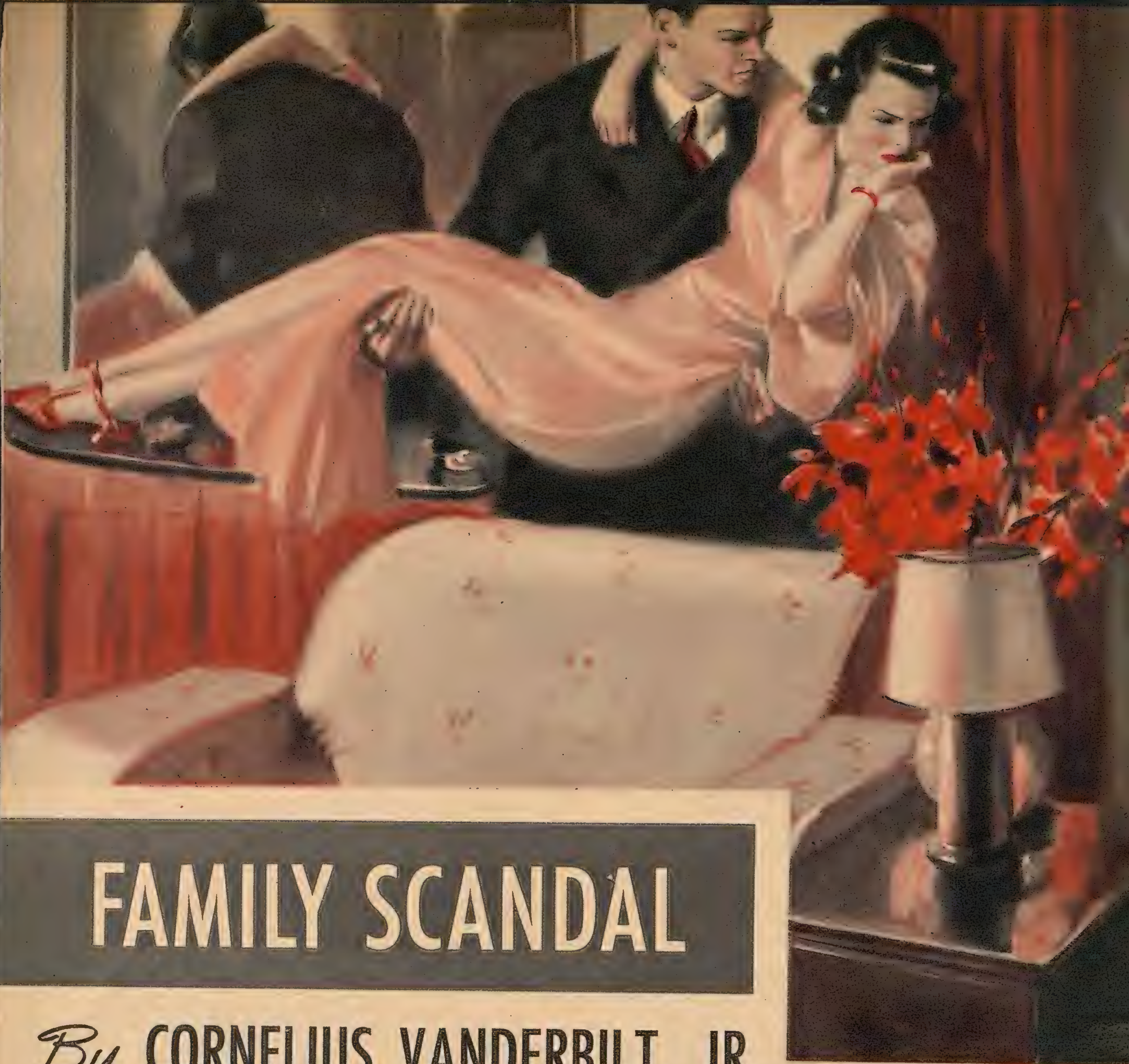
A grief-stricken young widower and a charming young girl voyaging to ponder whether to return to her husband or her lover, study human nature on a German tramp steamer with profit to both.



"Don't do this again, Harriet," he said. "You don't need to."

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SIX—"A FINE AIRTIGHT LITTLE HELL!"

BILL'S first reaction was one of complete disbelief! She had lied so often! So often—O God, let this be one of her lies! It had to be! It would be too cruel to have it true!

"Harriet—I—I can't believe you!"

She was not nonplused. She had been ready for this reaction from him. In fact, she had been watching him for days, sensing his restlessness, his dissatisfaction, knowing that any minute now he would suggest the one thing in the world that she didn't want—divorce. . . . She therefore had timed her announcement well. And she could back it up!

"Oh, but I'm *sure!*" she said. "I went to your family doctor this afternoon! You thought I was in Brooklyn. Well, I did go there later—to tell them the good news."

"You went to Dr. Runyon?" Bill managed. "How did you know his name? You haven't had occasion to—"

"Oh, I asked Travers."

"Travers!"

That explained, then, why Travers had eyed him with a look of apprehension, almost pity, when he had come in! Travers, who was devoted to him. Travers, who knew that things weren't right here.

"Did you tell Travers why you wanted a doctor?"

"Well, I told him what I suspected."

"You'd go to a servant about that sort of thing?"

"I'd go to any one who had information that I wanted!"

Bill started to say, "I believe you would!" Then he

A swift, poignant novel of young hearts adrift and a dream that wouldn't die

realized that he had to be decent to her. From now on he would have to be decent. And for how long? Years—years! They rolled ahead of him again, gray and blank. He'd been mad to think there was escape from them—or change in them for him. Happiness? Anne? Anne was not for him! Love wasn't! Happiness wasn't! . . . He was more than ever a prisoner who had made his own prison.

Bill realized that Harriet was talking, had been talking. . . . What was she saying?

". . . hoped you'd be pleased. I feel it will be a son—William Madison, Fourth!"

Bill's spirit groaned. A son! That was just it! You couldn't send your wife to Reno when she was carrying your son!

Harriet was still talking: ". . . he will bring us closer together! It will be a real marriage from now on, Bill!"

Bill looked down at his wife with a strange feeling that here was something evil. Beautiful enough—but evil. Her tense figure seemed like that of a Fate seated for all time in his life. . . . He knew he was being unnatural. But he couldn't bring himself to think that he shared—or ever would share—anything with her.

He made himself relax. He even spoke to her—a few mumbled words. Then, unable to stand the sight of that triumphant figure any longer, he mumbled a few more words and fairly ran from the room.

Travers, wide-eyed, saw him plunge through the reception hall and into an elevator. . . .

Bill's instinct—once the dark spring night took him in its embrace—was to go somewhere—anywhere!—fast and get horribly drunk. Oblivion, that was the thing! Oblivion sweet and deep—where a man couldn't think, even if he wanted to! . . . Bill headed for the nearest bar; then he checked himself. He stood still on the deserted street. He remembered what getting drunk in a crisis had done before. He began to laugh.

WHAT a swell exhibit I'd make for a temperance lecturer! Ladies and gentlemen, here's a poor fool who drank himself one day into a fine airtight little hell! Watch him squirm! Pity him if you must, but don't follow in his footsteps! Stay away from Demon Rum!"

Bill didn't see a dark figure that had come up behind him and was now standing patiently. He felt a touch on his arm. He wheeled about.

"You went off without your hat, sir!" said the gentle old voice.

Travers! . . . Somehow the look of complete though unobtrusive devotion in the old servant's eyes seemed to restore Bill's sanity.

"Thank you, Travers."

Travers seemed about to speak. Desire battled with long habit within him. Bill felt it but—in his own turmoil—was too impatient to encourage further conversation.

"Good night, Travers. Don't wait up for me!"

And Bill was off down the street.

"Very good, sir," said Travers to the empty sidewalk. But he shook his old head sadly. "It isn't very good," he murmured. "There's something very, very wrong going on. Poor Mr. Bill."

Bill, meanwhile, headed for his garage. He got out his roadster and drove. Aimlessly at first. He tried to make his mind as blank as the city streets, with only lights and meaningless figures and destinationless cars. He drove until he came to the river. There it was, liquid and black and still. . . . What was the old song?—"Ready for the river—the shivery river! Oh, get the river ready for me!" An easy way out.

But you didn't do that. You didn't jump in rivers. You stuck along with things. . . . You didn't leave the party without paying the check! He drove slowly now, and before long found himself at Pier 5.

"Almost as if the car knew where to go," he said bitterly.

He stopped the motor. Only a few barges floated there, outlined in the dim glow. Yes—the Annie B. Moore was one of them. But no light showed on board.

"Good-by, Anne," Bill said softly. "Not that we've ever said 'Hello!' . . . And better so. It would have been much, much worse—"

But still Bill waited, his eyes piercing the blackness of the barge. He seemed to be an actor in a play waiting for an oft-rehearsed scene.

And, yes, a white figure moved suddenly from the far side of the deckhouse! A girl's figure. She went aft. She leaned her arms on the rail.

Bill left his car.

"Anne!" he called softly, stepping from dock to barge.

Quickly she turned. But, because she had been thinking of him, she wasn't startled.

"You!"

"I have a cinder in my eye," said Bill.

"That's why I brought my flashlight," replied Anne.

They stood looking at each other in silence. Bill's heart was full of things that he couldn't say. Could never say. And so was Anne's. Therefore she seemed to understand. There was no real need for words.

"I'm sorry I was unpleasant today," she said at last.

Bill wanted to protest, "You weren't; you were adorable!" Instead he said, "I'm glad that you went to my aunt. She liked you."

"I liked her too!" said Anne. "In fact, she's the kind of person it would be hard not to like—or to love."

"Yes." Again he left things unsaid. . . . "Stick by her, will you, Anne? I'd like to think of you two as friends."

"I will." Anne was suddenly happy that she could agree with this man about something—anything. Tonight the barriers between him and her were down. Tonight he was the Bill who had walked in her heart for years. Tonight she knew with certainty that her dream had not died.

"And, Anne," Bill's low voice spoke straight to her heart, "will you forget that settlement—for my sake?

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WEALTHY young Bill Madison arrives in New York from an exploring trip to learn his fiancée, Roberta Redmond, and his father have eloped. With Harriet Vail, a glamour-loving Brooklyn girl he met on the voyage, he sets out on a drinking spree to forget it all. Three days later he comes out of his alcoholic stupor to find himself married to her and facing more headlines.

Instead of seeking an annulment, Bill decides—on Harriet's suggestion—that the marriage, while a loveless one on his part, will serve as a barrier to countless social obligations and enable him to devote more time to his work. He makes no compromise, however, concerning Anne Moore, the lovely ship's nurse he'd met the last night out. Anne had been his childhood chum when her father captained a yacht owned by Bill's uncle. An accident at sea had crippled Captain Moore and forced him to earn a livelihood on a coal barge. And Anne's and Bill's reunion had led to her dismissal by the jealous ship's doctor. Bill is determined to help both Anne and her family.

Harriet is secretive about her friendship with Ivan, a waiter at El Morocco, whom she continues to see. In Bill's attraction to Anne, however, she senses danger, and tries to dissuade him from making a generous settlement on Captain Moore when the Madison yacht runs afoul of the barge one night. Bill overrides her pleas.

Then, following a confidential talk with his Aunt Delia, whom he has asked to help Anne secure a job, Bill is convinced that the only solution of his problems is a divorce. His plan for the future, of course, is marriage to Anne.

But when he is about to ask Harriet to go to Reno, she stuns him with the news that she is going to have his baby.

"You've kept me carefully, platonically, at arm's length," she storms. "As far as you know, you have. You didn't—that first night!"

Wait! I'm asking this as a great favor. I need it tonight—need to know that some one thing in the world has broken right for me!"

Anne looked up into his haunted eyes.

"Are things so bad?" she heard herself asking.

She knew she should protest, should stand by her guns, tell him she had a job, and insist on paying back every cent of her father's settlement. But all her fine high fire of the afternoon had burned out.

Bill didn't answer her. Instead he asked, "Anne, did you mean it this afternoon when you said you were going to be married?"

She hesitated unhappily.

"I don't know, Bill. I have a job now. I've told Steve to wait again. I want to work for a while."

"But not to pay me back."

"No, not to pay you back."

He wanted to say other things, to beg her not to marry, to wait. . . . Wait for what? How long?

"Thank you," is all he dared say.

She put her hand on his.

"Bill—what is it? You've helped me. Can't I help you?"

He closed his hands tightly over hers.

"You *have* helped," he said. "You can continue to help if you'll think of me as you said you have since the time we were kids. . . . Whoever told you about my affairs on the boat deliberately misled you. Believe that, will you? . . . *Like* me, Anne!"

"I do."

"Then things will never be so bad with me again!"

THERE was nothing further that either one could say. . . . Bill looked down at her, memorizing every line of her face. He was making her a part of him for all time.

Anne understood his silence. Then, just as the two seemed to know it would happen—the deckhouse door creaked.

"I must go in," Anne said quickly. "It's late."

"Yes." And Bill's heart said, "Too late."

"Good-by, Anne."

"Good night," she answered.

As she left him, his word "Good-by" sank like a plummet of lead against her heart.

Whereas Bill, driving off through the city, derived comfort from the lack of finality in her "Good night."

. . . . .

Bill needed comfort during the next weeks. Not even a superhuman amount of work could rid him of the horrible daily, hourly feeling of depression. Increasingly he became possessed of the sense of evil in the house.

Harriet's ever-whitening face, her watchful eyes, her quiet comings and goings, and her continued and surprising demands for sizable sums of money became, for Bill, all manifestations of a sinister spell laid over him by Fate.

He was in his study, working as

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2oz. Seagram King Arthur Gin, juice of 1 lemon, 2 teaspoons sugar. Shake well and strain into 12 oz. glass. Add ice cubes and soda to fill glass. A half lime gives added flavor. Decorate with slice of orange and cherry if desired. *Seagram-Distillers Corp. Offices: N. Y.*

Distilled London Dry Gin made from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 proof.

Seagram's
King
Arthur
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN

usual. The door leading to the bedroom—now Harriet's—was closed. It was about ten o'clock.

There was no sound save the noise of Bill's pencil on paper, the occasional rustle as he dropped sheet after sheet of completed manuscript to the floor.

Suddenly he was conscious of a noise—a horrible one—like the whine of a dog in distress. It was coming from Harriet's room.

He leaped to his feet and, without knocking, pushed open the door. Harriet was slumped before her dressing table, black head buried in her outflung arms. In one hand was a tiny phial. Bill recognized it as belonging to his African drug kit. It was deadly poison! Suicide! . . . God! Had he driven her to that!

He seized the phial. He lifted Harriet up to look into her tearstained face. Her eyes refused to meet his. A flush stained her cheeks.

"Did you take any?" he demanded. But he already knew the answer. His lip curled.

Harriet wanted to say "Yes." She had meant to go through with the whole act and make it a good one; wanted to give Bill a fright. But her nerve wasn't as vigorous these days as it once had been.

"I didn't take any," she managed.

Shame burned in her eyes because she read in his the scorn for her cheap scene.

"Don't do this again, Harriet," he said. "You don't need to. Everything will be all right."

The kindliness in his tones broke her. And now honest tears did come.

"It never can be!" she sobbed. "Oh, Bill, Bill—"

She rushed into her dressing room, closed the door.

A few moments later she came back. Her face was bathed, powdered, calm. There was even a smile on her set lips. But not in her desperate eyes.

"That's better," commended Bill, trying to pump some kind of enthusiasm into his voice. "Now—put on something gorgeous and we'll glide. We've both been working too hard. From now on you ought to let your Village group get along without you. They depress you. I've noticed it. Give them up. Stop going there!"

Harriet said nothing. But she flashed him a look of mingled consternation and gratitude.

. . . . .

Bill did some quick fruitful telephoning. He even managed to round up several of the original Rain-Checked Bachelor Dinner crowd. They made the merry rounds.

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

Harriet revived. Things *are* going to be all right, she assured herself as the taxi started up toward Harlem for its fourth stop. Haven't I managed so far triumphantly? Nothing is going to lick me! Nothing!

"You're wrong," she said aloud to a friend of Bill. He, gesticulating toward the warm noisy groups gathered on Harlem's sidewalks, was making an oration.

"Only the common people have fun," he said.

"You're wrong," Harriet repeated. "They don't have! Not any more than *we* have!"

Self-consciously she buried her face in the orchids on her shoulder. Her hand played possessively with her diamond bracelet—as she had once watched Roberta play with diamonds. . . . Nice to have orchids, diamonds, position!

"Don't heckle!" The orator objected. "Yes, as I was saying, only the pee-pul have fun. All of us, here, have our reputations, names, traditions, to guard. So we never really amuse ourselves. We trot about seeing only each other for years and years; same faces, same voices, same chatter. Oh, now and then a choice bit of gossip; but all too rarely—only when one of us strays off the reservation. I'm sick of it all. I want to enjoy myself. I want to live!"

"He's Sick of It All!" chanted Bill. "He Wants to Live!"

But Harriet was thinking of the phrase—"when one of us strays off the reservation." Bill had done that in marrying her! What "choice gossip" it must have made! And how much choicer it could become!

"I want to *live,* too," she shrilled, resolutely slamming a mental door against her inner fear and turmoil.

She caught Bill's arm as they went down the steps and entered the black night club.

HILARITY was at its height here. But the social philosopher who maintained that only the "pee-pul" had fun wasn't satisfied.

"Harlem ain't what she used to be!" he sighed, as, once again, they took to their cabs.

"Nothing is," agreed Bill. "Who said 'the only permanent thing in the universe is change'?"

Harriet started to correct the quotation, give its author, when—to her horror—she realized that the taxi was stopping before El Morocco.

"No, Bill, no!"

Too much to drink had lessened her sense of caution.

The crowd from the second cab had already gone into the club. The other couple from Bill's taxi were on the sidewalk.

Bill looked at Harriet in surprise.

"I'm ill," she explained—striving suddenly to recover composure.

"You're lying," corrected Bill. Whisky fires were also burning in his brain. "And I've at last learned how to tell! . . . The pupils of your eyes dilate! I've been watching that phenomenon for some moons!"

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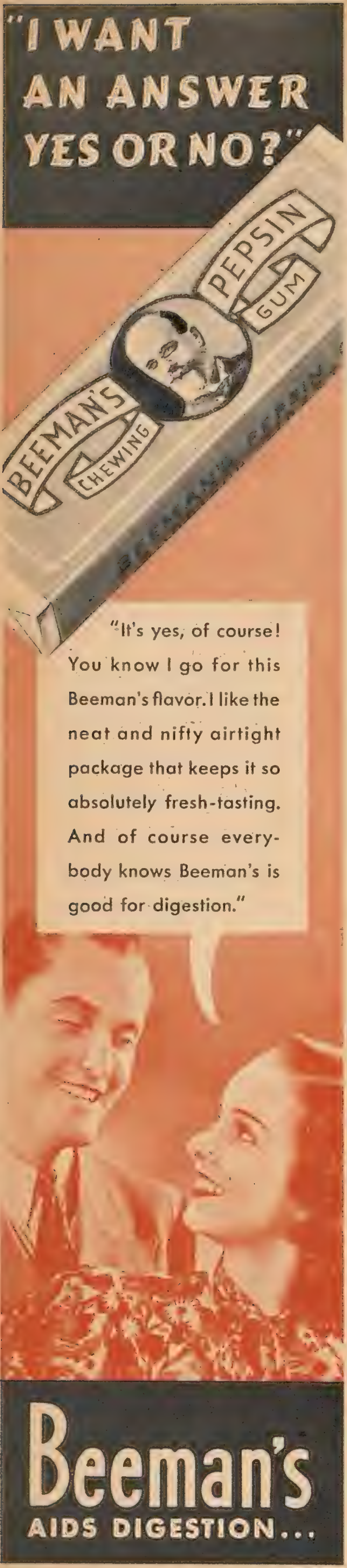

"I WANT AN ANSWER YES OR NO?"
BEEMAN'S CHEWING PEPSIN GUM
"It's yes, of course! You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I like the neat and nifty airtight package that keeps it so absolutely fresh-tasting. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion."
Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

His tone was half serious, half bantering.

"Bill, this is no joke! I'm sick. Take me home."

He looked long at her. His voice was musing when he spoke.

"This is the fourth time that you've refused to go into El Morocco," he said slowly. "What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all, Bill—just happenstance!"

She was so pale that she actually did look ill.

"Very well." Bill gave in. It didn't matter. Nothing really mattered! "Wait here. I'll explain to the gang."

He entered the crowded night club. He found his group, said good night to them. He turned to go out.

But as he moved through the blue twilight of the club, he felt some one staring at him. His own glance followed the pull of that other—hostile—regard. . . . Stranger! That glowering face belonged to a waiter—no one he had ever seen before! . . . Or—wait—maybe he, Bill, had seen this man somewhere.

BILL looked swiftly again. Then he remembered. This waiter was the young man who had been with Harriet in the shabby car parked on the side street off Park Avenue! . . . So *that* explained it!

Bill, thoughtful, sobered, climbed into the taxicab.

"Harriet," he began, "we're the best of friends, aren't we?"

"Of course, Bill." She was so grateful to him, so shaken.

"We each have our troubles, our reservations with the other. But we shoot squarely, don't we?"

"Oh, yes—yes!"

"Harriet, is there any one in El Morocco, working there, who would be a reason for your not wanting to go there?"

Harriet was so steady that she was proud of herself.

"Absolutely not, Bill! But definitely! And your solicitude makes me so happy!" She leaned against him. "It's just"—she became inspired—"it's just that that first night, when you took me there, I didn't like it! You remember—you mentioned that an unpleasantness occurred? It did. The waiters were—quite insolent. I took an instant dislike to the place! . . . It's just a whimsey of mine. But you'll admit"—she laughed—"I'm not a whimsical woman often!"

"No," agreed Bill. "I wouldn't call you—whimsical!"

He didn't add, "I'd call you a liar."

. . . . .

Harriet wasn't whimsical. But as the days went on, she certainly was extravagant. Her demands became more and more urgent. Yet she didn't buy much. A few baby clothes—which made Bill shudder when he saw them. But they couldn't have cost much.

"I know I give a lot to my old friends," she admitted. "And I know you don't think much of them! But they have so little; you have so much. And I believe in some of them, Bill—I do! You wait and see."

Bill didn't really care. It was her one charity—or foolishness.

When he got word, however, in August, from the bank that his wife's sizable account was overdrawn, his common sense told him he had to call a halt. He went home early from his office to have a talk with Harriet. He found her door locked. And again he heard the sound of crying in her room. Not agonized groans this time, but the tortured weeping of a frightened woman.

Bill hesitated before knocking. Then he turned away. It would only mean another scene, more lies, more melodrama.

He went down the hall to his own room. An agitated Travers faced him there.

"Mr. Bill, pardon me—it's against my principles and training to interfere. But I can't stand it any longer. I must speak! Something's going on here that you should know about—"

What are the strange secrets faithful Travers has withheld up to now? Will they intensify Bill's long-smoldering suspicions, or will they offer a faint ray of hope of a solution to his troubles? Look for a surprising turn of events in the next installment!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Adelina Juana Maria Patti (1843-1919).

2—South Carolina.

3—They, according to insurance-company averages, will suffer accidents some time during the day. (Better be careful!)

4—Paul, 1 Corinthians 7:8—9—"I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I. But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn."

5—Charles Dickens, who referred in Sketches by Boz to these walking advertisements, men between two boards forming human sandwiches.

6—Playing cards.

7—No; they but appear whiter in contrast with the dark skin of a Negro's face. Some dentists maintain they are less white than the teeth of Caucasians when matched following extraction.

8—Geographically, Patagonia is the southernmost part of South America; politically, it does not exist, for it was divided between Chile (52,054 square miles) and Argentina (258,714 square miles) in 1881.

9—Brazil.

10—Philadelphia scrapple must be made in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Philadelphia-style need not, according to a regulation of the Department of Agriculture.

11—Manx cats.

12—Glenn Hammond Curtiss (1878-1930), who made the flight of 150 miles at 52.63 miles per hour in 1910, winning the prize offered by the New York World.

13—Yes, since the national anthems of Switzerland and of Denmark share the same music with God Save the King (and My Country, 'Tis of Thee).

14—From the fatty livers of geese confined without exercise and forcibly fed. Périgord truffles and hashed veal are added, then the ensemble is covered with pastry.

15—By naming them William the First, William the Second, and William the Third.

16—President Grover Cleveland who, in his first term, vetoed 312 bills. As a dissenter, President Roosevelt's first-term record puts him in second place with 221 vetoes.

17—All are portsiders.

18—It could distill the salty sea water, thus obtaining fresh water.

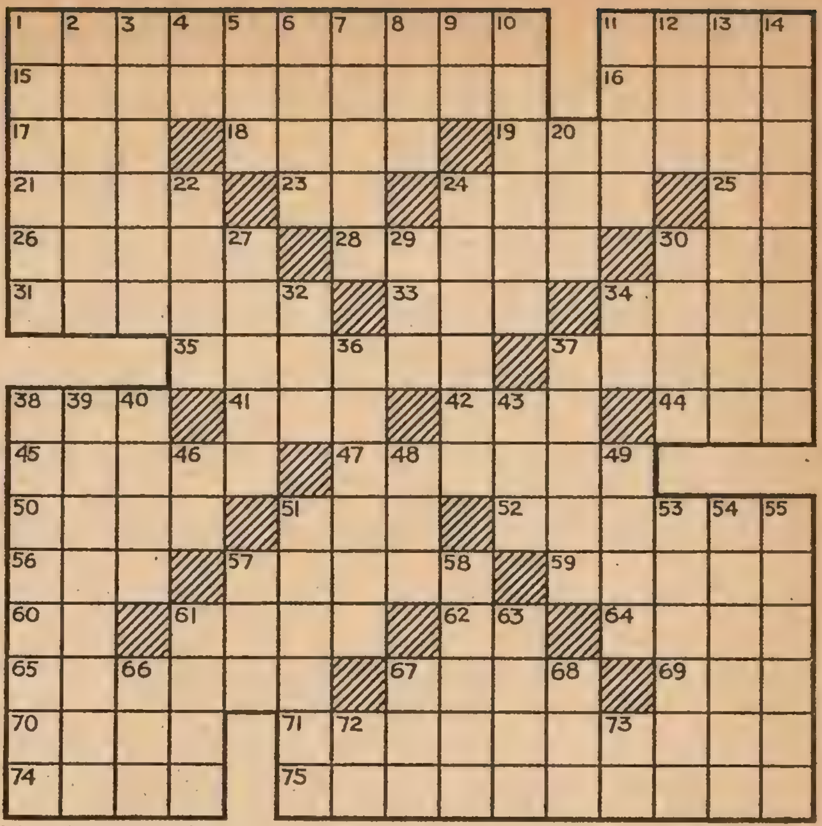
19—The Golden Gate International Exposition.

20—

Joe Louis

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

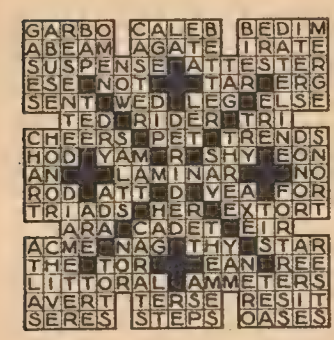


HORIZONTAL

1 Combination brain certificates, back warmers, and mutton holders
11 A pushover for a knight
15 Nudist wrapper
16 This's a blank
17 Scenery chewer
18 Nine striking playboys
19 What merchants do after removal sales
21 The Karloffian eye
23 Week ends
24 Old-time tongue loosener
25 Haowsat?
26 Have it coming
28 Helen's Adventures at Troy
30 Tidey woman
31 Hardest thing about a mouth
33 That M. D. feeling
34 Proletariat polo
35 Puss ticklers
37 Still among the missing
38 This's awf'ly cunning!
41 A Bill we get a laugh out of
42 What Texans are full of
44 Lady Noodlesoup Snufflers (abbr.)
45 Well known long-distance drivers
47 This weighs less than a feather
50 How Africa's future looks
51 This is far from good
52 Struck vigorously at cricket, eh wot?
56 Married woman's birthmark
57 The age we live in
59 Hit the dirt for home!
60 Two letters back of all heads
61 Red bonds around Washington
62 What magnetic Poles have
64 A steppe daughter
65 Most popular picture house in Paris
67 English drink
69 Needle manufacturer
70 The girl with buck teeth
71 The noble thing about Herbert Hoover
74 What bad girls have
75 This town leads right to h——

VERTICAL

1 Dirty work at the crossroads
2 What she found in her husband's arms
3 City in New York State
4 Trolley on stilts
5 Most prominent thing about an alderman
6 A gushing word
7 A killing costume
8 Mussolini's greatest speech
9 You always see these around noon
10 Next Week: Tarzan's Peril
11 Phone company's pamphlet
12 What most people would like to live to be
13 I advise they study astronomy on park benches
14 Tootsie grabs
20 Some say this is just the beginning
22 Grandmother's understandings (one of 'em)
24 The Defeated of Versailles
27 Second-degree childhood
29 Kelly
30 A pphoughlische ppphelloughe
32 Debouch an ellipsis from a plumaged source and indulge in cacophanous exultation
34 Found in the middle of every pamphlet
36 Pennies from heaven
37 What every eagle has
38 Gold-brick salesman
39 What she got for saying no
40 What married men get in the neck
43 Impersonally possessive
46 An empty day
48 What there is about a fussy woman
49 An unhandy woman
51 For years she's been associated with a crook
53 What people in the steal business do
54 The end of a long nightie
55 What there is of Morgans in Moscow
57 What Mars called his mother
58 It's a toss-up in the building racket
61 Government juice factory (plural) (abbr.)
63 These are big bumps
66 He stays home and calls people out on strikes
67 Quick on the pick-up
68 Ink eater; writer with a point
72 Roman natural
73 Greek cow's yodel



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"One day JACK HAD A
Catfit!..

He ranted around about my ruining our new car — if I didn't stop buying every new bargain oil that came along.

When Jack finally calmed down, he gave me a lecture on Pennsylvania Oils with the emblem.

Imagine it! Jack made me understand that little emblem on oil is as important as the sterling mark on silver!"

NO NEED for husbands to get in a dither. It's easy to explain why Pennsylvania Motor Oils with the emblem are better! . . . Here, in just one spot on earth, Nature produced her finest crude oil. Naturally, the best raw material makes the best finished product.

To protect motorists who want this quality lubrication, we formed the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association and created our official emblem. Hence, you can rely on any one of the brands sold under our emblem to be 100% Pure Pennsylvania, and to give you full lubrication value for your money.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

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BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP

The light area on map at right is the only place in the world where Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil is obtained. Motor oils refined from this crude are noted for their excellent lubrication, for their ability to let your motor start readily, to flow freely at all temperatures, to last longer over more miles and more hours of motor use.

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the highest grade crude oil in the world

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TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PERCY MENDELSON

YOUR laundryman knows all about you. He knows, but he won't tell. His code of professional silence is as rigid as your doctor's or your lawyer's. So don't be alarmed by the following revelations. *Your* laundry secrets are safe. . . . After the sinking of the Lusitania, in 1915, one of the richest women in America went into mourning for her lost husband, into mourning right down to her most intimate undergarments; has worn black ones throughout the twenty-two years since that time; is still wearing them bordered with black. . . . Good old red-flannel undies are not at all unfamiliar to up-to-date laundrymen who deal with fashionable customers. Louise Groody, of theatrical fame, always puts on the old red flannels when she goes fishing—she is one of our very best feminine anglers. . . . Women let all sorts of things get sent to the laundry by mistake: fraternity pins *(not* their husbands'), poker chips, checkbook stubs, and what not. . . . But the laundryman never tells.

I've been talking about this with Percy Mendelson, nationally known laundry executive, and his brother Charles. They gave me a number of inside tips to pass on to all of you who patronize commercial laundries: Let your laundryman know how much starch you want used—light, medium, or heavy. . . . When you buy slip covers for your furniture, and expect to have them washed, make the store give you a written guaranty that the color will be fast. Big department stores are usually reliable for such merchandise. . . . Beware of any fabric that you are told must be washed in lukewarm water, ironed with a not-too-hot iron. Can't be done by any commercial laundry.

● After seven hundred years the old Love Courts of southern France are being revived—just for fun. But look at three of their laws. Pretty sensible: "Never make love to any one you would be ashamed to marry. . . . Never take kisses by brute strength—there is no flavor in force. . . . Love deserves an effort—easy conquests are not worth winning."

● Some people have to stay all summer in the city. I've done it myself more times than I like to remember, so I write from experience when I tell you a few little tricks by which the swelter can be mitigated. . . . Clear away all superfluous ornaments not actually in use, all cluttery bric-a-brac, extra sofa pillows, souvenir photographs of Yellowstone Park, the Empire State Building, et cetera. . . . At your windows place large green growing ferns; keep them well watered and washed. They not only look cool, they also seem to freshen the atmosphere of the house. . . . Morning and evening, spray your rooms with pine essence from a vaporizer, but not too much of it—it's strong stuff. . . . Sleep on the floor, on one of those thin beach mattresses; you'll find it lots cooler than your regular bed. . . . In your kitchen use one of the new aluminum cookers called *Keep-a-meal-hot;* divided into five compartments, they cook an entire meal over one gas flame; keep it hot for hours. . . . Have plenty of unsweetened pineapple juice in the refrigerator; put a spoonful or two into a glass of cold water, top with a sprig of mint. . . . Buy an inexpensive electric fan for each room (you can get 'em for $1.19). . . . And, most important of all, don't lose your temper for anything or anybody.

● Little Princess Elizabeth, English heiress apparent, eleven years old, doesn't like to wear hats. Likes to go bareheaded. This desolates British milliners. Elizabeth's dresses are darling. But she *won't* wear hats.

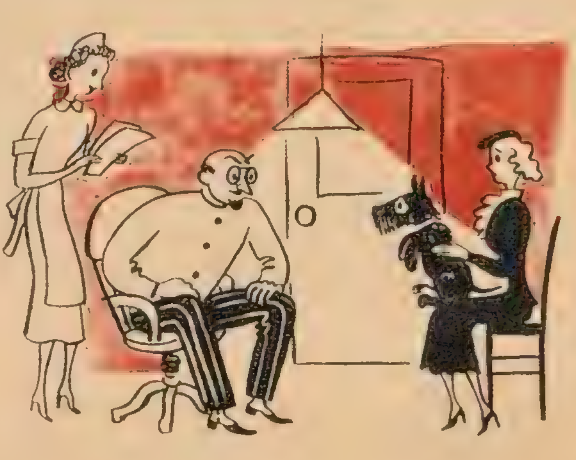
● Psychoanalysis for dogs is the latest thought taken up by advanced dog sympathizers. Does your pup fight his leash, run away from home, growl at the grocery boy? That doesn't mean, necessarily, that your dog is savage or unsocial. According to dog psychologists, it merely means your dog may be suffering from a canine inferiority complex, or from some other nervous disorder probably caused by mismanaged discipline or diet. Jittery dogs, I am told, never should be punished. Their nerves should be soothed, their feeding corrected. Perhaps an ocean voyage would help your dog adjust himself to his environment. . . . A season in Italy or the isles of Greece—fig trees instead of hydrants—might make a new dog of him—bring back his zest for life, and love, and cats.

● New card games for two players are always welcome. Ely Culbertson has written a little book on the game called Jo-Jotte. (Published by the John C. Winston Company. $1.)

● Southern cooking is good summer cooking. An old-style Carolina rice-and-chicken pie, followed by a fruit salad with mayonnaise constitute a perfect dinner, I think, for July or August.

Here's how to make the pie:

Cut chicken into small joints, barely cover with water, add giblets, 2 rashers bacon, 1 onion, pinch of celery seed. Simmer gently until meat is quite tender. Take the chicken out, strain the gravy and thicken with butter and flour. Remove bones from pieces of chicken, dust the meat with 1 teaspoon curry powder and a little salt. Butter a fireproof dish, put in a layer of cold boiled rice, lay the pieces of boned chicken on the rice, cover with another layer rice, pour about 2 cups thickened gravy over all. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven.



Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

No. 8-THE STRANGE CASE OF THE FACE IN THE PARSONAGE FURNACE

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Was it incredible suicide or fantastic murder?—The story of a bizarre enigma

By FRED ALLHOFF

IN the free-and-easy newspaper offices of the Middle West the reporters have an uncanny penchant for attaching irreverent tags to friend and foe and public official.

In Ohio's capital city, Columbus, there are, for example, two Bishop Hartleys. One actually is a dignitary of the church. The other is no bishop at all, but a likable fellow with a fine ear for fire sirens who works the switchboard in the Ohio State Journal's city room.

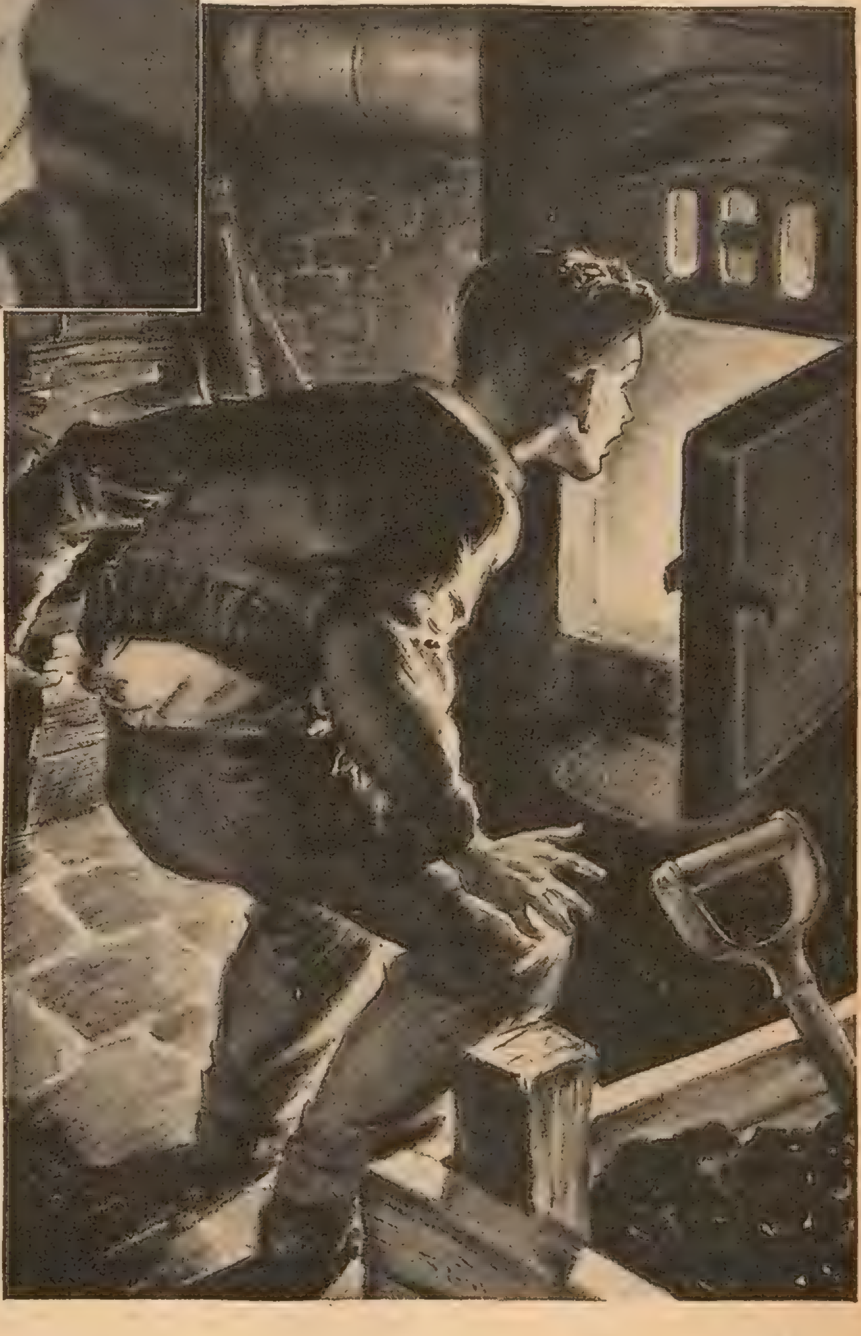
To avoid the rather unlikely event of confusion, the latter Hartley is referred to simply as "Bish."

I never knew his first name and he has never been called anything else, unless it be the morning the Old Man came in to find every telephone in the shop plugged in and ringing and Bish nowhere in sight. Just then the gong over the city desk began hammering out a four-alarm, so the Old Man guessed what might have happened and went around patiently answering all of the telephones. But that is another story.

This one is concerned with how the newspaper lads of Columbus, in the crisp winter of 1924, happened to dub the county coroner—without malice, for they liked the genial graying old gentleman—"Suicide" Murphy.

It is a macabre story of unrelieved grisliness. Yet it is more than that. It is a riddle whose astounding contradictions and mysteries within mysteries were not—and in all probability never will be—satisfactorily cleared up.

Mrs. Sheatsley. At right: "Inside the glowing furnace he saw his mother."



The story opens, properly, on the morning of November 16, 1924. On that morning, from his pulpit in Christ Evangelical Church of Bexley, wealthy and fashionable suburb of Columbus, the Rev. C. V. Sheatsley preached his Sunday sermon. His topic was: Man Driven Out of Eden.

The pastor was an eloquent speaker and, singularly enough, his sermon made its deepest impression upon a frail, slender, plain-faced woman of fifty—Mrs. Addie Sheatsley, his own wife.

He had married her twenty-four years before, when she was a young country woman living in the small town of Paris, Ohio, near Canton. As a missionary, Sheatsley had taken his bride to India, where, for eight years, he worked with intense sincerity in the land of suttee. He returned to America and, nine years before the events of this tale, came to Bexley with his wife and four children: Milton, twenty; Clarence, sixteen; Elizabeth, fourteen; and Alice, ten.

Mr. Sheatsley was one year older than his wife. He was rather tall, had wing ears, graying hair at his temples, and a firm straight mouth. He had learned the trick of emotional restraint that many brilliant and sincerely religious men know, and wore an air of perpetual calm.

At three o'clock in the morning on the day after Mr. Sheatsley had described in his sermon the ineffable beauties of Eden, his daughter Elizabeth was awakened by the sobbing and whimpering of her mother.

The frightened child went to the bed where her mother tossed and moaned and asked in a thin voice what was wrong. Her mother put trembling arms about Elizabeth and cried: "Oh, you poor girl! You poor girl! How will I be forgiven my sins—my unpardonable sins?"

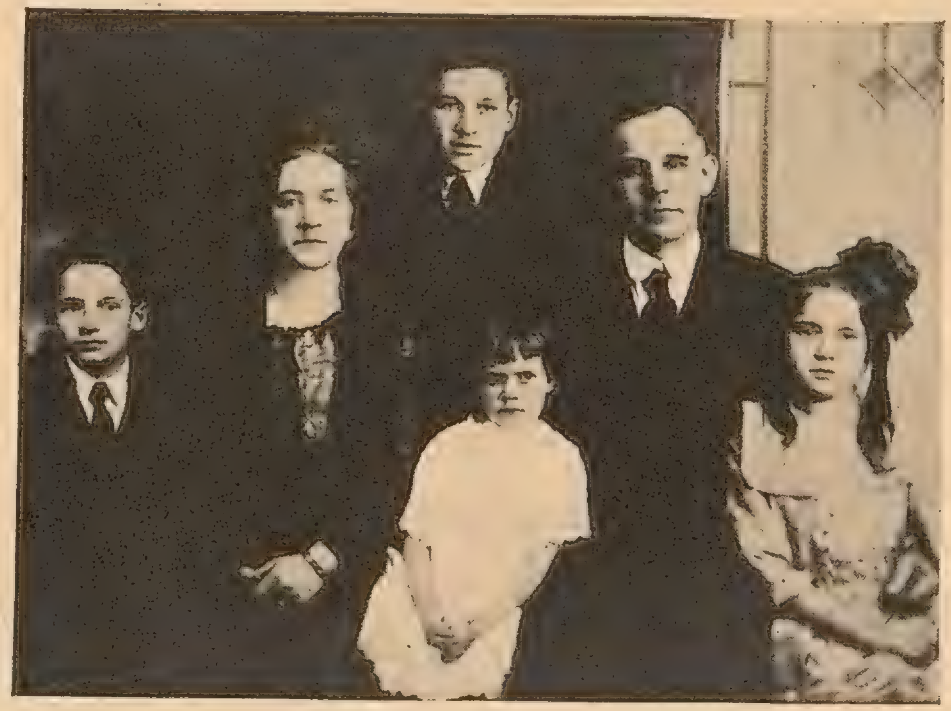
By this time Mrs. Sheatsley's wails of remorse had awakened the entire household. Mr. Sheatsley sent the children back to their beds and soon quieted his wife.

It might as well be explained here that the "sins" which so tormented Mrs. Sheatsley were quite mythical. Her life had been spotless; her husband, her children, her home, and her church had been her constant—and only—interests.

But for many weeks Mrs. Sheatsley had not been her usual efficient self. At a recent church bazaar she had been designated to purchase four dozen tumblers and to wait upon one particular table. Not only had she completely forgotten to purchase the tumblers, but she was discovered busily waiting on the wrong table.

These lapses assumed in her already disturbed mind horribly magnified proportions. She blamed herself bitterly. It took all of the sane persuasion of her husband to coax her out of her black moods.

In a word, Mrs. Addie Sheatsley suffered from a difficult physiological condition peculiar to women of her age and known to plummet an occasional woman into stark insanity.



The Rev. C. V. Sheatsley with his wife and their four children: Clarence, Milton (standing), Alice, and (at right) Elizabeth.

Dawn, which broke a few hours after Mrs. Sheatsley's fit of crying, found her up and busily at work in the trim red-brick parsonage occupied by the family at 2325 Sherwood Avenue. She was unusually cheerful and jubilant.

"Elizabeth," she told her daughter at breakfast, "yesterday's was the finest sermon your father ever preached in his entire life." And to her husband: "I want to be in that place you preached about. I believe heaven will truly be Eden restored."

The morning passed uneventfully. That Monday was a clear day, with a nip in it. Mr. Sheatsley had gone rabbit hunting the previous Saturday and had planned to go again this day. Concerned about his wife's condition, he had changed his plans. Now, however, she seemed in such unusually good spirits that—as he told police later—he felt it would be all right to leave her alone for a few hours while he went about business and parish duties.

He went down into the cellar and added several lumps of hard coal to the furnace, banking it well and checking the draft before leaving the house at 1.30.

Three of the children already had left for school, and only sixteen-year-old Clarence was at home. Fifteen minutes after his father left, Clarence, too, departed.

OSTENSIBLY, from 1.45 P. M. until 3.25 P. M., when Alice and Elizabeth returned, Mrs. Sheatsley was alone in the house. The girls noticed that the house was warm and thought they detected an unusual odor.

When Milton came home, a few minutes later, they told him that something was "wrong with the furnace." He sniffed, agreed, and went with them down into the basement. They opened the furnace door, looked in, and saw what they took to be pelts of rabbits shot by their father the previous Saturday. They closed the door on the raging fire and went upstairs.

Their mother was not about.

Milton went to his room on the second floor and was putting on a football uniform when Clarence arrived home from school. Clarence, too, immediately sensed furnace trouble. He went down into the basement alone. He saw some ashes on the floor and brushed them up. He opened the furnace door a trifle and peeped in.

Crouched on the live bed of coals inside the smoke-filled glowing furnace, he saw his mother.

The boy swallowed hard, closed the furnace door, and went white-faced upstairs to his room. He said nothing to anybody. He lay on the bed in his room for many minutes. He heard his older brother Milton go down the stairs and out of the house. Fifteen minutes later, Clarence, too, went down the stairs and out into the crisp November afternoon. He played football with some other boys, and that took his mind off what he had seen.

At about 4.30, Mr. Sheatsley came home. His two little daughters told him that their mother was not at home. He told them that she must be visiting neighbors. They asked him about dinner. He said that they would go to the grocery and buy some things. They told him about the furnace. He said he would look into it when he came back from the grocery. He and Elizabeth went to the grocery store, and ten minutes later were back at the house. That was at 4.45 P. M.

As he approached the house, Mr. Sheatsley saw black smoke coming from the chimney and thought he detected an odor resembling carbolic acid. He went to the cellar. He opened the furnace door almost one hour and fifteen minutes after his younger son Clarence had opened it. He saw a charred half-consumed body.

MR. SHEATSLEY hurried upstairs, avoiding the children, went to the home of a neighbor, Professor Simon A. Singer of Capital University, a Lutheran college, and told him of the horrible thing he had found. Professor Singer returned with him, and both men inspected the hot unchecked furnace; agreed that a human skeleton lay on the bed of coals.

The two men went upstairs and Mr. Sheatsley told his daughters: "Mama's in the furnace."

Professor Singer made arrangements to send for the two boys, and then telephoned a report of the tragedy to Coroner Joseph A. Murphy of Franklin County, who in turn notified the Columbus police.

Clarence was the first to reach home, shortly before the arrival of the police. His father met him at the door, said: "Oh, Bud, something terrible has happened. Mother has got into the furnace."

"I was afraid it was she," Clarence replied.

Coroner Murphy arrived and looked into the furnace. At 5.45 the Columbus police arrived.

Two hours and fifteen minutes had elapsed since the corpse had first been seen in the furnace, yet the fire was still roaring and there was even less of the body left by now. Of all those who had looked into the furnace, no one had thought of checking the draft.

Mr. Sheatsley explained, logically, that it had been too late to help the victim, and that he had not wished to disturb anything before the arrival of the police.

Two patrolmen of the wagon crew removed the corpse.

Since the lower half of the body was almost completely consumed, it seemed logical to assume that it had gone into the furnace feet first.

Though it was so badly burned as to be utterly unidentifiable, it seemed logical, too, to assume that the corpse was that of Mr. Sheatsley's wife.

Detectives Harry Carson and Clell Cox now began to ponder the intriguing question: How did Mrs. Addie Sheatsley get into the furnace?

The furnace door opened to form an aperture 14 by 14½ inches, which, at first consideration, seemed scarcely large enough to admit a grown human body. The door was 30 inches from the basement floor, and the furnace bowl was only 26 inches in diameter.

Police went upstairs, to the library. All the members of the family were stunned but self-contained. Mr. Sheatsley had taught his children emotional control.

Milton, who with his sister had been the first to inspect the furnace following Mrs. Sheatsley's disappearance, revealed that when he had gone down into the basement he had found the furnace door closed.

Mr. Sheatsley, who expressed himself as "completely baffled" by the tragedy, told police of his wife's recent illness. He accompanied them through the two-storied house. No valuables were missing.

Only one thing had vanished—a bottle of carbolic acid that had been in the medicine chest of the second-floor bathroom.

Suggesting a suicide possibility was the discovery of a ring, which Mrs. Sheatsley almost invariably wore, neatly put away in a jewel case. No "suicide" note was found.

County Prosecutor John R. King and Chief of Detectives W. G. Shellenbarger, of the Columbus Police Department, individually questioned each member of the family regarding his movements of that afternoon.

MR. SHEATSLEY, between 1.30, when he left home, and 4.30, when he returned, had done the following:

He went to the Ohio National Bank in downtown Columbus, where he cashed a check for twenty dollars. He went to a store near by, where he purchased a hat. He visited a young woman member of his congregation who was ill at Mercy Hospital. He called at the home of the Rev. F. D. Meckling on Southwood Avenue. He prayed at the bedside of another ailing member of his flock, elderly Mrs. C. W. Holtzman on Parkview Avenue. Then he returned home.

A check-up confirmed all this.

The two little girls had been gone from the house between 12.30 and 3.25. Milton, the elder son, had been in classes between 1.15 and 3.15.

Clarence, last member of the family to see his mother alive, had been gone from 1.45 to 3.30. His classmates and English professor revealed that he had attended classes that afternoon and had seemed his usual self.

Investigators were puzzled by the fact that the youth had come home, had seen what he thought was his mother in the furnace, had said nothing to any one but had gone to his room, thrown himself on a bed, and then, half an hour later, had gone out to play football.

Mr. Sheatsley said:

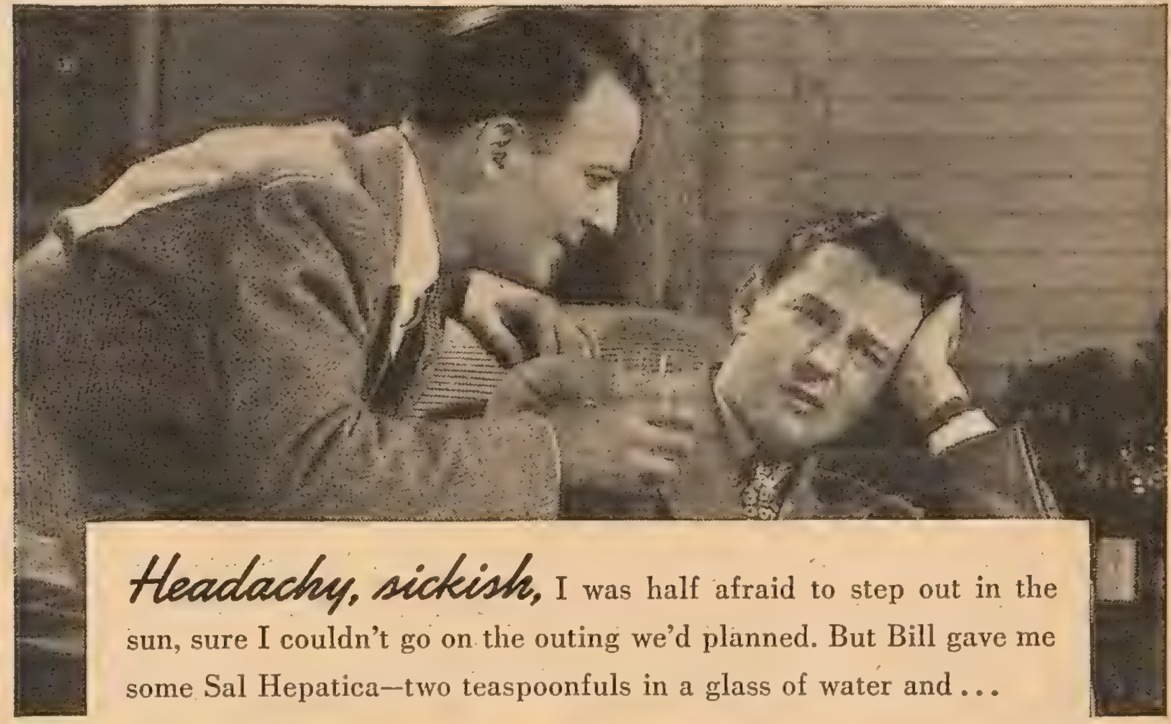
"I know that boy. He has an emotional nature and would do that to gain control of himself. I fully understand his conduct, and so would anybody else who had my knowledge of the boy's emotional psychology."

Clarence himself said: "I didn't want to believe it was mother, but I

Hot weather tip!...

take a laxative that combats

GASTRIC ACIDITY, too



Headachy, sickish, I was half afraid to step out in the sun, sure I couldn't go on the outing we'd planned. But Bill gave me some Sal Hepatica—two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water and . . .

I came back fast! My head cleared . . . my pep returned. "Know why?" commented Bill. "It's because Sal Hepatica does more than cleanse the intestinal tract—important as that is. This mineral salt laxative also counteracts gastric acidity. Yes—Sal Hepatica helps two ways at once!"

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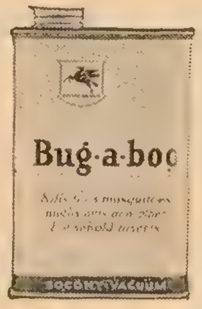

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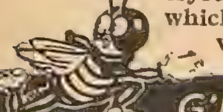

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was afraid it was. After lying on the bed a while, I went out, meeting some boys playing football. I joined them. I forgot the furnace for a while."

To this day, those who debate the Sheatsley case are inclined to place great stress upon the actions of Clarence—with the implication that those actions were brutally callous.

Such emphasis is bitterly unfair. Too few persons remember the discarded psychology of boyhood and, fortunately, few of us have been confronted, at that adolescent age, with a spectacle so soul-searing.

What had happened during the time Mrs. Sheatsley had been alone?

During most of the period in question there were two actual eyewitnesses. Two plumbers were sitting on the front porch of a house directly across from the Sheatsley home, awaiting the delivery of either material or tools for their job. Having nothing better to do, they watched the mild activities of the neighborhood.

At 1.30 they saw Mr. Sheatsley leave the house. At 1.45 they saw Clarence leave for school—Clarence who had said that his mother was on the second floor at the time. At 1.47—they recalled the boy hardly was out of sight down the street—they saw a woman who must have been Mrs. Sheatsley open a *second-floor* window, lean out, and shake a small rug. At 2.10 they noticed a strange puff of black smoke from the chimney.

AT 2.30 they saw the breadman go to the rear of the house with some bread and return immediately without it. At 2.45 they saw a young man knock at the front door, wait futilely for an answer, then walk around to the back, whence he quickly reappeared.

Their excellent time placement of these incidents was not remarkable since, as waiting men will, they consulted their watches frequently.

The breadman, C. O. Stader, was located and confirmed the time of his visit. He said he had knocked at the kitchen door, received no response, and had left the bread on a porch cabinet. It was found there.

The young man seen by the plumbers proved to be E. E. Bridewesser, a Capital University student, who had gone there to return a borrowed book. In passing, outside, he had gone by a basement window. It was open a trifle and he said he had heard sounds like those that would be made by a person stoking a furnace.

Had Mrs. Sheatsley committed suicide by crawling into the furnace?

The best evidence, early in the investigation, pointed to this theory.

No one had been seen going in or coming out after 1.45 P. M. A ring she usually wore had been taken off her finger and put in a safe place.

It was physically possible for her to have entered the furnace, as tests made with a furnace of identical construction by a woman of Mrs. Sheatsley's approximate build, established. Any one would have found it easier to have put her in head first, while all evidence indicated that she had entered feet first.

Detective Clell Cox demonstrated that Mrs. Sheatsley, by opening a clean-out door of the furnace above the main fuel door, could have lifted her feet and swung her doubled body into the blaze from that position.

On the heels of this statement, Milton Sheatsley sent a note to Prosecutor King, indicating that the clean-out door had been open when he went to the basement, though the main furnace door had been closed:

> Mr. King: When I went into the cellar with my sisters, I saw that little door open (which is above the door where you put the coal in) and closed it.

To this, Mr. Sheatsley, who was first reported as saying he believed his wife had been murdered, and who later stated that he believed she had committed suicide, added:

> As you know, Mr. King, I thought the little furnace door was open. Milton says he is the one to close it and is so willing to testify.

Strongest support for a suicide theory came from Mrs. Sheatsley's condition at the time of her death. Her jubilation, immediately after a fit of depression that set her crying and moaning, might logically indicate that she had secretly determined to "cleanse her sins by fire."

Perhaps, in her emotionally upset state, the tales of suttee, of widow-

WHEN POLICE ACT LIKE CHILDREN!

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

It is the belief of Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, that some of the greatest of American crime cases were spoiled by lack of co-operation between various units of city, county, state, and national police.

Sometimes they fight like cats and dogs. Sometimes they sulk like spoiled children.

What a spectacle in men sworn to defend the peace of the people! That is a grown-up job if there ever was one!

No one has yet told the full story of what the police squabbles did to wreck the work on the Lindbergh case!

Only a week ago, in a New York kidnaping case, the federal and state police were reported to have established separate headquarters and to have gone their separate ways. This was later denied.

Anyway, they were trying to solve the same case, find the same woman.

Politics and vanity play havoc with crime enforcement. The only way to clean that up is to take police work out of politics! There isn't much you can do about vanity.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.
Tune in at home or on your car radio.

burning, which she may have heard as a young woman during her eight-year sojourn in India, pointed out to her now an avenue of sure escape from the "sins" which she believed beset her. She had longed for the Eden of which her husband had preached, and it is written of the Hindu wives who toss themselves upon the pyres of their dead husbands that: "They shall find, in voluntary death by fire, a positive passport to Paradise."

Her badly burned body was examined by Chemist Charles F. Long. Her lungs were badly congested.

Every coal-burning furnace contains quantities of deadly carbon-monoxide gas, odorless, readily respirable, and having an extraordinary affinity for human blood, to which it imparts a cherry-red color and other easily detectable traces.

Chemist Long obtained from the charred corpse three ounces of blood upon which he made five separate tests. He found absolutely no traces of carbon monoxide. In the lungs, that should normally have breathed in particles of carbon or soot, he found neither.

He announced emphatically that Mrs. Addie Sheatsley had been dead at the moment her body entered the furnace, and added, as his opinion, that she had been strangled.

Dr. H. M. Brundage, pathologist, announced that he agreed with the findings of Long—that scientific evidence pointed unmistakably to murder. Prosecutor King at once told newspapermen: "Any suicide theory has been practically abandoned."

Mr. Sheatsley, told of Long's findings, said that he had not been officially notified of them, and added:

"At this time I have no reason for changing my belief that my wife took her own life."

Chemist Long's examination of the stomach wall and part of the esophagus revealed no traces of carbolic acid.

ON the whole, however, the vanished bottle of carbolic acid remains to this day something of a riddle. The reader will recall that Mr. Sheatsley—before the bottle was learned to be missing—told of smelling fumes resembling carbolic acid.

Investigators stationed themselves inside and outside the house and threw a generous amount of the acid into a fire built in the furnace. No fumes were detected.

A further test was made. A banked fire, similar to that which had been in the furnace, was made in it. Two guinea pigs were thrown into the furnace. Their charred bodies were removed for analysis. Chemist Long reported, later, that they were "saturated" with carbon monoxide.

Dr. C. H. Wells, family physician to Mrs. Sheatsley, was quoted by newspapers as saying that she had never had a sick day in her life and wasn't the type to become a victim of temporary seizures of insanity.

Edwin M. Abbot, an undertaker's assistant, said that her shrunken

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Still no Bite!
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Half & Half makes working a pleasure. Cool as the chief's: "So you need a va-cation!" Smooth as: "You've earned it. Take two weeks with pay." Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacc that won't bite the tongue—in a ti that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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EXTRAVAGANT, MY DEAR. USE NONSPI. IT SAVES YOUR CLOTHES AND IS SAFE.
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ABOUT THIS SAFE WAY TO SAVE CLOTHES
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skull had been cracked, but refused to guess whether by heat or by a blow.

If the death of Addie Sheatsley was murder, who murdered her?

Mr. Sheatsley himself cast aside as worthless two early theories. One blamed a youth that the minister once had reprimanded and who angrily had threatened reprisal. Another concerned a Hindu who had, reportedly, quarreled with the minister following a speech in Detroit. Mr. Sheatsley said the "quarrel" had been nothing more than a heated discussion of abstract things.

Two miles from the Sheatsley home, a Mrs. G. R. Allen reported that on the day of the murder a man resembling a maniac had knocked at her door and demanded to be taken to the furnace room to warm himself. He had fled in the direction of the Sheatsley home after being refused that request and a second request for an overcoat.

A police search turned up a young tramp in St. Louis who had left a stained and scorched overcoat at a tailor shop. He was innocent.

The incomprehensible gave birth to insinuations. Indignant citizens wrote to their newspapers and, with no more reason for suspecting him than that he had not made an emotional exhibitionist of himself, nominated the Rev. C. V. Sheatsley as goat.

He said: "There is a certain element of the public which seems to delight in getting something on a minister, so to speak. I think perhaps that fact is responsible for insinuations which have been made. Neither I nor any member of my family will be in any way criminally implicated."

Mr. Sheatsley spoke prophetically. The only official verdict on the death of Mrs. Sheatsley was that returned by Coroner Joseph A. Murphy. He said: "Suicide."

His explanation of the fact that her blood held no traces of carbon monoxide, her lungs no traces of soot, was that as Mrs. Sheatsley swung herself into the furnace, reflex action of the larynx opening, caused by some irritant, choked her to death.

THE Sheatsley case created a divergence of opinion that even today furnishes food for heated argument.

I talked to Detective Harry Carson in Columbus' Central Police Station a few weeks ago. Detective Carson, who worked on the case, is now chief of detectives. He said:

"If you have an open mind, there is only one answer: Mrs. Sheatsley walked into that furnace."

His partner on the case is also convinced it was suicide.

The retired chief of detectives, W. G. Shellenbarger, said: "Suicide."

One county official who helped investigate the case said: "Murder."

Most of the newspaper veterans still refer to "the Sheatsley murder."

Science agrees; the coroner doesn't. You take your choice.

I'd still like to know why Addie Sheatsley choked—and the guinea pigs didn't.

THE END

MARX-TIME AND MUTINY

From farce to fear, horseplay to horror, the films briskly explore some colorful and varied slices of life

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ A DAY AT THE RACES

THE PLAYERS: Groucho Marx, Chico Marx, Harpo Marx, Allan Jones, Maureen O'Sullivan, Margaret Dumont, Leonard Ceeley, Douglas Dumbrille, Esther Muir, Sig Rumann, Robert Middlemass, Vivien Fay, Ivie Anderson. Screen play by Robert Pirosh, George Seaton, and George Oppenheimer from a story by Mr. Pirosh and Mr. Seaton. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 110 minutes.

THIS farce comedy of the three Marx Brothers—wordy Groucho of the black-painted mustache, hard-working Chico of the dialect, and mad Harpo of the great silences—was a long time in work at the Metro studios. Sections of it were taken out and broken in, changed under fire before audiences. Then the boys packed up the miscellaneous reactions and went back to the Culver City studios, labored for many weeks before cameras.

The result is too long and has too many dull patches. Yet it has many hilarious moments, too.

Groucho plays a horse doctor who, mistaken for a surgeon, is given the job of heading a private sanitarium. The mind, what there is of it, of Dr. Hackenbush—that's Groucho—is on the ponies in more ways than one. He likes to play the races. And there's a wealthy patient at the hospital—done by that perpetual victim of Marxian horseplay, Margaret Dumont—who pursues the talkative horse doctor.

Allan Jones, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Groucho (horse doctor) Marx in A Day at the Races.

The Marxes are their mad selves, although Groucho seems a trifle less spontaneous than in the past. Maureen O'Sullivan is the pretty heroine who owns the sanitarium, and Allan Jones is her pleasant boy friend whose savings are invested in a race horse.

This is for you if you like the Marxes, who can pause in the midst of any antic at the sight of a blonde.

VITAL STATISTICS: Started by the late Thalberg, it took six writers, three producers, about $1,600,000, and several thousand headaches to confect this harmless trifle. . . . Groucho Julius Marx is not the oldest Marx—in fact he's the youngest. Is a world worrier. Reads savagely at articles and comments on world events, wearing himself down with them. Likes to hear symphonies by the hour; tries to write them. Is the family executive, acting for all brothers, signing all the checks. Was the first of the Marxes to go on the stage. . . . Chico's Leonard Marx. Has been hailed by Italians as a fellow countryman; has learned a spot of Italian, but claims he isn't really an Italian, and only looks that way because his mother and father were. Chico's the eldest Marx. Says his best audience is nineteen-year-old dotter Maxine; she's studying dramatics and giggles at his gags. . . . Harpo Arthur Marx started as a stableboy, rose to dishwasher, then to bellboy at the Savoy and Plaza hotels in New York. About to take her boys' act on the road, Mother Marx decided she couldn't leave him alone with the great city's pitfalls; stuck him in the act one night without warning. Harpo could think of nothing to do, so got the pantomime idea. Plays the harp by ear. Started with a $40 one; now has a $14,000 one. The $40 harp was smashed in railroad wreck a few years back. Harpo collected $250 from the railroad for it, patched it together, and sold it as an antique for $750. . . . Haughty, dignified Margaret Dumont's taken it from the Marxes for ten years. A perfect foil for Groucho, she used to be a dramatic actress. Got married into New York's swankdom. Returned to stage when her husband, John Moller, Jr., died. . . . Esther Muir, who has buckets of paste poured over her in this and is wall-papered to the wall, got her baptism of custard with Wheeler and Woolsey. . . . Allan Jones is the singing relief to the Marx madness; Welsh descented; recent husband of Irene Hervey; veddy serious. Once earned $1,500 in Syracuse salt mines so's he could train his voice. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan's back after honeymooning with John Farrow, whom she's finally married. Has gone very domestic. Claims being chased by Tarzan across the treetops not so tough as escaping from Harpo.

★ ★ ½ SLAVE SHIP

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Allan, Mickey Rooney, George Saunders, Jane Darwell, Joseph Schildkraut, Arthur Hohl, Minna Gombell, Billy Bevan, Francis Ford, J. Farrell Macdonald, Paul Hurst, Holmes Herbert, Edwin Maxwell, Miles Mander, Douglas Scott, Jane Jones, J. P. McGowan, De Witt Jennings, Dorothy Christy, Charles Middleton. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti, and Gladys Lehman from a story by William Faulkner based on a novel by George S. King. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 92 minutes.

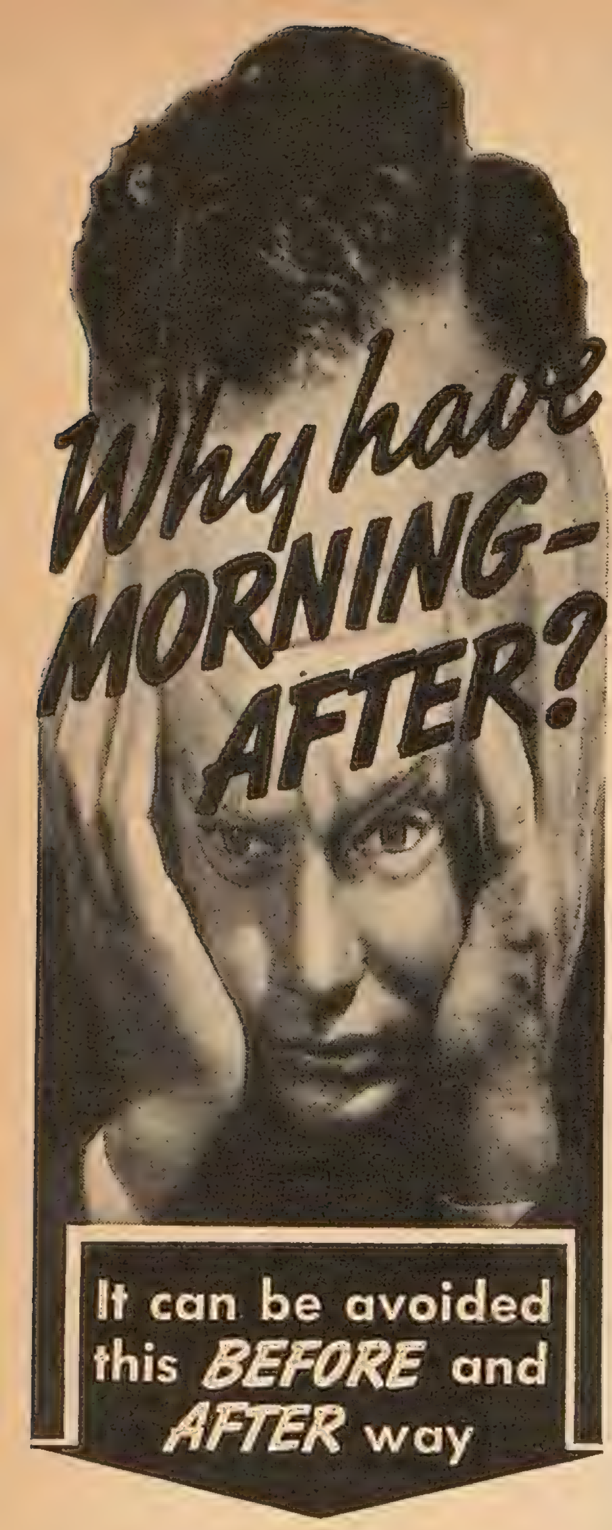
SEA melodrama that deals with a colorful and dangerous business—the running of Negro slaves from Africa to America. The time is 1850, just at the end of the bloody business, outlawed by courts and public opinion. The background is the Wanderer, last bark to ride the seas as a blackbirder.

Jim Lovett, the skipper and owner of the Wanderer, falls in love with a Virginia belle and wins her. He decides to go straight, to drop his near-piratical traffic and become a legitimate trader; but, when he takes his bride aboard, he reckons without his calloused, bloodthirsty crew. They seize the ship and start for Africa for another rich and profitable human cargo. The reformed Lovett and his bride are prisoners above the sweating black cargo.

All this sounds like an exciting melodrama, but, for all the names in the cast, it strangely fails to achieve reality or force. There is no solid vitality to the yarn or the participants.

Warner Baxter is the softened pirate-blackbirder; Elizabeth Allan is the girl who wins his heart. Wallace Beery, as a scoundrelly chief mate, almost steals the picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: All Africans in this were recruited from Central Avenue, Los Angeles' Hahlem. Could only work at studio on Thursday, their day off from such mundane duties as buttling, cooking, or dustin'. Included among them are the servants of Warner, Sheekman, March, Selznik, Wanger, Lombard, Baxter, and other fame-named folk. . . . Studio marine expert Christensen built a 180-foot barkentine full-sized, perfectly rigged, an eight-foot pond of water lapping its sides. Directly under ship, and kept dry by a concrete wall, were eighteen hydraulic jacks and rollers—to make ship pitch, roll, list, toss, jerk, and crunch. Studio ship cost $27,000, price of two real barkentines floating at Wilmington, Calfornia, harbor; but studio built 'em as protection against storms, strikes,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and seasick stars. Three expeditions on real square-riggers off Bermuda, Florida, Catalina netted a few background shots; cost about $40,000; were hardly worth it. Salaries of stars and directors came to $240,000, sets came to $100,000, and with trifles like film, props, overhead, prop men, extras, it all came to about $1,200,000—Hollywood peanut money. . . . Elizabeth Allan knits and knits; can make a sweater and a half on most pics, had time for two on Slave Ship. . . . Warner Baxter bought nothing, did nothing to get himself into print; kept up his repute for living the completest, quietest, sanest of Hollywood lives and being the least rebellious of all actors. Did not do that ride and fall you see. . . . Mickey Rooney's growing into deep-basso teens. He is in strict training for fall football at some college yet to be chosen. . . . Fattening up a dash, looking toward retirement not long off, Wallie Old Butch Beery bought a happy hunting ground in Idaho mountains, virgin timber, game, and fish land, where he plans a landing field and a haven in war, peace, and old age. . . . Tay Paddy Garnett just spent $30,000 for gardens around his hilltop Hollywood house—$500 for one olive tree alone.

★ ★ ½ THE GREAT GAMBINI

THE PLAYERS: Akim Tamiroff, John Trent, Marian Marsh, Genevieve Tobin, Reginald Denny, William Demarest, Ed Brophy, Lya Lys, Alan Birmingham, Roland Drew, Ralph Peters. Screen play by Frederic Jackson, Frank Partos, and Howard Irving Young from a story by Mr. Jackson. Directed by Charles Vidor. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 70 minutes.

AN odd murder mystery, in which a mind reader and ventriloquist plays the central role. The Great Gambini indirectly predicts the killing during his night-club performance, and he joins forces with the police in solving the mystery.

The young and handsome victim was about to marry the pretty heroine, and everybody falls under suspicion. The usual clumsy detectives muddle around hopelessly. You will have to see the film yourself to find out the real culprit.

Akim Tamiroff, remembered for his fatalistic general in The General Died at Dawn, plays the Great Gambini with suavity and considerable picturesqueness. The rest of the cast moves through the usual maze of suspicion without particular distinction, but you will be amused by Ed Brophy as a dumb and baffled detective confused by Gambini's second-sight deductions.

VITAL STATISTICS: Akim Tamiroff is of Baku, Rashia, married and explosive. Was runner-up for last year's Academy acting whooziz for his Generaldying at Dawn, his longest part up to that time. . . . Eight months ago John Trent was Laverne Browne, TWA pilot, completely unactorish, completely lacking ambition to be so. Discovered in mid-air by Schulberg, planing cross country, he was tossed smack into John Meade's Woman; played a humble chauffeur in that; got the lead in A Doc's Diary; will receive star billing in his next. . . . One of the screen's wealthiest gals, Jenny Tobin has never been married, has held on to most of her money because of frugality, wise investments, and shrewdness. . . . Marian Marsh used to be Marilyn Morgan, but was born Violet Krauth in Trinidad, West Indies. She's the Babe Didrikson of the screen: can ride, swim, hunt, bowl, ski, skate, dive, boat, soft-ball. . . . Roland Drew used to be Walter Goss, boy friend to Gloria Swanson. . . . Alan Birmingham had a dash of a silent screen career; has been writing plays since; is back for pocket money (millions).

★ ★ AFRICAN HOLIDAY

Photographed in Africa by Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Pearson. Edited by Hal Hall. Running time, 60 minutes.

HARRY PEARSON, Los Angeles insurance expert, quit business in 1931 and decided to enjoy life. Several years ago, with Mrs. Pearson and an 18-mm. movie camera, he went touring in Africa. That trip interested him so much that he went back last year with a regular 35-mm. film outfit and Mrs. Pearson, now a crack shot with a rifle and herself something of a Mrs. Martin Johnson. The expedition cost $25,000.

These pictures, photographed by Mr. Pearson, who never had handled a standard-sized movie camera before, carefully edited and sounded, with the tang of authenticity, are the result. You see lions, giraffes, wild dogs, and hippopotamuses relaxing in the noonday sun; you get a close-up (a little too close for your Beverly Hills) of a Mariari snake dance, with leaping, frenzied natives apparently immune to cobra poison; you drop in to call on pygmies and the giant Latukas of the Dark Continent. Some of the sights, such as natives drinking blood from a dying sacrificed bullock, will wrench a sensitive stomach attuned to nauseating civilized sights.

Anyway, the whole thing is a temporary escape from pavements and problems.

VITAL STATISTICS: Harry C. Pearson plugged away earnestly at the insurance business for years, saving against the day he could retire and take the Little Woman Pearson on an African Holiday. Meanwhile the Pearsons brushed up on their skeet shooting, Ubangi and lion lore, made innumerable safaris through the Canadian wilds, and studied African habits via their colored servants. Retired finally by the depression, Pearsons made one African trip, got experience and the candid-camera bug, returned to the United States. Then in 1935 they left on this expedition, all self-financed (unusual for explorers), well equipped with a 35-mm. movie outfit, a camera crew, lots of glass beads, old plug hats, quinine, rhino lassos, and the desire to be another Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. . . . They flew from London to Nairobi, Kenya Colony capital, in seven days; marveled at a perfect traffic system that cleared the way for wild zebra stampeding through town; played golf on courses where lions lurked along the distant holes and caddies toted elephant guns in their golf bags. . . . Were joined in Nairobi by specially built giant trucks containing a miniature film laboratory, iceboxes, etc. Did not make an inch of their safari of 11,000 miles on foot, carrying even their colored boys on the trucks. . . . Being quite the shot, Mrs. Pearson really knocked off that eight-ton elephant with one bullet smack through the brain—it was not done by a Hollywood expert offscene. Aside from this natural touch of exhibitionism, the Pearsons did very little killing for killing's sake. . . . That locust plague you see was sheerly hunters' luck. It turned up right in the Pearson path, laid waste a gigantic mess of papyrus reed. . . . Pearsons will do India next with a color camera.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion.

★★★½—Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937.

★★★—Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song.

The KING who MIGHT HAVE BEEN

By DOROTHY SHERRILL

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THIS is the story of a man who might have been King of England if it hadn't been for a woman.

No man had ever been more greatly loved. Ever since his birth he had been the Prince Charming of the world. But for years now he had not set foot on British soil. The English ministers had forbidden his return.

The woman wasn't well-born. In fact, she was a commoner with no title or wealth. The only thing she had was charm, and she had always treated him as if she were his equal. That is why he had fallen in love with her.

The first few years of living in foreign exile had been fun. Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France—he visited them all. But mainly France.

He lived first in magnificent castles of friends and well-wishers. His story was on every one's lips. Servant girls and great ladies of three continents went to sleep to dream of him.

But eventually he wore out his welcome in castles of friends. Even the warmth of well-wishers cooled as his kingly qualities paled and his playboy habits became increasingly apparent. Besides, King George, who sat on the throne of England, frowned whenever he heard that foreign countries were paying what he considered undue honor and attention to this royal wanderer.

And no longer did women of three continents dream very often of him. For they were a trifle weary of his publicized devotion to one woman.

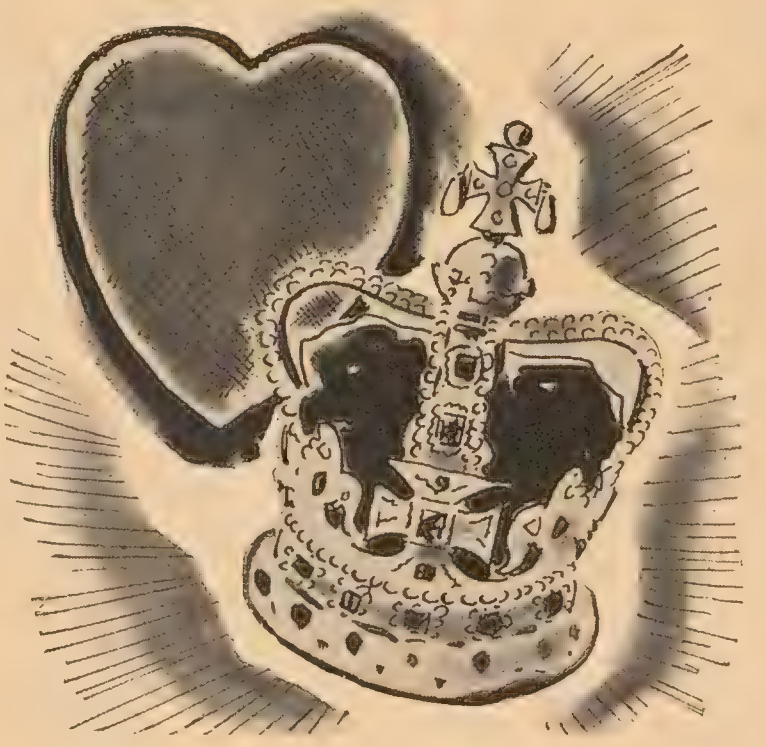
The royal exile, however, didn't mind too much at first. His companion was gay. She amused him. They flitted about, like two butterflies, from parties to gambling casinos, to hunt clubs, to race meets. And they were happy enough—for a few years.

But the woman didn't have it in her to hold him forever. And he had it in him to remember what might have been. A throne is a weighty thing to forget!

Therefore they began to get terribly on each other's nerves. They taunted each other with their pasts. He was ashamed of her because she wasn't as fine as some of the duchesses at whose homes he was still welcome. She was ashamed of him because he seemed willing to drift about and do nothing to regain the throne that was his by right of birth. They quarreled continuously.

Finally, on a particular morning in a villa on the outskirts of Paris, matters came to a climax. He told her he was through. He was bored to death. He could stand no more of this kind of life!

"Then why aren't you man enough to go back to England and seize what's yours?" she taunted him.



"Taking you with me, I suppose! What relief would that be?"

Her eyes blazed. "You needn't bother about me!" she cried. "I'm leaving you now! If you think taking care of a drunken no-good for years has been fun, you're crazy! I'm as bored as you are! I'll pack my things at once and you'll never see me again!"

As soon as she had stormed out of the room, he leaped to his feet. Free! Free at last! He felt like a new man!

And then a knock came at the outer door.

His servant ushered in a delegation—of lords and ministers from England! Weighty gentlemen who had been his secret friends for years.

"Your Majesty," the spokesman said, bending his knee, "we come beseeching you to return to the throne of your fathers."

A second minister stepped swiftly forward. He bore a parchment scroll.

"We have here, sire, a petition from thousands of your loyal subjects."

A third minister bowed low.

"Subjects who have always looked upon you as their rightful king, even though George now sits on your throne!"

The man whose life—up till a moment ago—had been so empty drew himself up, filled with refreshed pride and hope. He suddenly looked, in spite of his years of dissipation, every inch a king.

"Gentlemen, I have been waiting for this for a long time! I will come back," he said.

Tears of joy filled their eyes. They kissed his hand. It was a touching and impressive scene.

Then the spokesman cleared his throat.

"There is, of course, Your Majesty, one condition on which we are all agreed—the woman may not come with you!"

The king's brow darkened. Lightning flashed from his imperious eyes.

"Condition!" he shouted. "You *dare* impose conditions on *me*, your lord by the grace of God!"

He strode across the room, threw open a door. "My sweet!" he called.

The woman came and stood on the threshold—not so young as she once had been, nor so attractive. Yet with a light suddenly radiant in her eyes.

He took her hand and turned to the aghast delegation.

"Gentlemen, this is the woman of my choice! Where I go, she goes! That is final!"

The loyal old men, trembling with bitter disappointment, saw their long-cherished hopes dashed to dust. There was only one thing that they could say.

"We are brokenhearted, sire! But England will never accept her! We must go back without you!"

"Go, then! And George can keep the throne! But always remember this—I am your rightful king wherever I am, and I'll not be dictated to about the woman I love!"

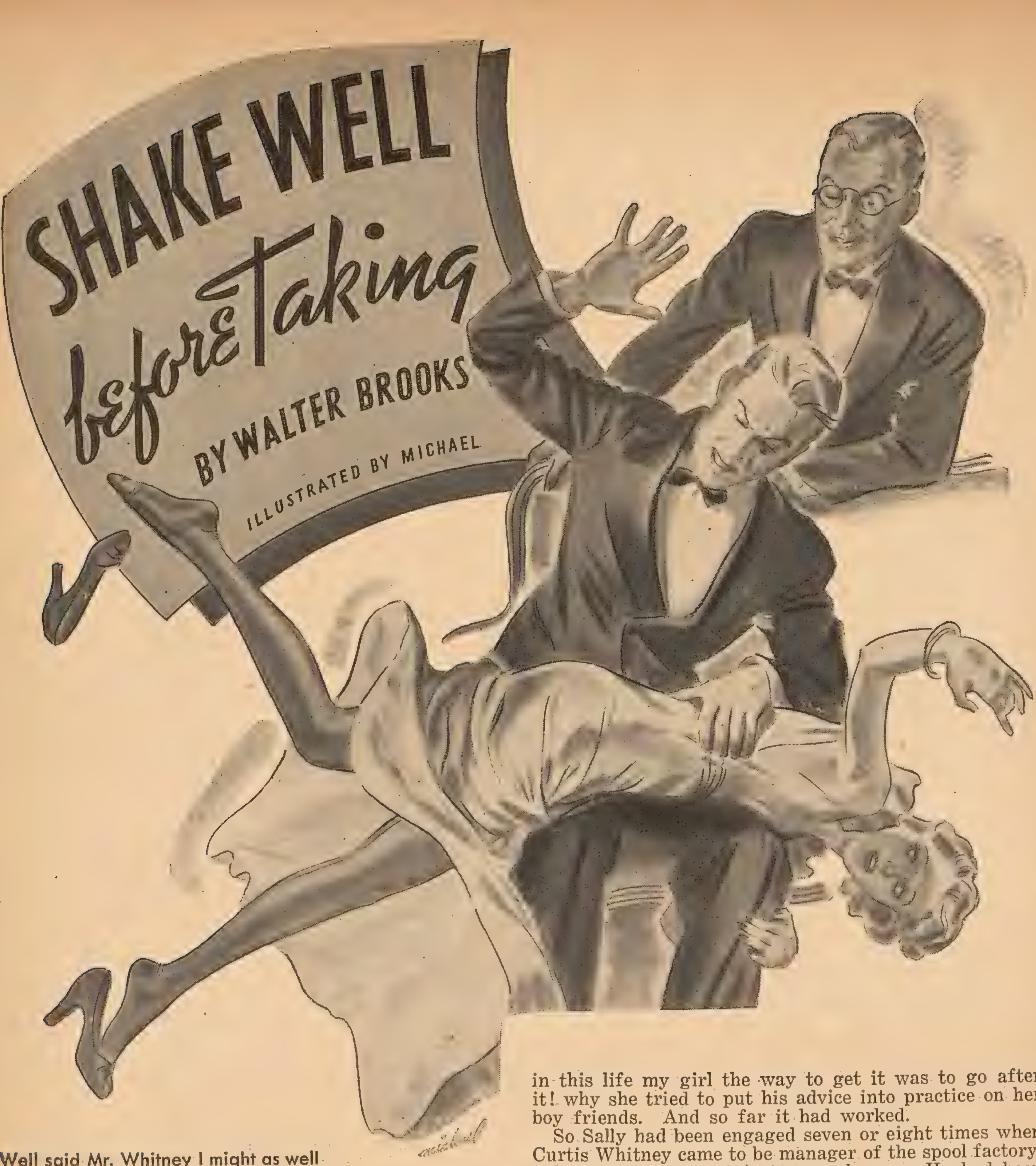
Thus spoke Charles Edward Stuart, Bonnie Prince Charlie, about Clementina Walkinshaw in Paris, in the year 1764, while George III reigned in England.

THE END

SHAKE WELL before Taking

BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL



Well said Mr. Whitney I might as well start. He took Sally across his knee.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THERE was a girl named Sally Vane who lived in one of those towns with a classical name up in New York State and she was a dead ringer for Norma Shearer except she was blonde and had a snub nose. Her father was rich. His name was Newton P. Vane and he owned a spool factory. She was proud of her father and her father was afraid of her so they got on all right. Her mother was Mrs. Newton P. Vane.

Well Mr. Vane was not the ruthless type except in the home where he talked very stern and rugged and was a sort of sheep in wolf's clothing. But he imposed on the family and when he told Sally that force must be met by force or roared that if you wanted something in this life my girl the way to get it was to go after it! why she tried to put his advice into practice on her boy friends. And so far it had worked.

So Sally had been engaged seven or eight times when Curtis Whitney came to be manager of the spool factory. Mr. Whitney was not just a spool man. He had been four years with a brokerage firm in New York and so he knew all about art and literature and foreign affairs and Sally thought he was swell.

Mr. Whitney thought Sally was fairly swell too except that she was kind of a manager. And he seemed perfectly willing to play around with her and even to embrace her at times with considerable vim but that was as far as it went. So one night when they had come home late from a party and were sitting in her car in the garage she said Look Curt will you marry me? Eh? said Mr. Whitney. Why no I guess not. But I mean it Curt said Sally and I'm not going to go along like this for you attend all the rallies but you won't join the party and I don't like it and anyway I want to marry you. It would be fun admitted Mr. Whitney but once you join a party you have to vote along party lines and to tell you the truth I was never much of a party man. Well said Sally anyway we'll announce the engagement tomorrow. But Mr. Whitney said No.

Well then Sally got mad and she said You look here Curtis Whitney I am going to put that announcement in the paper tomorrow and what do you think of that? I think you're silly said Mr. Whitney for I shall deny it and there will be a big streamer across the society page—Spool Queen Jilted and—

You wouldn't dare! said Sally and Mr. Whitney said I'd dare more than that to avoid marrying a domineering woman.

So then Sally thought she'd better shift attention to a different facet of her nature and she snuggled up to him and said in a small voice Darling what's the matter with me? Why don't you want to marry me? Because—said Mr. Whitney slowly and he hesitated and then he said Well the fact is I already have a wife.

Heck! said Sally drawing away from him. You may well say Heck said Mr. Whitney for unfortunately I am afraid that—er—Dorcas would never consent to a divorce. I'm not interested in whether she would or not said Sally getting out of the car. You ought to be ashamed of yourself coming here and making love to me —Just a correction said Mr. Whitney I didn't make love to you—you made it to me. Well it got made just the same didn't it? said Sally angrily. And all the time with a wife you've deserted somewhere some poor little shop-girl I suppose—O no said Mr. Whitney quite a good family and a Vassar graduate. Indeed we were married while she was still in college. Well I wish you'd go home said Sally I never want to see you again. I didn't think you would said Mr. Whitney. Well good night. And he went home.

Now of course you know as well as I do that Mr. Whitney didn't have a wife and that the name Dorcas had been one of those touches that amateur liars often use. He wanted to marry Sally all right and not just because of the spool factory either but there was one thing about her he didn't like and that was the way she ran people. And he thought In a few days I will go to her and tell her I haven't got a wife and why I said I did and that will be a good sharp lesson for her and she won't try managing me again.

NOW Sally didn't suspect his story was a lie for she was incapable of believing that any one in his right mind would refuse to marry her and she was pretty upset about it. But she was curious too and so next day she called up Betty Winsted who had been to Vassar and asked her if she would look in her Vassar catalogue for anybody named Dorcas. Betty said No but she'd send the catalogue over. But when Sally got it she saw that it was only indexed by last names so she sent it down to her father's secretary Miss Garlick and asked her to do it. And in a couple hours Miss Garlick called up and said the only Dorcas she could find was Dorcas Petty who now lived in Nazareth Mills. And she said I called up my aunt over there and she says Miss Petty has an antique shop just outside the village on Route 20.

Well next evening Mr. Vane was in his study where he went when he wanted to think about spools. He was whittling at a piece of wood with a dull jackknife because he was trying to invent a flat spool which would use 20 per cent less wood than the round kind. He had been doing this for years but he never got anywhere partly because the knife was too dull to cut where you wanted it to. So he usually cut his finger and had to stop and if he didn't the piece of wood got so small before he got it the shape he wanted it that you couldn't tell what it was anyway.

For men! — A story of a girl who needed taming, and got it

Well he was working away with his tongue sticking out when Sally came in and said Can I come in papa? Sure said Mr. Vane. What can I do for my little girl? O papa said Sally I have just found out the most awful thing about Curt for he has a wife and she is a Miss Dorcas Petty who has an antique shop in Nazareth Mills. What! shouted Mr. Vane cutting himself. Ouch dammit give me some plaster there in that drawer. Now what is all this? And she told him again and he began to shout.

So! he said That scoundrel has been trifling with my little daughter's affections has he? Where is the villain? where is he I say? I guess he's home papa said Sally if you want to call him up. I'll tell that young man a thing or two shouted Mr. Vane. I'll show him that he cannot smirch the name of Vane. Why in my young days if a man did that—I know said Sally they horsewhipped him but you haven't got a horsewhip but I hope you'll fire him. Because she said—well I think you ought to.

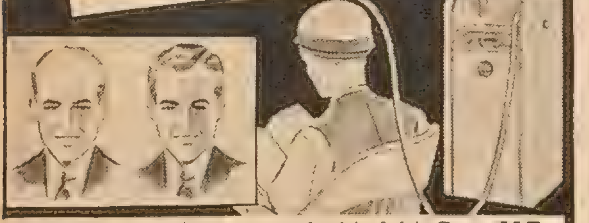
It's not for you to tell me what I ought to do said Mr. Vane. This is a private affair and has nothing to do with business. Why the young blackguard—Yes but papa said Sally if you don't fire him he'll think you don't care and anyway—You leave the conduct of my business affairs to me said Mr. Vane. I shall speak to that young man at my own time and in my own way—yes I shall certainly speak to him make no mistake about that my girl! And he went on roaring until Mrs. Vane who was in the kitchen arranging for tomorrow's dinner with the cook said Dear me Mr. Vane must be upset about something. And the cook said Yes ma'am.

WELL of course Mr. Vane did not say anything to Mr. Whitney the next day and when Sally asked him in the evening if he had he swelled up and said I have not—no. For he said I wish to wait until I am calm until I can control my temper. If I were to see him now I could not trust myself not to— You saw him today at the office didn't you? said Sally and I haven't heard anything about your striking him dead. That is different said Mr. Vane for as I have told you time and again I have always made it a rule never to let my private feelings influence the conduct of my business.

Well this kind of thing went on for several days and in the meantime Mr. Whitney was calling up every few hours but Sally wouldn't speak to him and he was getting worried. Because his lie wasn't being very useful. But at last on the third day he cornered her in her driveway as she was coming out and he jumped on the running-board and said Listen Sally you have got to listen. I haven't any wife I just made that up to keep you quiet. To keep me quiet! exclaimed Sally trying to brush him off against the gatepost and Mr. Whitney squeezed in closer and said Well I thought it would keep you quiet but I guess I should have used a club. For he said you go on and on when you want something and you think you can get anything by yelling about it long enough and you thought you could make me marry you whenever you wanted. Oh it's the principle of the thing is it? said Sally. That's it said Mr. Whitney for I am not going to spend the rest of my life under a dictator. O said Sally and so you made up the wife? Yes said Mr. Whitney but now I am telling you there isn't any such person and so it's silly for us not to go on and have a good time together. Is it? said Sally. Well what does that make Dorcas Petty?

They were downtown by now and Sally stopped the car right in front of Hazen & Webb's and got out. What does that make what? said Mr. Whitney. Dorcas Petty said Sally. That surprises you doesn't it? Somewhat said Mr. Whitney since I never heard of it before. What is it a breakfast food? One you got sick of evidently said Sally. O I know all about her and where she lives and everything. I suppose you won't deny that she's your wife? And she started to go past him into Hazen & Webb's but he grabbed her and they had a scuffle and a crowd gathered and a man named Todd Wetherbee pulled Mr. Whitney away from her and hit him in the eye.

Well then Sally beat Mr. Wetherbee over the head with her handbag and he backed away and went home and that night he gave his wife a good licking. But Sally got Mr. Whitney into the car and drove him back to her house and they sat in the garage and she moaned over him while his eye swelled. And she said O Curt what a terrible mess we are in aren't we? But I keep telling you said Mr. Whitney that I haven't got any wife! Darling she said it is too late please don't try to deceive me now for suppose I believed you and we got



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married. She would get you for bigamy and you'd have to go to jail.

Well said Mr. Whitney I haven't said anything about marrying you have I? But let's get this straight. And he made her tell him about how she had Miss Garlick look Dorcas up. And here is the catalogue she said and you can look it up for yourself for I put it in the car to take back to Betty. So Mr. Whitney looked in the book and then he gave a loud laugh. Well I guess that settles it he said. Did you look up this reference yourself? Why no said Sally but Miss Gar— Never mind Miss Garlick said Mr. Whitney. Look here. And he opened the book again. Dorcas Petty he said is well over sixty for she graduated in the class of 1898.

Well Sally just stared at him for a minute and then she threw her arms around him and said Listen Curt shall we get married right away? Heck said Mr. Whitney I've just explained to you why I told you that lie and if we do get married it's going to be when I say so and not when you do. O yes? said Sally. Well I know what's the matter—you don't *dare* marry me that's what's the matter. Because she said I believe you *are* married to that Petty woman for even if she is old you could have married her for her money or something. You idiot said Mr. Whitney I said we were married when she was in college didn't I? and how could we have done that? Why I wasn't born yet.

Maybe you said it was when *you* were in college said Sally but anyway the only way you can prove it is to marry me right away because you wouldn't dare if you really had another wife. And if you won't she said I shall know you are married and I shall go see Miss Petty and I shall tell everybody all about it and it wouldn't be very nice for you. I see said Mr. Whitney blackmail. Maybe said Sally. Will you marry me right away Curt? And Mr. Whitney looked sort of hunted and then he wilted and said O hell yes whenever you say.

SO Sally took him in to see Mr. Vane and said Papa I think you have something to say to Curt. Eh? said Mr. Vane looking up from his whittling and cutting himself. O dammit the plaster daughter the plaster. And when his finger was fixed Sally said Didn't you have something to say to Curt? I? said Mr. Vane. Dear me no you young people must settle your little differences yourself. Ah said Sally I thought so. Well we have settled them and we are going to be married.

Well but said Mr. Vane looking puzzled wasn't there a—er— A wife? said Sally. Well something of the kind said Mr. Vane. That's all settled too said Sally. Then said Mr. Vane getting up there is nothing for me to do but congratulate you. And he held out his hand to Mr. Whitney and made a little speech full of Cupid's darts and roses and at the end he said I have always tried to do my best for her as she will tell you. There may be some things I have left undone. But I hope that you will try to make up for my omissions.

Well Mr. Whitney had been thinking and he brightened at that and said You really mean that sir? I do indeed said Mr. Vane. Well said Mr. Whitney there is one omission that has simply screamed to be made up for for years. And I might as well start at once. And he took Sally across his knee and gave her a sound spanking. And he didn't pull his spanks either.

Sally screamed and struggled and out in the kitchen where she was planning tomorrow's dinner Mrs. Vane lifted her head and said Dear me is that young man beating my daughter? It sounds like it ma'am said the cook cheerfully. Dear me said Mrs. Vane again and she crossed out hamburg steak and put down roast turkey and she and the cook shook hands.

But Mr. Whitney went on spanking Sally for some time after she had stopped screaming and had begun to sob for he felt that there were a lot of arrears to be made up. And Mr. Vane looked on with mingled emotions. And when Mr. Whitney finished he put Sally in a chair and said There sir I think that is enough for the present. Er—possibly said Mr. Vane that is—quite so. You big brute sniffled Sally I won't forget this! That's fine said Mr. Whitney I should have thought of it sooner. And I wouldn't marry you now if you begged me on your knees Sally went on. Why should I? said Mr. Whitney. It was your idea not mine. On the other hand he said now that I know how to manage you the idea appeals to me more than it did so I suggest that we get married some day next month. He hesitated a moment and then said pleasantly Or would you prefer another whaling? And he got up and stood over her.

Well Sally looked at the door but it was on the other side of the room and then she looked at her father but he had gone back to his whittling and then she looked up at Mr. Whitney and at sight of the pleasant anticipatory gleam in his eye she said quickly Yes Curt whatever you say. That's very sensible of you said Mr. Whitney.

So they were married and lived about as happily as you could expect. And once a year on the anniversary of their engagement Mrs. Vane has roast turkey for dinner.

THE END

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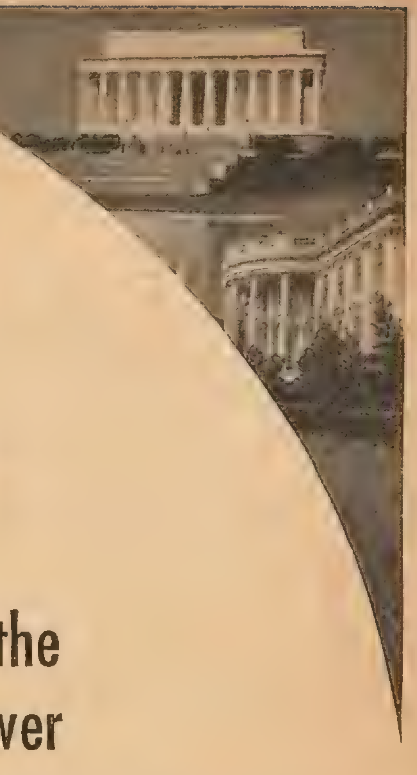
IF CHRIST CAME TO *Washington*



Would He approve of relief, boondoggling, the present High Court? Here's a surprising answer

BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps"

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WOULD the President have asked Jesus' advice about the Supreme Court?

And if so, what would Jesus have said? These and many other questions of interest to every American come to mind as we try to imagine Jesus of Nazareth in the capital of this our Christian nation.

Jesus Himself was a young man. Even at the end of His mission, He was scarcely half the age of many of the justices now on the Supreme Court bench. On the other hand, Jesus always showed great respect for the old, especially when it came to deciding matters of weighty import. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." There is every reason to believe that He agreed with St. Paul that "strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age."

Perhaps, because of His respect for constituted authority, He would be inclined to stand against Mr. Roosevelt and with the "nine old men" in the recent unfortunate controversy. "The law is good, if a man use it lawfully." Still, no one suffered more than Jesus from the unwillingness of those in authority to depart from preconceived ideas.

One thing is certain: He would have rejoiced in a speedy settlement of this battle between two great branches of the government. We can almost hear Him saying to Mr. Roosevelt: "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand."

There is little doubt that the President and his guest would also discuss the great projects of relief in which the government is engaged.

Here Jesus would find a large-scale realization of His own promise: "Ask, and it shall be given you." But it would doubtless distress Him to know that in some instances the government's generosity—or, rather, the people's generosity—was being abused; that in many of these much needed relief projects "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

I think that Jesus would have more sympathy with the "boondogglers" than some of our political critics have shown. He preached that "man shall not live by bread alone," and I feel that He would rejoice that some of the taxpayers' money was being spent to develop the minds as well as fill the stomachs of the unemployed.

It is probable, however, that He would take counsel with the President to find a considerate way in which to bring this emergency spending to an early end. Jesus was never one to rob Peter and pay Paul. He taught His disciples that "every man shall bear his own burden." Moreover, the spectacle of ever-mounting indebtedness might offend His sense of thrift and forehandedness. "Which of you," He said, "intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

One problem that I think Jesus would wish to help the President to solve is the ever-present lobbying problem. In His infinite wisdom, He would know that the people's will was too often balked by men who, like Jeshurun of old, "waxed fat, and kicked." He might even advise the President to put into force in the District of Columbia a limited form of prohibition which had for its object the abolition of so-called cocktail parties given by paid lobbyists to influence the votes of the people's representatives. He might even advocate barring these public enemies at the outer gates of the city.

It would be understandable, too, if Jesus' righteous ire were roused first and chiefly against the munitions lobbyist. And I cannot see Him missing the chance to urge Mr. Roosevelt to suggest to Congress legislation which would give the people—and only the people—the right to vote on whether or not this country should enter into war. He would, perhaps, go so far as to outline to the President a divine plan for creating and fostering such a feeling of friendship with all the world that there would not be any possibility of attack on the United States.

And after this first meeting, would the President ask Jesus to dinner at the White House, and invite the other chief officials of the government to meet Him? And if so, what would the talk be around the table?

Not of serious things wholly, we may be quite sure.

I have never been able to picture Jesus as a solemn, long-faced man always talking about death, judgment, and eternity. If it is true that Jesus had a saving grace of humor, it would be in keeping with His gracious personality and an added explanation of His universal appeal. For the lack of humor on the part of many human beings who have held high and responsible positions in the world has been a devastating factor in many world crises.

That Jesus would leave the White House with a feeling of admiration for His distinguished host's humanitarian instincts and his boundless enthusiasm, there can be no doubt. Jesus was Himself a humanitarian and an enthusiast. In His desire to be of service to mankind, He went so far that even His friends said of Him:

"He is beside Himself."

It is conceivable, too, that in parting Jesus might say a word of warning—as from one humanitarian to another—which would not come amiss to any ruler of a great nation in these days of dictatorship and rumors of dictatorship. Perhaps that word would take the form of a friendly reminder that it is not for man, no matter how fine and well intentioned he may be, to be both "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end."

When Jesus was on earth the first time, He was forever going up into high places and viewing the prospect which lay spread out before His eyes. If He came to Washington, I like to think that He would gaze first upon the city from the lofty lookout at the top of Washington Monument.

For Jesus loved beauty—and it is only from the top of this man-made spire that the jeweled beauty of the loveliest of modern cities may be fully seen and appreciated.

There is a widespread and, I think, erroneous idea that Jesus did not like cities—in fact, that cities are something definitely inferior in the heavenly scheme of things. There is no Biblical authority for any such feeling. He was born not in the country but in the town of Bethlehem; He lived His youth and early maturity in the town of Nazareth; and, to complete His mission, He went up to Jerusalem, the capital city of His country, to teach the people from the steps of the Temple.

There is every reason to believe that Jesus loved Jerusalem. There is every reason to believe that He would love Washington—especially if He saw it first in His own Easter season, when the cherry trees were transforming the shores of the Potomac into a flowered paradise, and the little children whom He loved were rolling eggs on the White House lawn.

But I do not find myself thinking of Jesus as being especially impressed with the fact that Washington is the capital of a great nation. Jesus was not a pronounced nationalist. To be sure, He was a Jew, and He was proud of Jewish achievements; but He never seemed to think of His Father as a Jewish God. When He said, "God so loved the world," He meant *all* the world. When He said, "All ye are brethren," He meant that, too. He seemed to agree with Isaiah that "the nations are as a drop of a bucket."

For this reason, I think that He might turn from the city's many monuments which glorify us as a nation to humbler structures which show us as a force for world good.

I imagine Him looking with especial approval upon the Pan-American Building, in whose Hall of the Americas the peoples of the Western World meet regularly to preserve the peace of a hemisphere; perhaps, too, upon its neighbor, the home of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in whose precincts the only disarmament conference that ever accomplished anything sat down to work; and surely upon its other neighbor, the modestly beautiful structure which houses the Red Cross.

Personally, however, I don't believe that He would waste much time on "just" buildings.

THE older I get, the less respect I have for buildings as such. I still wonder at the skill and genius that put up the cathedrals of Europe; but when I learn that the brotherhood of man was seldom preached in them, and that they had no influence to prevent great wars, I lose my respect for them. The same is true of pagan temples like those that tower over the Acropolis in Athens. I feel like saying with St. Paul, "The most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

So, whatever Christ might do in Washington, I like to feel that He would not pay much attention to the buildings, except perhaps to wonder if something less magnificent and costly would not have been just as appropriate in a republic where human beings by the million are out of work and suffering for lack of even a cheap place of shelter—to say nothing of a place called home.

He would make an exception, perhaps, of the most beautiful building of them all, the White House—not because it is the "President's house," but because it is large enough to be dignified, and small enough not to be ostentatious, and simple enough to embody the finest ideals of a democratic people.

And what of the Capitol? Would Jesus be either awed or charmed by its cold grandeur?

I believe that He would be less impressed by the towering columns of the famous "Bulfinch front" than by the scenes of often dramatic activity inside the mammoth wings at either end, where sit and talk—especially talk—the elected representatives of us, the people.

It would be easy to understand if Jesus found cause for apprehension in the almost continuous flow of words out of the mouths of the members of our national legislative bodies. He might even ask if "they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

And wouldn't we like to be by Jesus' side while He was separating the sheep from the goats in these assembly chambers and in committee rooms filled with "busybodies, speaking things which they ought not" and rendering nothing "secret, that shall not be made manifest"?

To some of those orators who talk on and on while the galleries yawn and the nation suffers, Jesus in His mercy might be willing to attribute "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." But it is to be feared that He would need to wait a long time on some congressional days to hear from our elected representatives "words of truth and wisdom." I can imagine His saying to Himself, after listening to hours and days of futile discussion over some petty question or other:

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

But, of course, Jesus would be urged to play more than a listening role on His visit to the Capitol. Vice-President Garner would undoubtedly invite Him to address both houses of Congress.

WHAT a scene it would be! And what an opportunity! It is inconceivable that Jesus would not seize this moment—with all the world listening in on His words—to preach the gospel of personal righteousness and the need of being born again.

Of course we do not know what Jesus would choose as the subject of His first sermon if He came once more to this earth. But we know what He chose that other time. For it is written:

"Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel."

"Repent ye!"

That might very well be what Jesus of Nazareth would say to the Congress at Washington.

Congress needs preaching to. The wrangling, the ill will, the acrimonious debates, the continual emphasis on material things instead of on the things of the spirit, the daily failure to "seek first the kingdom of God"—all these are matters that call for and would probably receive the righteous condemnation of Jesus.

And what would be the result?

Such an utterance from such a source might lead to a revolution in the behavior of all of us that would begin a new chapter in American history—a chapter of whose wondrous beauty we have never dared to dream.

But the time has come for Jesus to leave Washington and go His way.

He waits until evening to have what, perhaps, will be His final experience in the national capital.

He goes out to Arlington Cemetery and stands before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, as with bared head He prays to His Father for a warless world. And then He looks over toward the Lincoln Memorial—at the figure of the man whom America venerates the most.

Why does this country enshrine Lincoln in its heart?

Because he was honest and human and religious. Because he believed in God and loved his fellow men. Because he was truly "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

And Jesus, standing there under the stars His Father created, thanks Him for the hope in His own heart that a nation which honors such qualities in such a man cannot be lost to a future of honesty and goodness and righteousness.

So the Master and Teacher and Statesman goes His way with everlasting hope and faith that this republic—following the lead of His statesmanship, the best and wisest mankind has ever known—will yet be a light for a better and a happier world!

THE END

Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THERE was a brief, expectant silence between Emerald Annie and me.

Faintly from the cabaret downstairs came a medley of sounds. High-pitched laughter. Clinking glasses. Shuffling feet. The orchestra playing a gliding, erotic Cuban rumba.

Sounds, too, from the street, from Bottle Alley. Presently, slashing across the distance like a grim warning, a ship siren's blast.

"The Toloa," I thought. "Without me—and without Annie." . . .

I glanced at her. She smiled wanly. I looked away from her, out upon the street.

Through the darkness phantom houses stared up at me; painted themselves black and purple on the black and purple shadows of the town. Rooftops spread silver wings in the night and drifted toward the far, sardonic moon.

Then another wailing siren, long drawn out. An incoming ship. And Annie whispered: "The Posadas . . ."

"No doubt. I hope I've not made a fool of myself, Annie—" and I paused.

Once more silence between her and me. A minute passed. Two. Three. So slowly.

"Do you think Grant Bradlaugh will come straight to your place?" I asked.

"Sure. Quit being restless, will you? My God, what do you think this waiting is doing to me?"

The very next second, as in a carefully rehearsed play, steps slurred up the stairs. We heard voices—men's voices.

Annie trembled. I gripped her shoulders hard until she winced.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," I said to her.

"I'll try." . . .

A knock at the door.

"Come in!"

Two men entered. One—tall, lanky, gray-eyed, firm-lipped—was Grant Bradlaugh. I knew him. But I did not know the other. He was big, broad-shouldered, well fleshed; handsome, in a way—or, rather, must have been handsome before the pitiless hand of time and vice had blurred and coarsened his features.

Annie gave a scream the moment he crossed the threshold.

He was Tim Nagle. The man responsible for—well, everything.

His jaw sagged as he saw her.

"I"—he stammered—"I thought . . ."

"I know damned well what you thought!" Emerald Annie had regained her voice. It peaked shrilly, with a note of terrible, blighting irony. "You thought I was dead—didn't you? . . . Thought that heel of yours, that Hymer Schmitt, had given me the works." She laughed hysterically. "But you see, Tim, he wasn't such a bad little heel. Sort of liked me. Took pity on me. I'm still alive and kicking—see?" . . .

"Sure I see." Tim Nagle took another step forward. "Sure I see." . . .

I stood there, watching and listening. I was utterly fascinated.

For it seemed, curiously, as if, just then, these two were alone in the room; as if here, in the space of a few seconds,

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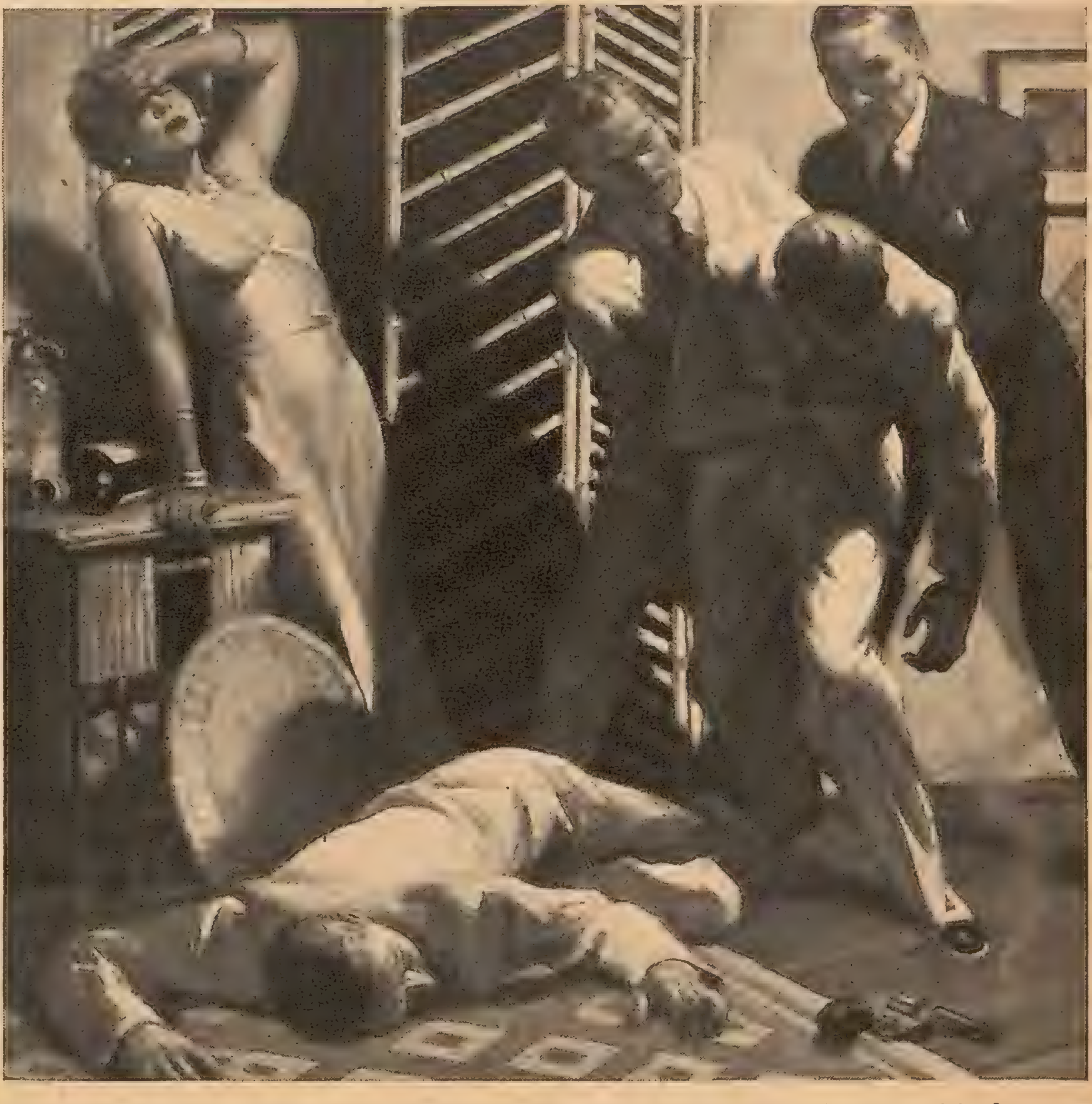


Double murder, I thought—a melodrama of passion. It had been enacted before me.

Trail's end—Sudden drama strikes . . . and so the curtain falls

the memories of a lifetime were tumbling across their brains.

She cried out:

"What have you done with Flossie?"

He did not answer the question. Perhaps he had not heard it.

"I wish to God," he shouted, "Hymer *had* given you the works! You had it comin' to you—cheatin' me with Urdaneta." . . .

Momentarily, Annie's greater grievance—the loss of her child—disappeared in the lesser.

"It's a lie!" she exclaimed.

"The hell it is! Urdaneta proved it." . . .

Suddenly a killing rage rose in her. She threw herself forward. And then—while Grant Bradlaugh, who had stood there motionless, jumped in—Emerald Annie fainted, would have fallen if we had not caught her.

BRADLAUGH carried her to the couch; and, as he was loosening her clothes and fanning her face, he said to me, over his shoulder, as if he had just become aware of my presence: "What are *you* doing here, Hardesty?"

My reply to him was monosyllabic:

"Dope."

"Dope . . ." echoed Bradlaugh.

He frowned. He glanced at Tim Nagle. . . . I saw that Bradlaugh knew something he was going to keep to himself. . . .

Later on I found out how Bradlaugh had persuaded Nagle to accompany him to the Isthmus—although "persuaded" is a polite way of putting it.

For by this time the Department of Justice, back in Washington, had got on the track of the real source of Tim Nagle's great wealth. It had discovered, by the same token, that, from the very beginning of the construction of the Big Ditch, he had made plans for large and regular shipments of narcotics from Far Eastern ports to Panama; to be cached there, with the assistance of crooked business men and politicians, and, whenever the opportunity offered, to be sent on to the States by ship or plane.

Foremost of Tim Nagle's Panama allies was Carlos Urdaneta. The latter—oh, yes! he was a patriot—needed the money to further his grandiose schemes; schemes that looked forward to his country's complete independence, including abrogation of the treaty which had ceded the Isthmus to Uncle Sam. Not that Urdaneta imagined he could do it by purchase; not, indeed, for twice as many millions as the Canal had cost. But it was through money most lavishly spent that he expected to become president, dictator, of the Republic of Panama. And once dictator—why, there was beyond the Pacific a great Mongol power bravely thrilling to the martial call of boundless national imperialistic ambition. He was already in touch with this power's confidential emissaries. Had promised them certain land grants along the Central American coasts of Chiriqui and Darien. Land grants officially, of course, for agricultural development, yet that *might* be used for the establishment of coaling stations—or, perhaps, of submarine bases? . . . And suppose the United States should pronounce a categorical no to these land grants—suppose the Mongol empire should reply with an equally categorical yes—suppose, after an exchange of steadily less diplomatic notes, an "unfortunate incident" should occur, by mistake on purpose—suppose war came? . . .

All this, too, in its many unpleasant international ramifications, I learned later. Not I alone. Indeed, Urdaneta was destined to become famous—or, if you prefer, infamous. But, at the time when Tim Nagle had been brought in for questioning, the Washington authorities had known little about the Panamano, since Nagle had never been made to name his confederates in that part of the world.

And then Grant Bradlaugh, called in because of his thorough knowledge of Panama, had made a suggestion to the Narcotics Bureau chief.

"Harry," he had told him, "let me take Nagle down there and get him together with some people—chiefly one—whom I mistrust. Possibly—by confronting them, dropping a few hints, sowing the seeds of mutual suspicion—I can get him to spill the beans."

"Psychological bilge?"

"That's what *you* would call it."

"All right, old fellow. Help yourself to the mustard—though it's damned irregular." . . .

The commissioner would have considered it even more irregular, could he have guessed that Grant Bradlaugh intended killing two birds with one stone: confronting Tim Nagle not only with Urdaneta but also with Emerald Annie, to startle him into a confession.

And here, now, Annie, who had regained consciousness, was demanding this confession.

. . . . .

"What happened to Flossie, Tim? Where is she? I—I forgive you all the rest you done to me, if you tell me where she is."

"Damned if I know," he replied.

I looked at him. The man—I had an idea—was speaking the truth.

"But—you took her that night. And I—I know who was with you . . . ."

"Urdaneta. I ain't denyin' it. We took her to Boston. Put her in a orphan asylum . . ."

"My kid—in an orphan asylum?"

"Where did you expect me to put her?"

"Not in the White House, smart guy."

Annie's words came in a frothy stream. They grew choked, inarticulate, twisted into mere sounds—guttural, frenetic. But a moment later she suddenly became silent under the touch of Grant Bradlaugh's hand on her shoulder.

He turned to the racketeer.

"Go on, Tim. Tell her what you do know."

The other seemed bored.

"I know mighty little," he said.

He explained that, not many years after the child had been placed in the institution, Urdaneta had returned to the States; had gone to Boston on business; had, obeying an impulse, looked in at the asylum—where he had been informed that somebody had adopted the little girl . . .

"There you are," Tim Nagle wound up. "That's the long and short of it."

"And," demanded Annie, "you mean to tell me you didn't do nothing about it? Didn't as much as try and find out who adopted her—your own child?"

He laughed disagreeably.

"My own child— You two-timed me with Urdaneta. And I guess you two-timed me with half Avenue A."

THEN again Annie's greater grievance disappeared in the lesser. Again she lost her temper. She cursed Tim Nagle, yelled at him. He retaliated in kind; and, through the din, Grant Bradlaugh whispered to me:

"Go to Urdaneta. Get him to come here. Just as quick as you can."

I slipped out of the room; hurried down the stairs.

I passed by the cabaret.

Dancing bodies spinning among the tables. Shouting, swinging noises. Lurching music.

The careless, slapdash comedy of life, I reflected—and, two flights up, the tragedy.

I took the first flivver.

"Step on the gas," I told the Jamaican driver—for there had been anxiety and urgency in Grant Bradlaugh's accents.

Urdaneta was home.

He was surprised.

"I thought," he said, "you were on the high seas? You and Annie . . ."

"Neither she nor I."

He became excited.

"But," he exclaimed, "you have all the evidence. Your government instructed you to deport her immediately.

You told me so yourself—only this afternoon . . ."

"Well—there are complications."

"What sort?"

"You can straighten them out. Will you come with me to Annie's place?"

"Immediately."

Ten minutes later found us at the apartment. Something, very evidently, had occurred there in the meantime.

For both Annie and Tim Nagle were strangely quiet. And later on I heard that during my absence—for shrewd reasons of his own, to sow, as he had said to the Narcotics Bureau commissioner, the seeds of suspicion and discord—Grant Bradlaugh had told the racketeer the story of how, years ago, Carlos Urdaneta had won his fifty-thousand-dollar bet: how he had slipped into Annie's bedroom, had played the flashlight on her sleeping form, had noticed the strawberry-shaped birthmark beneath her right breast . . .

"I get it," had been Tim Nagle's sole comment.

A thin smile, no more than a mask for his emotions, had slashed itself automatically across his bloated features. He was still smiling as Urdaneta came in.

The latter, seeing him, gave a start. The next second he overcame his surprise. He stepped forward.

"When did you get here?"

Tim Nagle did not take the proffered hand. He stared at the other. Then he spat on the floor; said to Grant Bradlaugh:

"You've been wantin' me to spill who're my confederates in the dope traffic—eh? Well—take a good look at that Panamano louse . . ."

He got no farther.

There was, at the same instant, a shot. Two shots, rather, following each other so closely that almost they seemed like one.

URDANETA had fired from the pocket. Tim Nagle immediately had reached for his shoulder holster. He had been drilled through the brain, while his own bullet had struck the Panamano in the chest. . . .

Acrid, sickening smoke. . . .

Silence. . . .

Instinctively I made the sign of the cross.

I was appalled. Double murder, I thought—a melodrama of passion as garish and blatant and utterly impossible as anything Hollywood could offer. And here it was, a fact. It had been enacted before me.

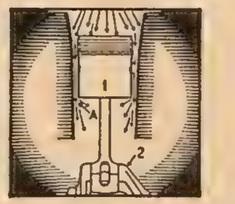
The noises from the cabaret downstairs—the clash and bray of the orchestra, the shuffling dancing feet, the shouts and laughter—must have drowned the reverberations of the shots. For nobody came running to the door, knocking on it, demanding: "What's the matter?"

Nor was there an inquiring, excited little Mimi rushing from her bedroom at the other end of the apartment.

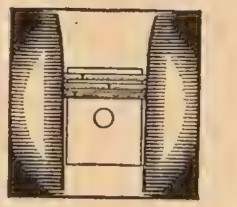
I looked at Annie.

She had fallen back into a corner. She stood there, shaken by convulsive

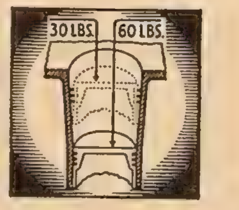
"I'll stop oil and power leaks 50 times a second with this piston ring"



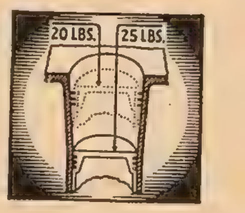
AFTER 20,000 TO 25,000 MILES the cylinders in your engine become worn—larger at the top than at the bottom. (For illustration purposes, the diagram showing the taper is exaggerated.)



AT 60 MILES AN HOUR each piston flashes up and down *50 times a second!* Ordinary piston rings lack the flexibility to change in diameter that fast. Oil escapes. Power is lost.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEAL tapered cylinders, expander piston rings were developed that exerted high pressure in cylinders. But they caused piston drag. Cut power. Paralyzed at high speeds.



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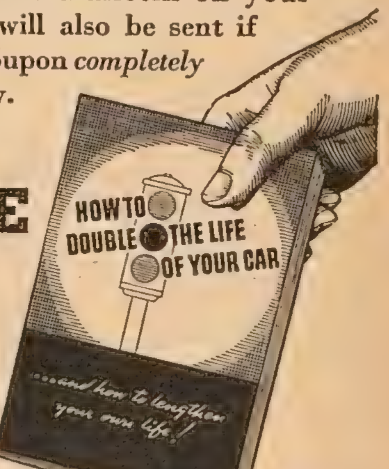
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PULVEX 6 USE DOG SOAP

sobs, pressing a handkerchief against her twisted, trembling mouth.

Then, with Bradlaugh, I crossed over to Tim Nagle. The man was dead.

We approached Urdaneta.

No hope—we realized at once. It was only a matter of minutes.

Bradlaugh did what he could. He tried to stanch the blood that was trickling slowly, dyeing the white linen suit with splotches of rich crimson.

Urdaneta gave a queer little laugh.

"Don't bother," he said. "The end—isn't it?"

I did not reply. But Bradlaugh spoke the truth:

"The end."

"*Caramba!*" sighed Urdaneta. "And I have so many things to do—for Panama . . ."

With a cry of pain, he turned over on one side. He cried out:

"Anita!"

She came up to him.

"Yes, Carlos?"

"Listen . . ."

He mumbled. She could not hear. So she knelt beside him.

"What is it, Carlos?"

"Certain things—I must tell you."

"Please . . ."

"I must—while I can. You see—I loved you. Yes—by the Virgin the Blessed! I have always loved you since I saw you first, back in New York—when you were so young—and so lovely. Ah"—smiling—"you are still lovely, *querida mía.*" His voice feathered out; then he went on, in his most amazingly, romantically Spanish mood, as he lay dying: "Throughout the years the dream of you has been to me a shining star that I watched endlessly . . ."

He was silent.

He closed his eyes; reopened them.

"Yes"—his words came now more strong and clear; and, listening tensely, I knew that the man was speaking the truth as he saw it—"I have always loved you—always! And I have always known — always — that you could never love me! It was the cross I bore. It was"—and once more his laugh, a laugh, this time, of mockery—"the reason why I have tried to hurt and injure you. For love—my dear—is the same as hate . . ."

Again he was silent; continued:

"Yet hate dies—with death."

And then, between spasms, he told her.

I listened.

SOME of it I knew. How, for instance, he had discovered her birthmark; how he had used this knowledge to his own advantage; and how he had helped Tim Nagle, on that night so long ago, to remove Flossie from the house.

More of it I had already guessed. Mainly, that he—or, rather, one of his henchmen—had been the burglar who had gained access to Annie's safe. Not to steal. On the contrary, to put something in: the cleverly forged list of names and dates and addresses which afterward my assistant Michael Darcy had found in the same safe, and which had been the most damnatory piece of evidence against Annie as a principal in the narcotics traffic.

But there was one thing he related which neither Annie nor I had been able to guess or know.

It dealt with Flossie.

Urdaneta—as Tim Nagle had mentioned—had really gone to the Boston orphan asylum, years ago, to inquire after the child . . .

"And I found out . . ."

"What?" cried Annie. "What did you find out?"

He fought for breath.

"Nell Codman," he whispered, "was also in Boston at the time. She had given birth to a baby . . ."

"Yes, yes"—impatiently—"she told me."

"But did she tell you that her baby died a few months later—that she adopted . . ."

"My—my Flossie!" . . .

"Yes." He smiled. "She did not know. But I knew. Yes, and now *you* know." . . .

Again he fought for breath. It came with a gurgling, rattling sound.

"I," he said in thin, far accents—and doubtless, being the man he was, he thrilled to the drama of it—"I may not always have lived like a caballero. But—by the Saints the Blessed!—I die like one." . . .

He sank back. He spoke no more. And I reflected that here, in his last words, was not an artifice of florid banality but the stark truth.

SILENCE dropped.

Annie walked over to Grant Bradlaugh. She looked up at him with tear-running eyes.

"You," she said—"you must forgive me . . ."

"Oh?" . . .

"This—this mess. This scandal. You—you'll be involved in it . . ."

"I guess so. But—well—it'll take the sting out of the other scandal."

"What other scandal?"

"Scandal—according to you. I mean our marriage."

"But . . ."

"Our marriage," he repeated firmly. "Tomorrow, early, we'll go to Jeff Hawks' church and . . ."

"All right, dear," she said quite meekly. She kissed him; turned. "I must speak to my daughter . . ."

She left; went to the other end of the apartment.

The door was ajar.

A minute or two later we heard a faint mumble of voices; and then, distinctly, Annie exclaiming, sharp and clear and just a little angry:

"I don't care if you like the name Flossie or not. Personally, I prefer it to Mimi. Mimi is a lousy name. Sounds pansy to me. And, anyway, my mother was called Flossie—and Flossie you're going to be from now on. And don't you dare talk back to me. I know what I'm doing. I've been around—see?" . . .

And Grant Bradlaugh and I looked at each other and laughed—there in the grim red room of death. . . .

THE END

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE AND

WIN A THOROUGHBRED DOG

THIS IS THE EIGHTH WEEK

ONLY TWO MORE SETS TO SOLVE!

IF you have carried your Dog Contest entry along to this point, do not drop out now. The contest is almost ended. After you have solved the three composites on this page there will be only two more weeks to go. Don't waste all your preceding work by dropping out at this late date. Stay in the game and file your claim to one of the pedigreed pets that Liberty will distribute. As stated in the rules, every effort will be made to award to each winner a dog of the breed specified in his statement of preference, although this cannot be guaranteed. However, every one of the prize dogs is a pedigreed thoroughbred and a pet to make its owner proud indeed. Stay in the game and be sure to watch for the next to the last set of puzzles in next week's Liberty.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.

2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.

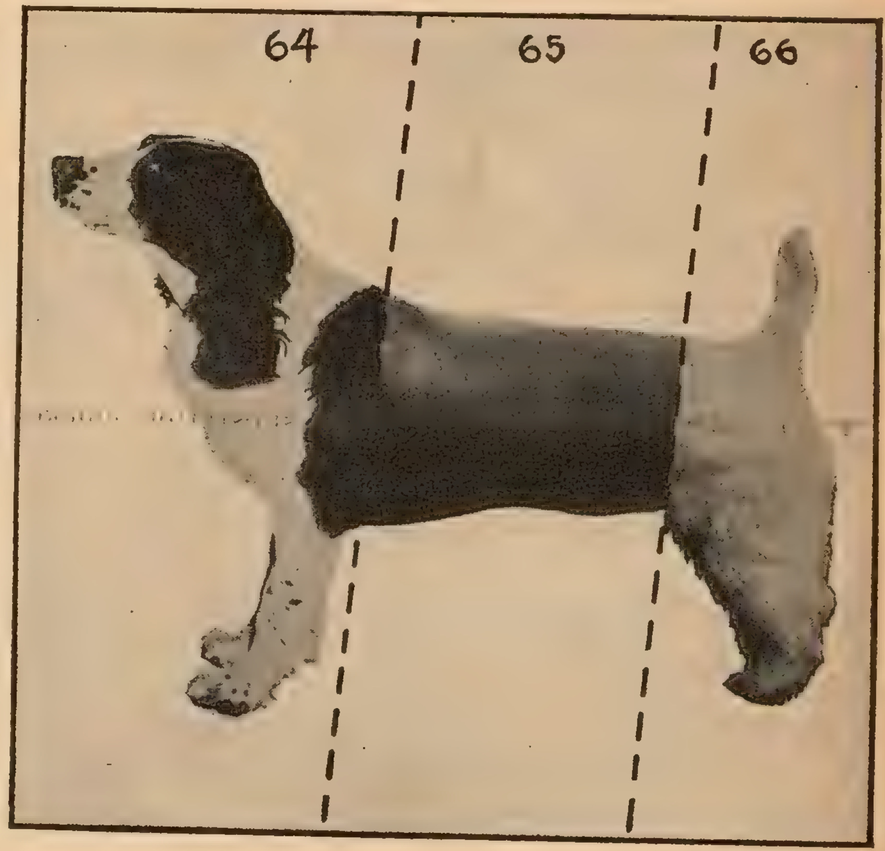
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.

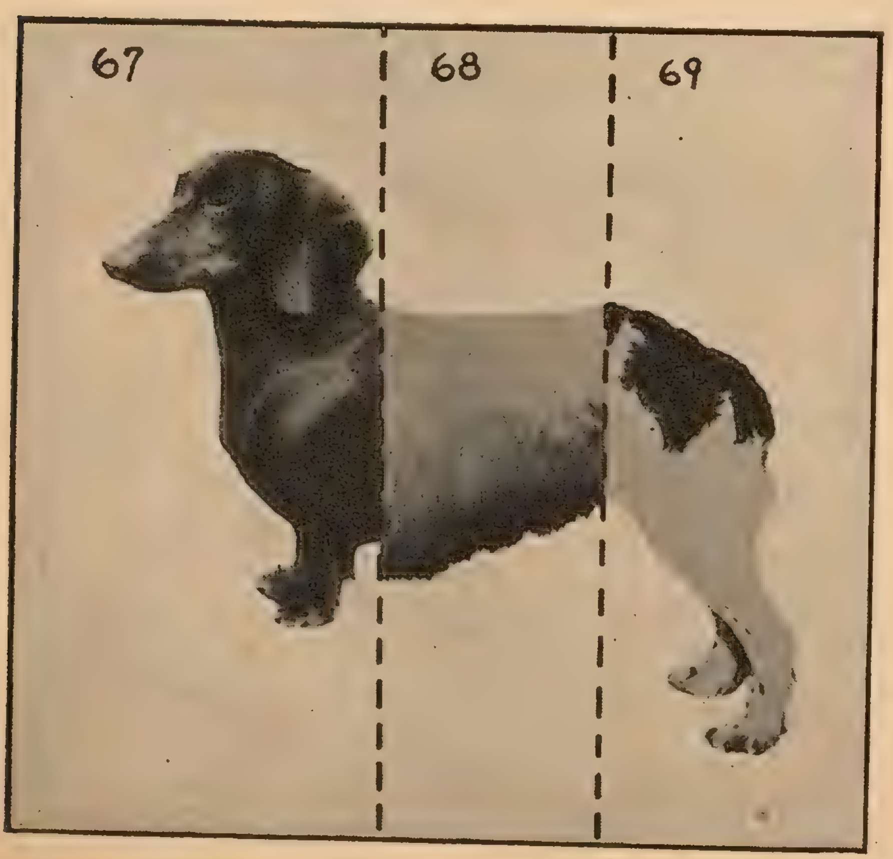
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.

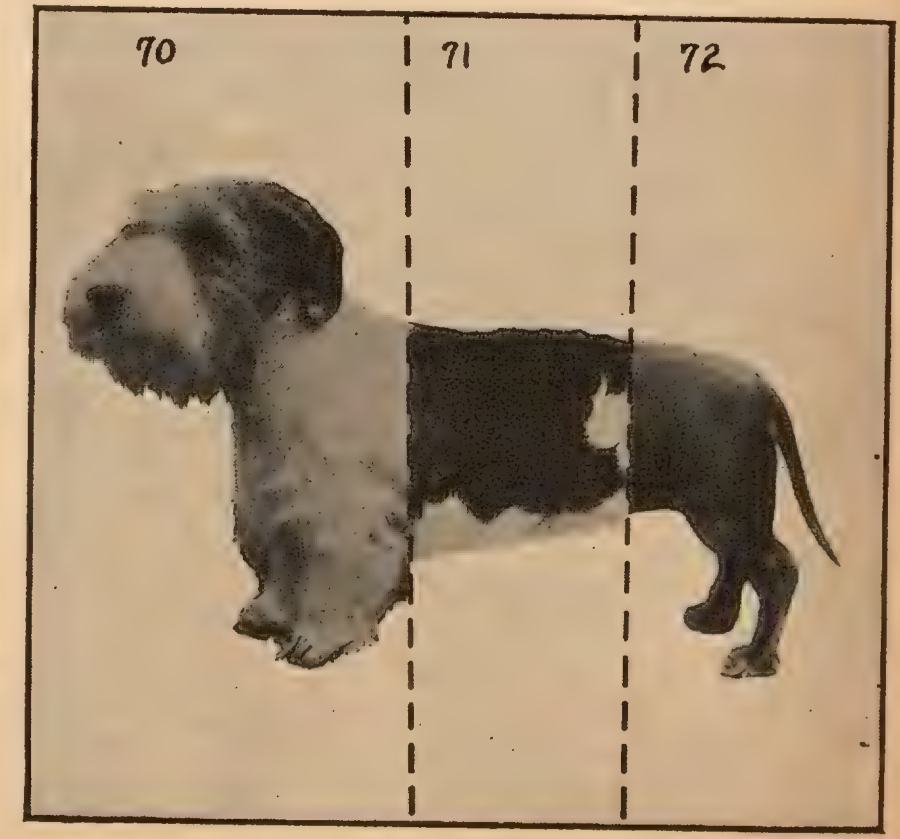
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.

6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.







Vox Pop

Sees the American People Walking into Trap

Los Fresnos, Tex.—I have been a reader of Liberty for several years. The feature of the magazine that most interests me is Mr. Macfadden's page. I have just read his Is Labor Walking into a Trap? (May 22 issue.)

To my way of thinking, not only is labor walking into a trap but the American people are following the Pied Piper into a trap—if they have not already done so.

My purpose in writing at this time is to request Mr. Macfadden to write an editorial explaining, in his clear, concise way, how it is possible for political demagogues, representing a small minority, to rule the vast majority with ruthless abandon. The reason I do this is because I come in contact very frequently with fairly intelligent people who scoff at the idea that it is possible for Roosevelt, or any successor to his office, to convert the government into a Fascist or Communist state without the will of the people.

By way of explanation as to myself: I spent more than twenty-one years as a small country banker in the State of Texas, taking out of this time more than two years to act as a state bank examiner in Texas. I have observed rather closely the trend toward centralized credit control and government the past twenty-five years, and I am now seeing what was planted grow into a mature state, and I am fearful that the blossom, let alone the fruit, is not going to be what so many people now believe.

When Roosevelt closed the banks in 1933, and then reopened them in the manner in which he did, the stage was set for him and Farley and their cohorts to transform the United States into Fascism, Communism, or any other ism to which they set their hand. I do not deny that an emergency existed and the move might not have held such terrible consequences for the future if Roosevelt had followed the platform upon which he was elected. But after he adopted the insane policies that have since been put forward it makes one believe that the plan was a deliberate plan to force Fascism or Communism upon the United States; at any rate, it is doing so very rapidly.

In my humble opinion, *we the people*, under the spell of the Pied Piper Roosevelt radio voice, and the extravagant end-of-the-rainbow promises dictated by Jim Farley, will march merrily along until the trigger is sprung and we realize that we are trapped, and then fly at one another's throats because we know not what we do.

Social security? Old-age pensions? Bank-deposit guaranty? Investment protection, so called? Not one mirage, but a flock of them, leading us away from a land of freedom and plenty to a promised land flowing with milk and honey. I am afraid our trek will end short of forty years, but with considerably less success than that of Moses and the children of Israel.

Although I do not know what the Roosevelt definition of it is, I am glad to sign myself—*An Economic Royalist.*

VIRGINIA PAYS NO ATTENTION TO THESE LAWS

Fredericksburg, Va.—The Princess Kropotkin tells how lucky we are to be in America because England has funny laws making it illegal to buy a loaf of bread after 10 A. M. on Sunday or for a drugstore to sell anything except medicine on Sunday, etc. (June 5 Liberty.)

I do not know whether or not Virginia is still in America, but I know we have funnier laws. It is illegal here to buy a loaf of bread after twelve o'clock Saturday night. Drugstores cannot sell even medicines, legally, but can fill prescriptions. It is illegal to buy a pack of cigarettes or a soft drink, and against the law to sell ice cream, except that you can sell ice cream if you put it on top of a piece of pie and call it à la mode. Candy, meats, carrots, automobiles cannot be sold legally.

It is legal, however, to sell beer and wine all day Sunday in open cafés, and while the state-controlled ABC liquor stores are forbidden to sell any one person more than one gallon of liquor at a time, a person can go in, buy a gallon, come out and put it in a car, go back and buy another gallon, and keep that up until he gets a carload. The only recompense for all this—in Virginia—is that no one pays the least attention to any of these laws.—*John T. Goolrick.*

LIKE A ROOM WITH NO FLOOR

Alta, Calif.—Can you give me one good reason for publishing the stories and articles of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.?

I enjoy Liberty very much, and would like it even more if it were larger. Allowing Vanderbilt's writings (?) to take up valuable space is like having a room with no floor in it. The space could be enjoyed, but not in its present condition. —*E. L. E. M.*

WE ARE OVER 14, MR. DOAN

Detroit, Mich.—You must think your readers are dumb! 'Tisn't So, by R. E. Doan, June 5 Liberty, contains nothing that a fourteen-year-old child doesn't know. Let's have something unusual in this column!—*W. Atwell.*

IF WE HAD THE BACKBONES OF SNAKES!

Tulsa, Okla.—I wrote you once before when I read one issue of Liberty that smelled from cover to cover; but this time I am really mad at you, and no nonsense about it.

I ask you, *was it necessary* to print those two reeking, lousy, low-down, insinuating, filthy, libelous, nasty, slurring (take any dictionary and comb it for adjectives yourself and you'll get what I mean) articles about Edward and Mrs. Warfield? (May 22 and 29.)

Of course, every intelligent person knows this indescribable "reporter" (Helen Worden) never talked to anybody who ever even spoke to either of these two people or any associate of theirs thrice removed, but there are thousands of morons who lap such stuff up. Holy cats! isn't she an American?

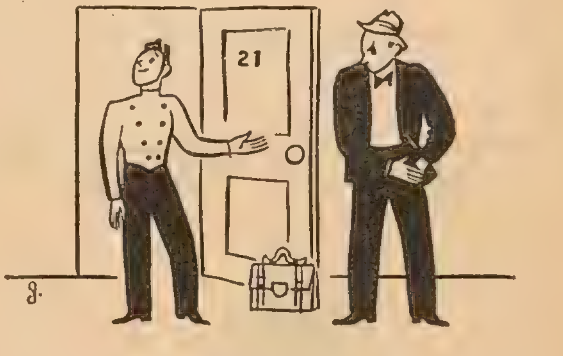
Edward didn't quit solely because of Mrs. Warfield. But he is being degraded in every way they can think of because she is an American. Isn't it possible she loves the man?

If Americans—and you included—had the backbones of snakes they would resent the English attitude.—*The Girl at the Adams Hotel.*

BELLHOP SOBS AT A DIME

Detroit, Mich.—I have read several articles and confessions concerning the work and life of our poor underpaid bellboys, bellhops, and their likes, and between them, the fence post, and me, I think they are a little short of being at the level of a parasite.

My reasons are: In doing my work I do a bit of traveling and stopping overnight at hotels. When I register for a room, the bellboy grabs my bags and key, which I can easily carry, and is off for the elevator.



To save myself from being pointed out and embarrassed, I have to shell out fifteen to twenty-five cents, which is as much as I spend for a meal.

When I was a boy I gladly mowed a lawn for a quarter; but if a bellhop doesn't get at least that much for an errand that takes him a minute he has been swindled!

In May 29 Liberty a bellhop made a brag that he made one hundred and sixty-five dollars in one evening. To make that same amount I have to work two months. Yet this same bellhop sobs because some lady gives him a dime to carry a bag which he probably grabbed up without permission.

I do take my hat off to the train porters, because they at least ask, "May I carry your bag, sir?"—*C. C. L.*

IS DOROTHY SPEARE A MAGICIAN?

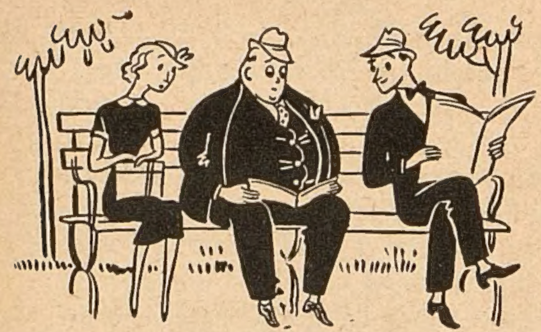
Louisville, Ky.—Is Dorothy Speare a magician as well as a writer?

In Part Four of her Whitewashed Lady she starts Dick and Diana to Sally's party unaccompanied, Elsie and Spike Gillis following in Elsie's car, for "Dick's car has no rumble seat." Then, in Part Five she has Spike concealed, except for his tie, in the rumble of the very same car.

It's—oh, it's un-buh-leev-u-bul!—*J. S. Smith.*

LEAVE OFF THE VEST, THEN

Lincoln, Neb.—It's very annoying for a fat man to have to lift the bottom of the pages of Liberty out of the creases in his vest to see the page number. You'd ought to put them at the top, where they belong.—*John L. Mattox.*



COMPULSORY CAR INSURANCE

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Several of my friends have had accidents in which their cars were damaged by owners of cars without any insurance. Usually the innocent party in such an encounter can't get any settlement for damage because the other side says he hasn't any insurance and "try and get me to pay."

Many say the reason they don't carry insurance is that the rates are entirely too high for the average man's pocket.

So what we would like to know is, does compulsory insurance offer advantages or disadvantages?

Could you ascertain if Liberty readers are interested in compulsory insurance and whether it should be controlled indirectly by state governments along with the license plates?—*William Lorenz.*

FILLED UP ON UNDRESS

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Congratulations on your cover of June 5. It surely is a welcome change. I am sure lots of people would like more of the same order. People are pretty well filled up on "undress."—*H. Kelly.*

Sioux City, Ia.—Notice some complaints about pictures on the covers of Liberty.

Here is my suggestion: on each cover print a reproduction of a picture in colors, suitable for framing. It will make the people art-minded.

Reproduce masterpieces of art galleries in New York, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, etc. Snow scenes, etc.

You can do it and give the people art for their five cents as well as good reading.—*Reader of Liberty.*

CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOLS—ANOTHER SIDE TO THE STORY

Portland, Ore.—In answer to A Government Employee (June 5 Vox Pop) let me tell the other side of the story.

I am also a government employee, and I disagree entirely with the author of that letter. I heeded the old advice that an obliging lady gave me at the Civil Service window—namely, that I did not need training. I took several examinations *without* training, but failed. Then I enrolled in a Civil Service school. They did not guarantee me a position, neither did they claim that they had the exact information; but they trained in the things that were necessary to pass an examination.

It may be true that there are some schools that make a racket out of Civil Service, but they do the same in college.

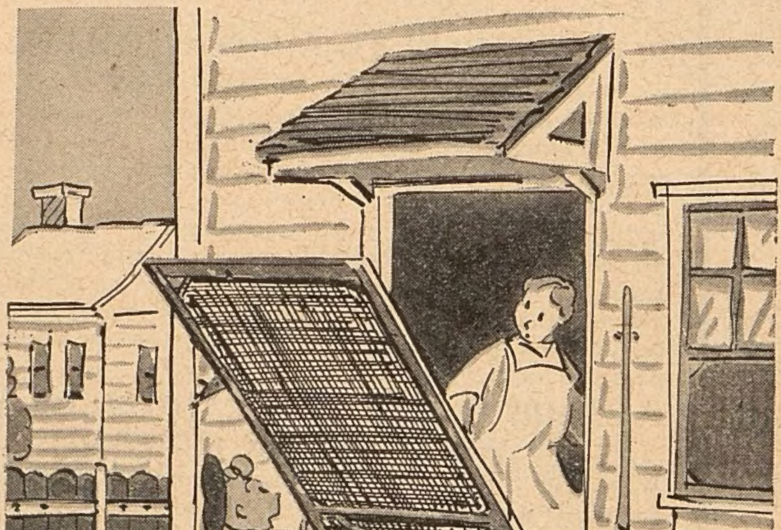
I am now an employee of the government. But I needed training. All of us do. I doubt very much if any employee has passed any examination without some kind of previous preparation.

I would like to give a mental intelligence test to A Government Employee who wrote that Vox Pop letter. I do not believe that those at Civil Service windows could pass such a test themselves without previous preparation.

Lastly, I would like to give such a test to the editor of Vox Pop for putting such a silly letter in Liberty.—*A Government Employee Who Trained.*

"HARDTACK"

By REAMER KELLER

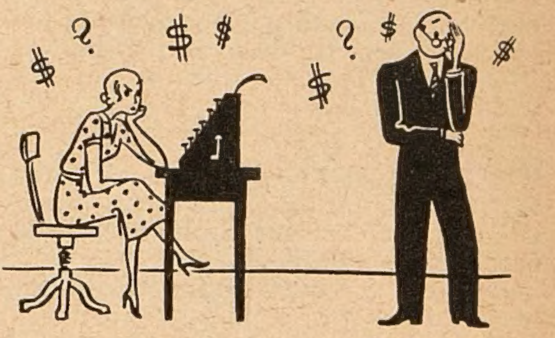


"I'm just borrowing it for a minute, ma—I dropped a nickel over here on the sand."

ASK ANY COMPTOMETER GIRL

Houston, Tex.—If a girl with a comptometer can add up three times as many columns as the best bookkeeper, shouldn't she get paid three times as much? But does she? Ask her. Where does the money go? The boss isn't making any more—not the average boss.

But somebody does—who?—*Horatio.*



BARNYARD MORALS NEVER MADE A HEAVEN

Kansas City, Mo.—I have just finished reading Rose Franken's story, Heaven (June 5 Liberty). Under the guise of a compliment, she has offered the Italian people an insult. Nothing about her story rings true.

May I inform Miss Franken that Italian girls of all classes are carefully guarded and well taught as to morals?

Italian men of such a colony would be likely to drink sour wine and they would *not* be likely to come home in the drunken condition she describes. Men of English, Irish, and German blood excel at that.

Italian mothers of that colony would not decide that three or twelve children were enough for any woman, nor ever voice the idea to a young girl.

But where Miss Franken shows her abysmal ignorance of the race is in representing two Italian young men "getting fresh" with an Italian girl. In real life, in about three days such a young man would find himself one of the principals in an old-fashioned "shotgun wedding" engineered by an irate father.

Try again, Rose. Barnyard morals never yet made a heaven. —*Agnes Cummings.*

F. P. A.'s FAUX PAS ON McINTYRE AND HEATH

San Antonio, Tex. — Let's have more articles by Franklin P. Adams. They make Liberty worth five times the price.—*V. A.*

Baltimore, Md.—I am very much surprised at Mr. Adams' faux pas relative to McIntyre and Heath. He has the characters they impersonated *exactly backward.* Jim McIntyre was Alexander, the dilapidated imposed upon worm, while Tom Heath strutted as Henry, the supercilious hot-air artist.

How F. P. A. could be guilty of such a mix-up is beyond me.—*Old-Timer.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

•

CALCUTTA, INDIA--The first man ever evicted forcibly by a ghost is Shrimati Krishnappa. He took a room in a small hotel and went to bed. Several hours later he was found on the pavement below his room. He declared that he was lifted from bed and thrown out the window by a ghost.

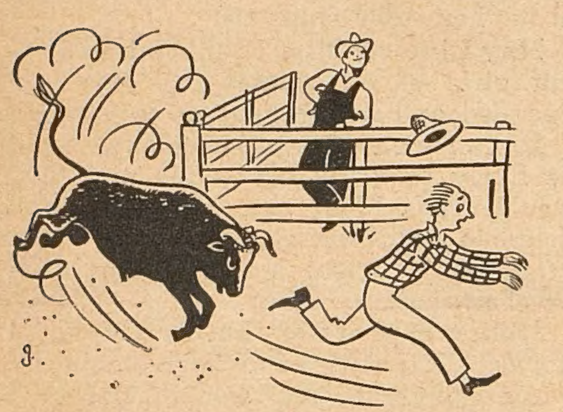
NEW BRIGHTON, PA.—Police found Terry O'Brien, a sailor from Charleston, North Carolina, unconscious on the street, and took him to a hospital.

Revived, he explained: "Landsickness."

OWOSSO, MICH.—A farmer here discovered a way to oust sit-down strikers.

Faced by a sit-down strike of a farm hand who demanded a wage increase, the farmer argued for an hour without result. Then he turned loose a bull.

The strike ended.



LONDON, ENGLAND—A lady with exactly twenty-six Christian names, alphabetically arranged, caused great confusion among clerks in a court here when asked her identity. Her name, as read into the records, was:

Anne Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louisa Maud Nora Ophelia Priscilla Quinta Rebecca Sarah Teresa Una Venus Winifred Xenia Yetta Zella Pepper.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign in an Indiana restaurant:
"*Home cooking served here.*
Every one of our cooks is a mother."

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

SOIL CONSERVATION

My little boy Wilbur, age 7, is a good sample of Soil Conservation. We have a hell of a time gettin him in the tub Sattidy night, but as fer me persnal, I think that clenliness is next to good plumbing, I get in the tub reglar every Sattidy night.—EZRA DILL.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY RUSSELL SAMBROOK

MURDER ON THE WANDERWELL YACHT

A face at a porthole, peering in from the darkness. Then a shot—and in his cabin "Little Admiral" Wanderwell dropped dead. Who was the peering stranger? What had become of him? And what was this queer leaky yacht Carma, and for what sort of "World International Police" was she roaming the seven seas with a crew of pretty girls and adventurous youths—one a duke's son? Who and what really was Wanderwell? Where was his beautiful young wife, Aloha? Found, she herself became, for the time being, a question mark. The murder still is one. But you'll get new and fascinating light on it from that shrewd, knowing, genial Headquarters Old-Timer whose real-life crime stories have been sensational successes in Liberty.

Aloha Wanderwell

BULLY-BOY'S DAUGHTER

By Beatrice Grimshaw

A new-born white baby adrift in a native canoe off the shore of a sea-girt Eden of the South Pacific. Then a clacking of venomous tongues, cutting harshly through the murmur of the palm leaves. And a gripping human drama plays itself out against a background of dazzling days and velvet nights. In another of her inimitable stories of the South Seas, this favorite Liberty author will tell you of a man and a woman caught in the magic mesh of the tropics. It is a colorful tale, tender and poignant with love, vibrant with the dark passions of a man's soul.

"QUIT WORK, EDDIE CANTOR, OR YOU WON'T LIVE SIX MONTHS!"

Who ever told him that? His doctors? Yes, indeed; that was their warning, back in 1929, to the hugely popular live-wire prince of comedians of radio, screen, and stage! Eddie is still laughing about it—whenever he gets time during his fourteen-hour hard-working day. Next week, in a characteristic story, he will give you the low-down on how he fooled those medicos.

Also, "Can John L. Lewis Free Mooney?" by Edward Doherty, and other stories and articles by Princess Catherine Radziwill, Franklin P. Adams, Scott Littleton, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JULY 14

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For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

Modeling for Money
How to Become a Successful Mannequin
By Carol Lynn
A Small Business of Your Own
Without Capital Investment
1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas
By William Allan Brooks
Making Art Pay
Charles Hope Provost

MODELING FOR MONEY—By Carol Lynn

Modeling is one occupation which enables presentable, intelligent young women to achieve substantial success without the need of years spent in acquiring expensive higher education. Many girls are ambitious to enter this lucrative and alluring field but have no idea how to acquire the necessary technique or how to secure a position once they have it. Now for the first time all this information has been brought together into one concise, copiously illustrated volume by a successful fashion model. Modeling for Money is a practical handbook crowded with exactly the information you require. Also for the woman who wishes to improve the glamour and carriage of her clothes it is a treasure trove of valuable information. Send for it today—120 pages substantially bound, $1.25 postpaid.

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SECRETS OF DANCE BAND SUCCESS

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Lenore Kight Wingard

AMERICA'S PREMIERE MERMAID

OVER coffee and her after-dinner Camels, Lenore says: "'For digestion's sake — smoke Camels' is a rule with me. Camels help me enjoy my food no matter how tired or tense I may be. Camels set me right! I smoke them as often as I wish and always with keen enjoyment." Because Camels are so mild — because they are made from such fine, costly tobaccos — you can enjoy them freely. At mealtimes, Camels encourage a free flow of digestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids — and lend a helping hand to good digestion. Camels give you a "lift" in energy. They don't get on the nerves or irritate the throat.

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